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OUBLE ISSUE
PRIL 17 & 24, 2000

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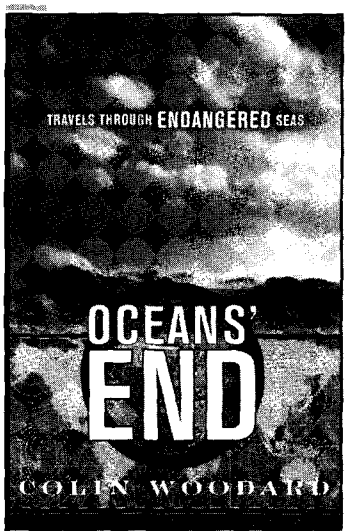

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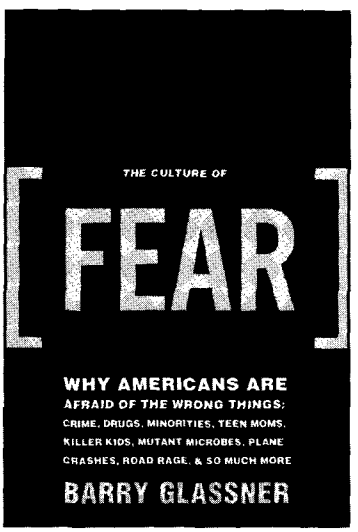
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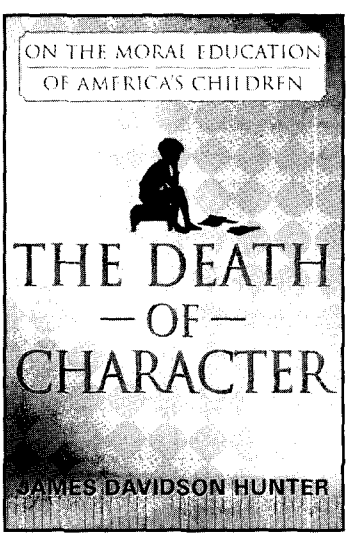

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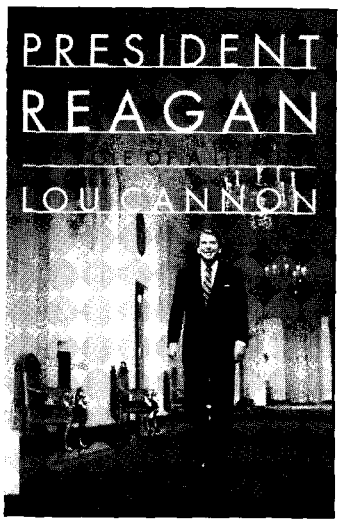

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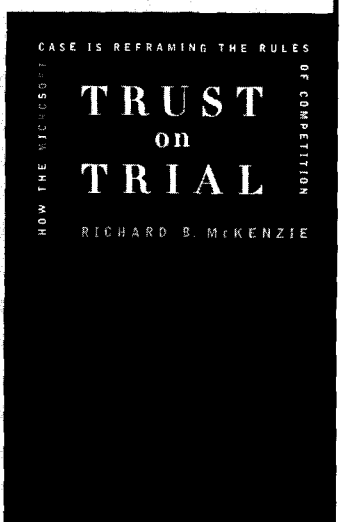

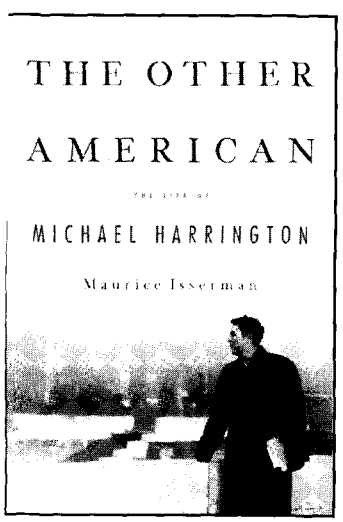

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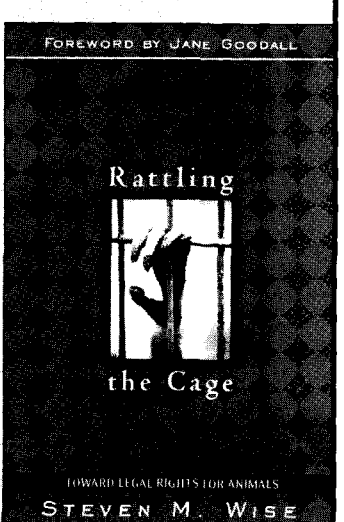

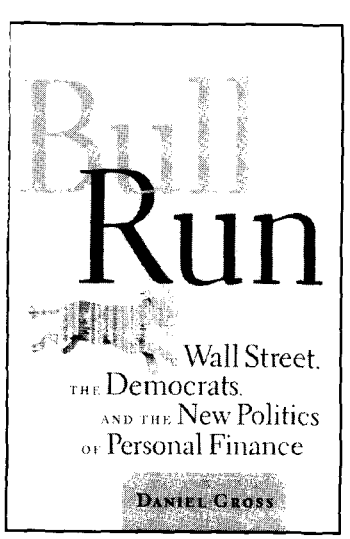

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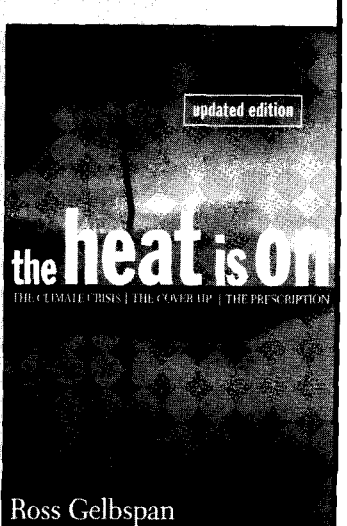

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What about Bob?

TO THE EDITORS:

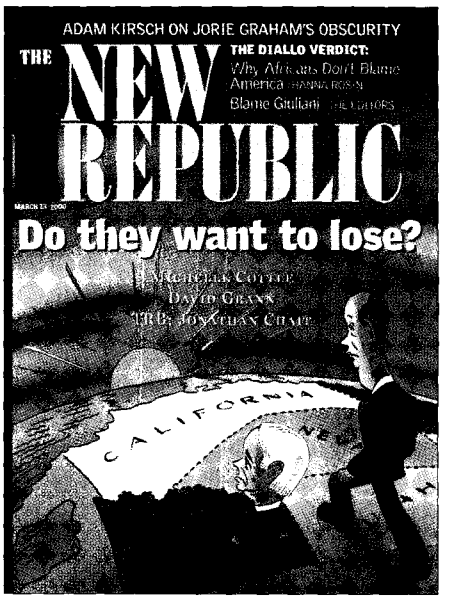
In your Notebook item "Keeping Up with the Joneses" (March 13) you point out, pace John McCain, the ways in which the party of Ronald Reagan and the party of Bob Jones are not mutually exclusive. But you neglect to mention one of the most notorious incidents of Reagan's pandering to the university. In 1982, Reagan challenged a long-standing Internal Revenue Service policy, authorized by Richard Nixon, of denying federal tax exemptions to racist private schools. At the behest of current Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott (then a member of the House of Representatives), Reagan sided with Bob Jones University and other schools in a lawsuit that ultimately found its way to the Supreme Court. Only after civil rights groups raised a loud ruckus and his stance proved politically unsustainable did Reagan back down (with the lame excuse that he had not realized that schools like Bob Jones engaged in racist behavior). The Supreme Court eventually upheld the IRS policy by a vote of eight to one, with Chief Justice Warren Burger writing the majority opinion. Given the centrality of the various players—Reagan, Lott, and Justice William Rehnquist (the lone dissenter on the Court)—to contemporary conservative politics, it might be more accurate to say that the party of Reagan is very much the party of Bob Jones.

COREY ROBIN
Assistant Professor of Political Science
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

Blame game

TO THE EDITORS:

During our amiable phone conversation for her article "Drag Race" (March 13), Michelle Cottle suggested several times that the general public was just too dim to get Bill Bradley's message. I disagreed. She said, "Well, you must be disappointed with the public's response." No, I insisted, I don't blame the public. In fact, I went on, what really disappoints me is when privileged, educated folks disparage Bradley's idealism as, basically, bad form. Cottle seemed to agree. Then she took my comments about my smug, media-savvy friends and quoted them out of context to make them look as if I said them about the public in general. Her point was that Bradley supporters look down their noses



at the "unwashed masses" (her words).

No, Ms. Cottle, I look down my nose at you. You misappropriated my words to prop up the demented argument that only priggish elitists would support a candidate who has the gall to lack a silver tongue and a bubbly personality. (Do you really believe we're all proud of Bradley's shortcomings as a politician?) The nerve of Bradley, thinking he could sway voters with nothing but naked idealism. The fact that he could not proves nothing about the validity of his convictions or the superficiality of the electorate. For the record, as I made clear to you on the phone, I do not believe that the voters were too stupid to understand.

MATT BARDIN
Via the Internet

MICHELLE COTTLE REPLIES:

Matt Bardin and I did speak at length about his frustration with his "smug, media-savvy" friends' judging Bradley on style rather than substance. But I object to his suggestion that this is all we talked about and that I "misappropriated" his words. In my notes from our interview, one quote in particular seems to address this point (excuse the shorthand): "Never seen person that kind integrity, patriotism. Feeling was, still is, if Amer. people were to realize, they would elect him." To me, this suggested Bardin's disappointment with, as my piece put it, "the general public's inability to see what he sees in Bradley."

City no limits

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with great interest Sarah Wildman's article on my hometown of Pittsfield, Massachusetts ("City Limits," March 6).

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While I can understand how someone who does not live in our community would view our relationship with General Electric as a negative situation, there is a broader and more positive story that needs to be told.

The events that have unfolded in Pittsfield over the past few years have instilled a sense of pride and community in its citizens. The city that I am proud to call my home has been built and rebuilt. Like many areas of the country, our small city was the industrial heart of a region that has always attracted those seeking a quality of life not found in metropolitan areas. This history also left what was once considered the irreparable damage of industrial pollution, which came from an era when we had less knowledge of the damage we were doing to our environment.

What Wildman misses in her article is how our city is rising up and fighting back to revive both our economy and our environment. We challenged the historically unsuccessful notion of legally battling G.E. with a Superfund designation for the city and the Housatonic River. We fought for a negotiated settlement that promised and delivered immediate cleanup and compensation from the polluter. We insisted on a seat at the negotiating table face-to-face with G.E. to ensure that our voices were heard and that the economic ramifications the pollution had caused Pittsfield were not forgotten.

In the fall of 1999 the city of Pittsfield, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with G.E. and the federal and state regulators, announced a landmark cleanup agreement. Under this agreement G.E. will not only clean the industrial site (which will then be turned over to the city for economic development) but will also cooperate on plans to begin the cleanup of the Housatonic. This nonlitigated settlement also provides million of dollars from G.E. to the city for economic development and to the environmental community for the restoration and beautification of the river ecosystem. What we have brought forth through these negotiations with G.E. will serve as a model to many other areas of the country.

We have a renewed spirit and economy in Pittsfield. Our community has been brought together with a vision for our future. This vision has helped us accomplish many projects that might not have been possible had we been focused on a long legal battle with G.E. I am extremely proud of the efforts and vision of the citizens of Berkshire County as we stand ready to compete with larger metropolitan areas of the country.

PETER J. LARKIN
State Representative
Third Berkshire District
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Mining fool's gold

TO THE EDITORS:

After plowing through Adam Kirsch's courageous efforts to make sense of Jorie Graham's work ("The End of Beauty," March 13), I could only wonder, why bother? The joy of true poetry comes when the reader digs a little and is rewarded with diamonds. In Graham's case, it obviously takes heavy earthmoving equipment to break into the near-impenetrable mine of her private musings—and the resultant fool's gold is hardly worth the labor. Who decided that Graham's so-called poems, whose language lacks pleasurable sound and sense, should be elevated to the realm of the published? Somewhere, I hear the Muses giggling. Have our poetry editors been conned?

JEAN CHIMSKY
Cincinnati, Ohio

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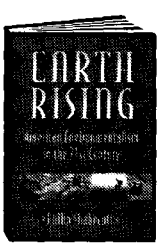

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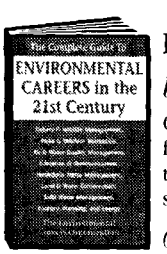

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Longing

"HE WAS IMPATIENT with hygiene," Saul Bellow says of his protagonist, Abe Ravelstein. "There was no counting the cigarettes he lit in a day. Most of them he forgot or broke.... But to prolong his life was not one of Ravelstein's aims. Risk, limit, death's blackout were present in every living moment." This tall, big-handed, almost perfectly bald man—flamboyantly erudite, instinctually elitist, viscerally Jewish—strides and then falters in Bellow's new novel, *Ravelstein*. He dies of AIDS, another corpse in a plague his political allies largely ignored or belittled. But victimology never tempted him. He almost seemed to embrace the role of outsider, to burnish it and touch it at regular intervals, like a talisman. He had what Bellow describes as "powerful unforgiving enemies" in the academic world and beyond. But "he didn't care a damn about any of them."

I believe it. In fact, I believe most of what's in this book. A roman à clef, *Ravelstein* doesn't require a very intricate *clef* to figure out. It's a rumination on Allan Bloom, the late professor of philosophy and conservative eminence. It is written by a friend and imbued with the honest distance that true friendship uniquely confers. And, although it is not a book about ideas, it is about a man who lived through ideas, even if he also longed to live beyond them. I still remember reading Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* as a graduate student in political philosophy. I remember its crude but irresistible critique of modern culture and its breakneck tour through Western philosophy in 150-odd pages. With chapters like "From Socrates' *Apology* to Heidegger's *Rektoratsrede*," it was priceless preparation for my general exams, if a little abstruse for the legions who bought and never read it.

But, with the publication of *Ravelstein*, we are presented with two facts that Bloom kept to himself and his friends. Bloom was gay, and he died of AIDS. The salience of these facts is strengthened, not weakened, by Bloom's public silence about them. He knew they mattered. Of all people, he knew the centrality of the things about which we remain silent. So it bears repeating: One of the most influential conservative intellectuals of the last 50 years was gay and died of AIDS. For all our justified concern about privacy and a person's right to rise above his sexual or ethnic identity, we also know this matters. How could it not?

It matters not simply because so many of Bloom's defenders endorse a politics brutally dismissive of homosexual dignity. It matters because this knowledge helps us understand the work Bloom left behind. The core of Bloom's teaching was his insistence on the importance of eros. This "longing" was, for Bloom—following Plato—the essence of philosophy and, in some ways, the essence of living. Retaining the purity of that longing was his life's work. The reason he disliked the modern cult of easy sex was not because he scorned or feared the erotic life but because he revered it. He saw sexual longing as supremely expressed in individual love, and he wanted his students to experience both to the fullest. The writers he investigated most deeply—Rousseau and Plato—were philosophers of eros. "It's very important," Bellow writes, "to understand that he [Ravelstein] was not one of those people for whom love has been debunked and punctured—for whom it is a historical, Romantic myth long in dying but today finally dead. He thought—no, he *saw*—that every soul was looking for its peculiar other, longing for its complement.... Love is the highest function of our species—its vocation.... He never forgot this conviction. It figures in all his judgments."

This love was not a Christian love. Bloom was an atheist and a Jew. There are times, reading him, when one feels he has not merely understood Nietzsche; he has imbibed him. But this awareness of the abyss moved Bloom, unlike Nietzsche, toward love and political conservatism. Love, whether for the truth or for another, because it can raise us out of the abyss. Political conservatism because it best restrains the chaos that modernity threatens. And here Bellow reveals something absent from Bloom's public writing. He was deeply aware of the darkness of modern enlightenment, of the countless monsters from the heart of Goethe's and Nietzsche's civilization who hanged Jews alive—"the meat-hook people," as he describes them in the book. He kept track of them. He knew who they were. And his sober, unillusioned politics was framed to foil them.

Is it too much to think that Bloom's appreciation of love cannot also be extricated from his own experience? If there is a sense of true love's promise in Bloom's work, there is also a deep, deep sense of its difficulty. The book tells us matter-of-factly of Ravelstein's husband. "Nobody questioned the strength of Nikki's attachment to Abe," Bellow writes. "Nikki was perfectly direct—direct, by nature, a handsome, smooth-skinned, black-haired, Oriental, graceful boyish man." Bellow doesn't tell us much about the substance of this relationship. It is relegated in the book—as in our culture—to the shadows, where it nevertheless stands with clarity. It is Nikki who rushes to Ravelstein's bedside, Nikki who is "Ravelstein's heir and his chief mourner." Is it Nikki who appears in the dedication of Bloom's last, and finest, book, *Love and Friendship:* "To Michael Z. Wu"?

Perhaps Bloom's finest achievement was to write about human love from the perspective of homosexual love and have no one notice the seam. You cannot read him on *Romeo and Juliet* or *Antony and Cleopatra* without seeing those works in a new light. You cannot read his account of Rousseau's *La nouvelle Héloise* without wanting to go back and read it—more closely—again. Bellow tells us how fascinated Bloom was by others' loves, their mishaps and misunderstandings. It is because he knew so well the deep, natural distinctions between men and women that his literary criticism is so sharp and his advice, according to Bellow, so good. Here is a homosexual who not only appreciates the heterosexual experience but marvels at it.

There will be those, of course, who see in this either hypocrisy or shame. They are wrong. I am unaware of any disparagement of homosexual love in Bloom's writing, although he was rightly revolted by much of what passes today for gay "culture." And he seems at ease with his sexuality in Bellow's book. Nikki is not hidden. Abe regales Bellow with every detail of his sexual escapades. In some ways, I think, Bloom's homosexuality may even have reinforced his conservatism. It helped inform him of the power of love and the lure of danger and the wisdom of a civilization that keeps both in some restraint. The resilience of sexual orientation is also, for many homosexuals, a testament to the awesome power of nature, of what simply *is*. In Bellow's words, Bloom had "a gift for reading reality—the impulse to put your loving face to it and press your hands against it." Part of that reality was Bloom's need for and witness to the love of one man for another. One day, there will be a conservatism civilized enough to deserve him.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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Sherman's March

JOHN SHERMAN, AN Ohio Republican who served as Rutherford B. Hayes's secretary of the Treasury, was not out to destroy capitalism when he wrote his now-famous antitrust law in 1890. He was out to save it. Although he realized that large companies were an inevitable—often beneficial—outgrowth of the industrial revolution, he also thought their ability to limit competition could restrain innovation and harm consumers. "If we will not endure a king as a political power," he declared, "we should not endure a king over the production, transportation, and sale of any of the necessaries of life." Two decades later, in *Standard Oil* v. *United States*, the Supreme Court embraced Sherman's argument. Following Sherman, the Court recognized the common-law distinction between "reasonable restraints of trade" as a result of superior performance and "artificial monopolies" created to unreasonably restrain trade and competition. The Sherman Act, the Court determined, prevented only artificial monopolies—and was therefore legitimate.

This week, in the Microsoft case, Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson applied Sherman's century-old thinking to a new technology—one the Ohioan never imagined. But he would surely have approved. As Jackson explained in his decision, Microsoft did not break the law by acquiring a monopoly in operating systems for personal computers; it broke the law by using the power it derived from this monopoly to promote an artificial monopoly in the market for Internet browsers. Specifically, Microsoft took advantage of the fact that computer manufacturers must offer consumers its operating system along with their machines, using that leverage to prod and coerce manufacturers into including Microsoft's browser, Internet Explorer, while excluding its main rival, Netscape. Microsoft also offered incentives and rebates to Internet providers to use Internet Explorer rather than Netscape Navigator as their default browser. And, to give Internet Explorer an even greater edge, Microsoft incorporated it into Windows 95 and Windows 98, so any consumer who bought Windows would also acquire Internet Explorer.

So, instead of competing with Netscape equally on the open market, Microsoft used its monopoly in operating systems to give itself an artificial advantage. Even more important, Microsoft then sought to block the emergence of new software that could have deprived Windows of its monopoly. A rival, Sun Microsystems, had created something called Java, which allows software developers to write applications, such as word processors or schedulers, that don't require Microsoft Windows. Java applications can be accessed via an Internet browser, so that in order to write a letter you don't have to use a Windows-based program like Microsoft Word—you can go to a Web page that contains a Java-based word processor. Sun arranged to make Java available through Netscape and to allow developers to license its code so they could begin writing applications.

The Java/Netscape alliance was not an immediate threat to Microsoft, but, as Microsoft well understood, it could easily become one—as soon as homes and offices gained easier and faster access to the Internet through, for example, cable-TV lines. In response, Microsoft tried to dissuade manufacturers and Internet providers from offering Netscape. And it also created a proprietary version of Java that would work only with Internet Explorer and Windows. "Microsoft," Jackson concluded, "mounted a deliberate assault upon entrepreneurial efforts that, left to rise or fall on their own merits, could well have enabled the introduction of competition in the market for Intel-compatible PC operating systems."

Whatever the final outcome of the Microsoft case—whether it is settled in the next month or drags on in the courts, whether the company is broken up or only disciplined—Jackson's decision sets a precedent that will make other software and high-tech firms wary of following Microsoft's example. It is an important statement, particularly at this point in time. During the 1980s, the Reagan and Bush administrations tried to weaken antitrust laws, arguing that they hampered economic growth. In response to Jackson's decision, conservatives like House Majority Leader Dick Armey have argued that antitrust principles can't be applied to "the shifting sands of a rapidly changing marketplace." Had they been in charge, the government might never have pursued this case to begin with. Luckily, the Clinton administration had the good sense to realize that competition is essential to economic growth—and Jackson had the good sense to recognize that Sherman's law is every bit as relevant today as it was a century ago. ■

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NOTEBOOK

PENALTY BOX: This week Vice President Al Gore coined a new phrase that he hopes will aid him in his pursuit of the married-gal vote—a group that traditionally leans Republican. At a campaign stop in Philadelphia, Gore pledged to repeal Social Security's "motherhood penalty." Under the current system, benefits are calculated according to your average earnings over 35 years, meaning that parents who leave the workforce for a few years to raise a child typically receive lower benefits upon retirement than those who remain on the job. Under Gore's plan, parents who stay at home for up to five years would nonetheless have their benefits calculated as if they had remained in the workforce during that period and earned $16,500 a year. That's a pretty respectable figure when you consider that the median income for female workers in 1998 was only $17,500. As far as political pandering goes, the move—and especially the phrase—is pure genius. As policy, however, Gore's pitch has one major shortcoming: there is no motherhood penalty. Remember, when you leave the workforce to raise a child, you no longer have to pay the Social Security tax—since that tax only applies to wage income. The fundamental premise of the Social Security system is that, upon retirement, what you get back is based on what you put in. Therefore, people who temporarily leave the workforce don't get any money back for the period they weren't working because during that time *they weren't contributing to the Social Security trust fund.* Doesn't sound like much of a penalty to us. Let's hope that next week the vice president doesn't discover the sneaky little Social Security penalty that discriminates against the residents of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and New Jersey.

THIS JUST IN:

Jews were prominent in the smut business

—*Washington Jewish Week*, March 9
(Thanks to Leslie Goodman-Malamuth)

SNOOPS: No sooner did the first census forms appear in American mailboxes than Republicans began complaining that some of the questions were too intrusive. Never mind that filling out the form is one of the few constitutionally required duties of U.S. citizenship. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott has made public service announcements urging his Mississippi constituents to skip questions to which they object. And Senator Chuck Hagel of Nebraska has proposed to eliminate the criminal penalties for failing to answer questions. We're all for protecting privacy, but we're a tad puzzled by the GOP's sudden burst of concern. For one thing, the Census Bureau is forbidden by law to match personally identifiable data to the demographic information it receives or to make any of the information public. So, if it were possible to design a data information system that perfectly protected personal privacy, the census would be it. What's more, the threat from the census positively pales before a privacy intrusion that occurred two years ago, when an independent counsel named Kenneth Starr subpoenaed not just Monica Lewinsky's e-mail messages and bookstore receipts but also the unsent love letters from her home computer—and then reproduced them all in his report to Congress. And, rather than call for suppression of these items, Republicans like Lott and Hagel voted to compound the violation of Lewinsky's privacy by putting Starr's report *on the Internet*. Sure, the most intimate secrets of a few people were exposed to the world. But privacy, Republicans insisted repeatedly, was less important than truth. Maybe if Starr had asked Lewinsky how many flushing toilets she owned, the Republicans would have been more sympathetic.

FANTASY ISLAND: We sympathize with Representative José Serrano's frustration at the pandering over Elián González. But he didn't do his cause much good last Monday on CNBC's "Hardball with Chris Matthews" when he used the controversy to launch into an ode to Fidel Castro. Here are Serrano's various responses to Matthews's question "Is Cuba a free country?": "It's a sovereign country," "It's a country with a system different than ours," and, finally, "I don't know if it's a free country. I don't live there." Still, even though the Puerto Rican-born Serrano resides in the South Bronx, he was comfortable telling Matthews that he believes Cuba "allows personal freedoms—absolutely." When Matthews asked Serrano whether Cuba allows freedom of speech, the congressman casually replied, "Sure." In a final act of embarrassment, Serrano tried to explain why, if Cuba's so free, people are so eager to leave. "They leave for the same reason that my parents left Puerto Rico in the 1940s and '50s," Serrano said, "looking for a better life in the United States." Serrano didn't bother to explain why people leaving Cuba—like Elián González and his mother—frequently choose such dangerous methods of travel.

DEMOCRACY'S DISCONTENT: On March 30, the House of Representatives approved an emergency $1.7 billion aid package for Colombia. But don't expect that money to reach the troubled country anytime soon. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott has announced that the Senate won't consider the bill for at least another two months—probably longer. Lott said he supports the spending but doesn't see the need to consider the legislation on an "emergency" basis. He should. To be sure, most of the arguments for the Colombia aid, which focus on stemming the flow of heroin and cocaine into the United States, are rather weak, given that experts all say America's drug problem stems fundamentally from demand. But there's a much stronger argument for the bill: Without it, the democratically elected government of Andres Pastrana might collapse. Pastrana is battling guerrilla groups like the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (known by its Spanish acronym, FARC), which controls a huge swath of the country, and has staked his domestic reputation on his

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assurance that money is coming. Were the United States to withhold the aid now, Pastrana would be delegitimized and the FARC strengthened. Yes, it's unfortunate that, rather than bolster civil society and the rule of law, the Colombian funding largely goes to Pastrana's military and police forces—forces that don't have the strongest history of respecting human rights. But Pastrana has pledged that those days are over, and, for now, we have no better alternative than to take him at—and hold him to—his word. The United States frequently pays lip service to supporting democracy in Latin America. Here's our chance to put our money where our mouth is.

THEIR FINE PRINT: Amid the celebration about the Maryland legislature's vote this week to require built-in locks on all handguns purchased in the state, starting in 2003, one minor detail has been mostly overlooked. Although many have touted the legislation as the first time a state has mandated "smart gun" technology—for instance, a gun that can't be fired unless it recognizes the operator's fingerprint or the operator punches in a code—the bill is so sloppily written that it doesn't actually require a locking mechanism any more sophisticated than the rudimentary "safeties" that already come on about 90 percent of the handguns currently manufactured. "If we're trying to require a combination lock or other smart-gun technology, we need to say so," laments Maryland House Delegate Dana Lee Dembrow, who unsuccessfully tried to amend the bill. "It's been repeatedly reported in the media that we passed this legislation requiring combination locks. That's not this bill."

OUR FINE PRINT: Due to the exigencies of our production schedule, this week's Washington Diarist ("Due North," by Gregg Easterbrook, page 102) had already been sent to the printer when we discovered a startling piece of information. The new Scope mouthwash slogan is not "Now the tingle lasts longer!" but, in fact, "Feel the tingle, longer." Often the subtle differences are the most profound. ■

VINT'S WEEK

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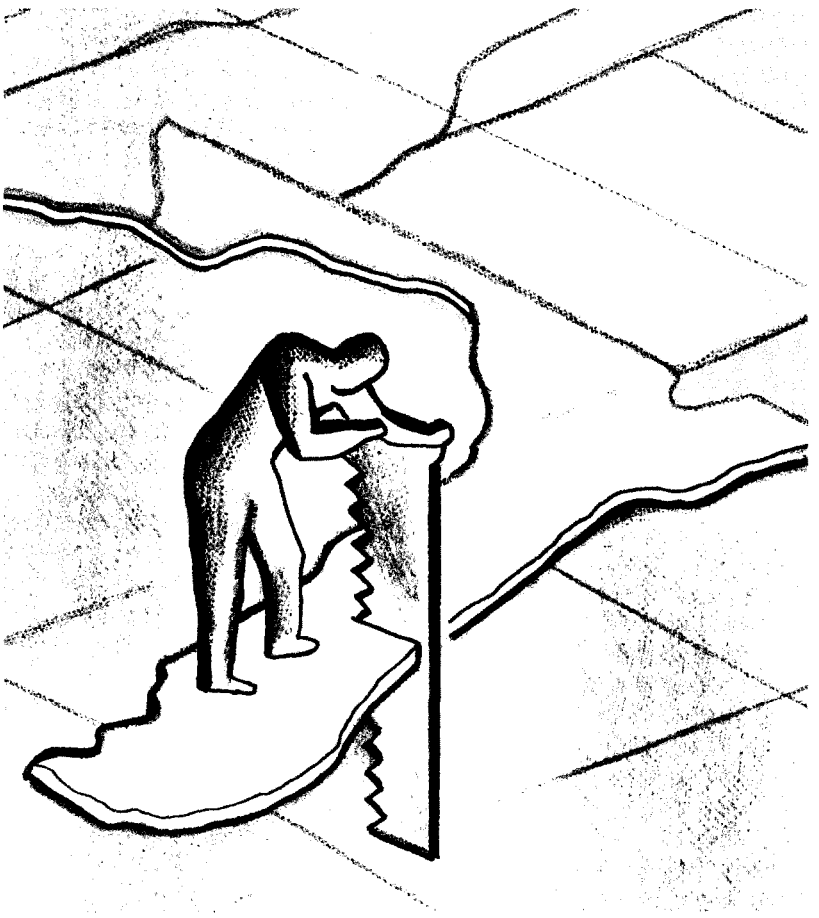
Miami Dispatch

Loco

By JIM DEFEDE

WHEN VICE PRESIDENT Al Gore broke ranks last week on the Elián González issue, the White House seemed almost in shock. One administration official moaned to the *The New York Times*, "Oh my God, it's unbelievable."

Unbelievable? Hardly. In fact, Gore was simply emulating his boss. Flash back eight years to April 23, 1992: Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, running for president and stumping in Florida, attended a fund-raiser in Miami's Little Havana neighborhood and endorsed the so-called Cuban Democracy Act, which imposed economic sanctions and penalties on any country or U.S. corporation that had even indirect business dealings with Cuba. Although most scholars and foreign policy experts thought the bill a disaster (even then-President Bush initially opposed it), Clinton had come to Miami in search of money and votes from the rabidly anti-Castro Cuban-American community, and, after endorsing the bill, he received both. Clinton nearly won Florida in 1992. Then in 1996, after endorsing the draconian Helms-Burton Bill—which further tightened the embargo on Cuba—Clinton got slightly more than 40 percent of the Cuban-American vote. It was a staggering figure for a Democrat, and it was one of the principal reasons Clinton won the state's 25 electoral votes.



Seen against that backdrop, the only thing that's unbelievable about Gore's pandering to Florida's Cuban-American community is the ham-fisted, self-defeating way he's carried it out. While Clinton did his kowtowing at a quiet fund-raiser in Little Havana, Gore's done his with the entire country watching—on an issue about which most Americans overwhelmingly disagree with him. Indeed, far from winning the support of Florida's Cuban-Americans, Gore's Elián pander may end up costing him—and other Democrats—the entire state.

For one thing, many Cuban-Americans already so identify Gore with the Clinton administration on the Elián issue that the vice president's efforts to distance himself will probably prove futile. As Florida Attorney General Bob Butterworth, the chairman of Gore's Florida campaign, concedes, "It's a guilt-by-association type thing." Butterworth says Gore needs to carry one-third of the Cuban-American vote to win Florida. But Al Cardenas, chairman of Florida's Republican Party, says he's seen polling that shows the vice president garnering less than 20 percent. Gloats Cardenas, "He would have to more than double his current standing in the Cuban-American community in order to have a reasonable chance."

Indeed, even before Elián, Gore was in trouble in south Florida. For years, the vice president has cultivated a relationship with the mayor of Miami-Dade County, Alex Penelas, a bright and ambitious politician whose parents were born in Cuba. Penelas, a Democrat, was an early Gore supporter, and the vice president clearly hoped Penelas would deliver Miami to him in November. But Penelas has distanced himself from the vice president in recent months, and allies of the mayor say the reasons are twofold.

First, Penelas is in a tough reelection campaign against a fellow Cuban-American, Miguel Diaz de la Portilla. Although the race is nonpartisan, Diaz de la Portilla is a Republican who would love to paint the mayor as a crony of the Clinton administration. "This would not necessarily be a good time to be embracing Al Gore or the Clinton-Gore administration," notes Cardenas. Which may explain Penelas's bizarre comments last week, when he all but declared war on Clinton and Attorney General Janet Reno, saying he would hold them personally responsible for any violence or acts of civil unrest that occur if the federal government tries to return Elián to Cuba. His comments, roundly condemned outside Miami, only prove that sometimes even Cuban-Americans have to

JIM DEFEDE is a staff writer and columnist for *Miami New Times* and a contributing writer for *Talk* magazine.

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[1] Angus Reid Group, Inc., "Healthcare in Canada," 2 February 2000.
[2] The Fraser Institute, "Canadian Health Care: A System in Collapse," 29 January 2000.
[3] "One-stop health care: Plattsburgh lures Quebecers with mall of medicine," *The Gazette (Montreal)*, 20 December 1999.

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pander irresponsibly to Cuban-Americans.

The second reason the relationship between Gore and Penelas has grown strained is the controversy over the future of Homestead Air Base. Penelas wants to turn the base, devastated by Hurricane Andrew in 1992, into a reliever airport. Once the federal government turned over the property to the county, the county would hand it to a group of wealthy Cuban-Americans, who received development rights to the project through a no-bid deal championed by Penelas.

The proposed airport is strongly opposed by some environmentalists, who note that the base sits between Everglades National Park and Biscayne National Park. Gore has refused to anger them by expediting the transfer of the base to Miami-Dade County. As a result, he's made Penelas look weak and impotent. Butterworth believes the Homestead issue has "had an effect on how open Alex Penelas could be with the vice president." In fact, the base, not Elián, would probably be the most effective issue on which Gore could curry favor with Cuban-Americans.

THE IRONY OF the situation is that Gore might have had a better chance of winning Florida if he hadn't pandered to the extremists in Miami. Florida Governor Jeb Bush has provided Democrats with a major opening to use against his brother. In the last three months, Jeb Bush has come under blistering attack for his attempt to repeal affirmative action in the state. At the same time, his efforts to introduce a school-voucher program have also come under intense scrutiny. "Our philosophy is, no more Bushes in the White House, for sure," says Representative Corrine Brown, a black Democratic congresswoman from a predominantly African American district in Jacksonville.

But Brown is dismayed by the special treatment Gore seems to be offering Elián and has made it clear she will not support the vice president's call for granting the child residency. What's more, her constituents agree with her. "My calls are overwhelming to send him back, put him with his father," says Brown.

Will Gore's position on Elián dampen turnout among blacks? Brown hopes not, but she thinks that as long as the attention surrounding the vice president stays focused on his stance on Elián—instead of his positions on the prescription-drug benefit for Medicare, health care, and education, all of which will play well in Florida, according to Brown—then Gore is in trouble. Says Brown, "In the end, these things will be the most important things to Florida."

And keeping Gore credible in Florida is important for another reason. Florida may not be a "must-win" for Gore the way California and New York are, but it is crucial to his party's bid to pick up seats in the Senate. With the retirement of Republican Senator Connie Mack this year, Democrats have an excellent chance of winning here. State Insurance Commissioner Bill Nelson, the Democratic nominee, enjoys solid support across the state and will face either Representative Bill McCollum or the state's education commissioner, Tom Gallagher, neither of whom are particularly strong candidates. If Gore loses big, that hurts Nelson. And, if Nelson loses, the Democrats don't have a prayer of retaking the Senate. What's more, according to Susan MacManus, a political science professor at Tampa's University of South Florida, the effect of Nelson's loss on Florida's already weak Democratic Party would be devastating. "They really need that Senate seat," she says.

As for Gore, MacManus sees more trouble ahead. Even if he adds Florida Senator Bob Graham to the ticket, she still thinks he'll lose the state. Graham's coattails, it seems, have never been very long.

Elián's coattails remain to be seen. ■

The Hague Dispatch

Mute Justice

By SAMANTHA POWER

AS BOSNIAN CROAT General Tihomir Blaskic waited limply in the dock last month, Claude Jorda, the French judge who serves as president of the U.N. War Crimes Tribunal, lingered over his judgment before a crammed courtroom gallery. He described village upon Muslim village that Blaskic's Croat forces had ravaged. He conceded that Muslim forces had also committed abuses but rejected the argument—so often made by defendants in these courtrooms and by belligerents on the ground—that one group's crimes excused another's. The lyrical presentation was so deliberate and so rhythmic—and actual decisions in this courtroom are so rare—that it seemed destined never to expire. Then, after nearly an hour, Jorda told Blaskic to rise:

> "YOU ARE GUILTY, General Blaskic, of having ordered the commission of a crime against humanity for persecution of the Muslim civilians in Bosnia....
>
> The crimes you committed, General Blaskic, are extremely serious. The acts of war carried out with disregard for international humanitarian law and in hatred of other people, the villages reduced to rubble, the houses and stables set on fire and destroyed, the people forced to abandon their homes, the lost and broken lives, are unacceptable.... If armed conflict is unavoidable, those who have the power to make decisions and those who carry them out must ensure that the most basic rules governing the law of nations are respected....
>
> General Blaskic, you showed no respect for these rules, and this is something which you know. Consequently, the Trial Chamber sentences you to a prison sentence of 45 years imprisonment."

Blaskic gulped. Though his wife collapsed on the floor, wailing, the general did not dare turn to look at her. Instead, he remained frozen at the defendant's table, his stunned gaze

SAMANTHA POWER is executive director of the Carr Center for Human Rights Policy at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government. Her trip was funded by an Open Society Institute Individual Project Fellowship.

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fixed on the bench as the judges filed out of sight—as if groping for a sign of jest or an openness to reconsideration. He was 39 years old. Forty-five years was incomprehensible.

AT THE SCENE of the crimes, the reaction was a little different. The victims of Blaskic's attacks were largely oblivious to the proceedings in The Hague. The Bosnians themselves know next to nothing about the justice carried out in their name. Not even this landmark decision—Blaskic was the most senior war criminal in the tribunal's custody—was broadcast live back to Bosnia.

And yet the verdict is proof that the tribunal has come a long way since the U.N. Security Council established it in 1993. Tucked away in coastal Holland, the court has now sentenced 15 Serbs, Croats, and Muslims for war crimes and crimes against humanity. A week after convicting Blaskic, the tribunal put on trial the deputy commander of the Bosnian Serb forces that captured Srebrenica in July 1995 and murdered some 8,000 Muslim men and boys. In another of its three chambers, the prosecution launched the "Foca rape camp" trial, which marks the first time in history that a court has set out to prove that sexual assault constitutes a crime against humanity.

Today, the tribunal has 38 detainees in custody—five of whom have been captured by NATO troops in the last four months. On April 3, the tribunal got another huge boost when heretofore docile French peacekeepers in Bosnia roused Momcilo Krajisnik, the monobrowed Serb hard-liner who served as wartime speaker of the Bosnian Serb parliament—and, many suspect, puppeteer behind Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic. Those who plotted years of terrifying late-night knocks on doors are seeing the favor returned. Indeed, in a scene emblematic of the way this court is humbling the once all-powerful, NATO forces led the cocksure Krajisnik into detention barefoot and in his pajamas.

To accommodate its exploding caseload, the tribunal has fortified its staff—increasing it from just one member to a team of some 1,000 people with an annual budget of more than $100 million. Despite widespread forecasts of failure, the young court is now conducting complicated investigations in distant lands, incapacitating some of those who seek to undermine Bosnia's wobbly peace, and building a detailed historical account of the war that exposes the self-serving myths of its perpetrators.

In the Blaskic case, for example, the court convicted the Bosnian Croat general for effectively winking at the brutal slaughter of civilians. In so doing, the judges exposed the fallacy of one of the most prevalent exculpatory platitudes issued by local political and military leaders at the time of the conflict: that the crimes were committed by so-called uncontrolled elements. The court insisted that Blaskic (and military leaders like him) retained ample control of their forces and could have reined in their excesses if they so chose. As Justice Robert Jackson once said of Nuremberg, the U.N. court is going about establishing "incredible events by credible evidence."

This is important not merely because it means Balkan history books might someday contain the truth. The trials have also prodded the main actors in the wars in the former Yugoslavia—always driven first and foremost by regard for self—to turn on one another, producing more evidence. A few days after Jorda announced the steep Blaskic sentence, the newly elected, reformist Croatian government produced a stash of 700 documents that Croatian secret services had hidden—documents the government contends will absolve Blaskic of responsibility on appeal. (Nothing like a 45-year sentence to focus the mind.) According to the Croatian weekly *Globus*, when Dario Kordic, the Bosnian Croat political leader currently on trial for ordering and participating in massacres of Muslim civilians in central Bosnia, received word that these files had surfaced, incriminating him, he fainted in his detention cell.

AND YET, IF the tribunal wants to realize its highest and most oft-stated goal—breaking the Balkan cycle of violence—it must stop going about its business so quietly. Only three of the indictments are available online in Serbo-Croatian, and the tribunal's press office did not translate its press releases until February of this year.

The lack of interest found in Serb territory, where state propaganda has long trashed the court, is not surprising. Similarly, in Croatia it will take time for the newly elected government to create a domestic appetite for court news. But, in Bosnia, citizens would better understand the causes and consequences of the war if they watched witnesses, survivors, and, indeed, perpetrators testify. They would also gain official international acknowledgment of their suffering while watching some very deserving thugs pay for their sins. Yet only one Bosnian journalist was even present at the Hague for the Blaskic verdict, and she had to battle her editor in Sarajevo to eke out space on the evening news.

Some things, of course, are outside the tribunal's control. Arresting one of the three principal orchestrators of the war—Slobodan Milosevic, Ratko Mladic, or Karadzic—would grab the attention of many Bosnians who have written off the court. But that lies in the hands of NATO peacekeepers and their diplomatic overlords, who are still too disposed to dress up real timidity as realpolitik. The tribunal, however, can do other things, like mete out speedier justice. The Blaskic trial took nearly three years to complete; at this pace, it would take the tribunal decades to complete the trials of just those suspects now in custody. The tempo will doubtless quicken as the process becomes routinized, precedents get established, and the tribunal establishes its own historical record of the war. But judges need to seize more control of their courtrooms by trimming the leisurely cigarette breaks and challenging some of the frivolous inquiries from defense lawyers, who are paid at a U.N. rate that gives those from the cash-strapped Balkans little incentive for brevity.

In October, the tribunal launched an outreach program to promote its work. Finally this small office has begun translating the tribunal's press releases into Serbo-Croatian. It has also helped Mirko Klarin, an independent journalist from the region, to secure funding for a weekly TV summary of the tribunal's activities. More important, the tribunal is thinking of staging portions of the trials on Balkan

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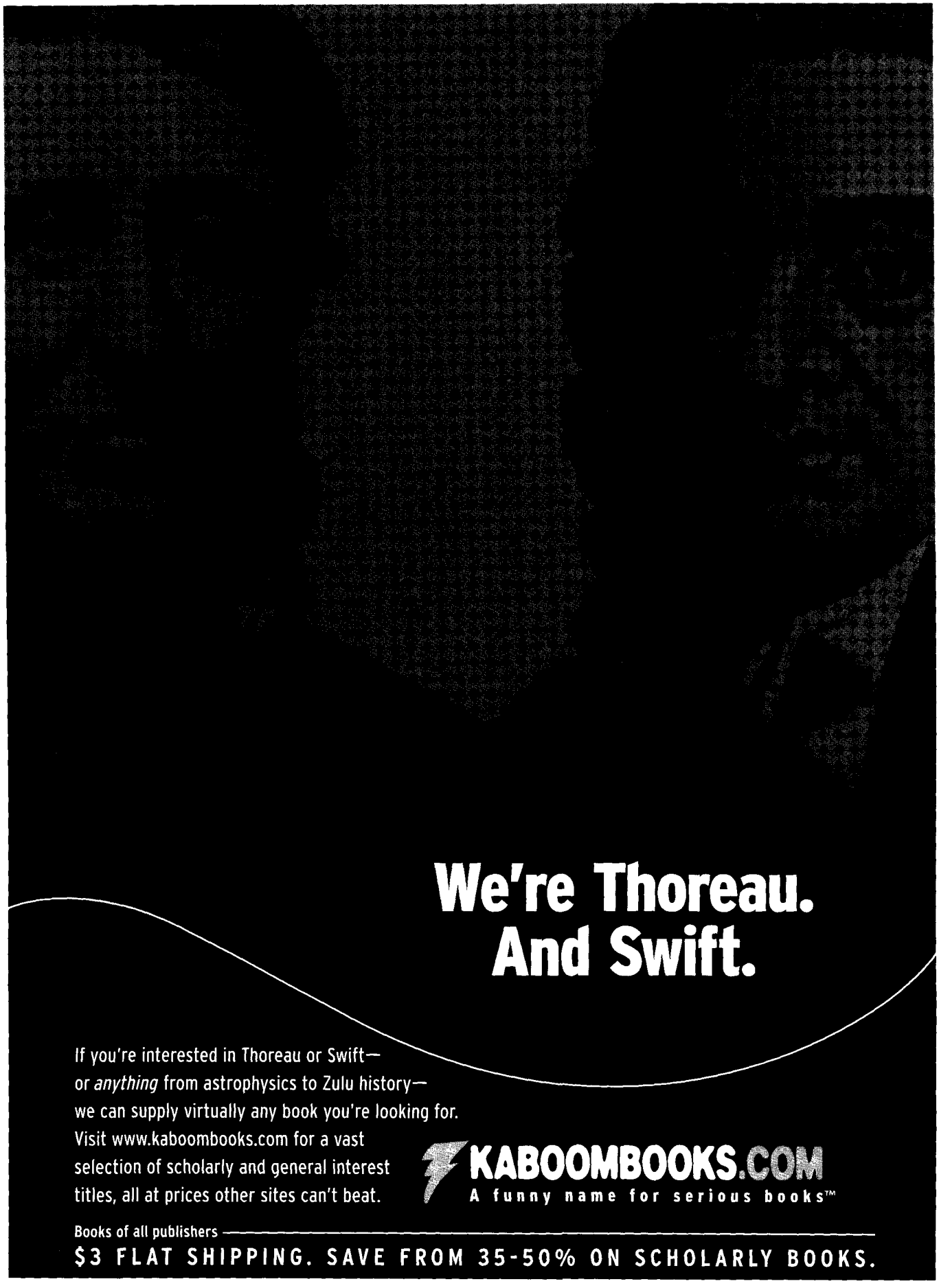
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soil—a wise move, even considering the cost and security risks it would entail. As the old legal maxim goes, it is as important that justice be seen to be done as it is that justice be done. Long, redemptive judicial soliloquies will do little to advance the cause of peace if victims, perpetrators, and bystanders do not start watching. ■

Why are gays protesting a gay rights march?

Backward March

By SHAWN ZELLER

IT'S NO SURPRISE that the April 30 Millennium March on Washington for Equality has its critics. After all, hundreds of thousands of gays and lesbians congregating on the Mall to demand equal rights is the stuff of Pat Robertson's nightmares. What's surprising is who those critics are. The most rabid don't hail from the religious right at all—they're gays and lesbians themselves.

Originally sponsored by the Human Rights Campaign (HRC), the nation's largest gay rights organization, and the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, a gay Christian sect, the march was intended to be, in the words of the two organizations, a "demonstration of [the gay community's] unity and power at a seminal moment in time." Instead, it has demonstrated exactly the opposite.

Not long after HRC Executive Director Elizabeth Birch first announced the Millennium March in February 1997, a group of grassroots gay activists—disgruntled that Birch and her national organization hadn't consulted them—formed the Ad Hoc Committee for an Open Process. Via its website, advertisements in the gay press, and town meetings, the locals protested their exclusion from the march's planning.

But planning wasn't their only beef; the activists also objected to the march itself, which, they complained, was too mainstream and thus exclusionary. "We want a movement that fights for the rights of each of us," the committee railed in a September 1998 advertisement in the *Washington Blade*. "Even if we do not fit into the corporate image of an 'American Family.' That these national organizations project white Christian middle-class representations and set the agenda accordingly is nothing less than institutionalized racism. Claims to diversity mean nothing if the sexual is sanitized and no genuine effort is made to include the perspective and leadership of [lesbians, gays, bisexuals, and the transgendered] from different races, classes, sexualities, and genders." Even the use of the term "millennium" was labeled discriminatory: an Ad Hoc Committee press release blasted it as "a specifically Christian marker of history [that] leaves many feeling uneasy and many non-Christians feeling they don't belong."

Remarkably, the Ad Hoc Committee's rather far-out criticisms took a toll. Kerry Lobel, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force—the second-most-prominent national gay rights group after the HRC—resigned from the march's board. And her organization dissociated itself from the event. So did the National Stonewall Democratic Federation, an association of gay Democrats organized by Representative Barney Frank of Massachusetts. The march's first executive producer, Robin Tyler, and its second, Malcolm Lazin, both resigned. Each had come under heavy fire from the Ad Hoc Committee.

Much of the criticism isn't really about the march at all; it's about the HRC, which is still reviled by many liberal gay activists for endorsing Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato of New York in his unsuccessful 1998 bid for reelection. Speculation that the organization is considering endorsing another Republican this November, Vermont Senator James Jeffords, compounds the sin. Even its nominal allies, like Frank, think the group is so pragmatic that it undermines the gay rights movement's moral force. The HRC, Frank gripes, "lobbies as if they were lobbying for the steel industry, or corn, or insurance." Gay lefties accuse the HRC of ignoring the needs of other persecuted minorities in order to burnish its moderate image. "We need to recognize how our fight for gay liberation is linked to the struggles of communities of color, and women, and working people," says Leslie Kagan, a New York activist who serves as a spokeswoman for the Ad Hoc Committee. Explains Bill Turner, an Ad Hoc Committee member from Tennessee: "You have straitlaced suburban queers who just want a Volvo and a two-car garage, and you have urban-based radicals who want to upend the entire culture."

MINDFUL OF SUCH complaints, the march's new organizers are trying to jazz up their Volvo. The majority of the seats on the march's board are now set aside for minorities and women. Dianne Hardy-Garcia, executive director of the Lesbian and Gay Rights Lobby of Texas and a respected local activist, has been hired as the march's producer. And the board recently passed eight resolutions pledging support for local and statewide gay rights groups, gay community centers, gay minorities, and the transgendered.

The makeover will be most visible, however, on the speakers' dais. The march will still feature its share of mainstream speakers—like Representative Tammy Baldwin of Wisconsin, Congress's only openly lesbian member; National Organization for Women President Patricia Ireland; and Ellen DeGeneres. But it will now also give speech time to representatives of the gay "leather community," drag queens, and "Female-to-Male International," a San Francisco-based support group for transsexuals. "We need to make sure that everyone is able to see [someone like] themselves on the stage," Hardy-Garcia says.

SHAWN ZELLER is an assistant editor at *National Journal*.

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But even these efforts haven't mollified the most strident critics of the march. Ad Hoc Committee members are encouraging people not to attend. "A march is supposed to be a grand, empowering event for the movement," explains Ad Hoc Committee member Steven Ault, a New York activist who helped organize previous gay rights marches on Washington. "But the way the HRC has handled this, it's become disempowering for everyone except the elite activists in Washington." And march organizers, after initially projecting a turnout of more than one million people, have now scaled down their estimates to somewhere around 500,000. Whatever does end up getting displayed on the Mall on April 30, it won't be gay unity and power. ■

Why the death penalty's not going away.

Alive and Kicking

By BENJAMIN SOSKIS

IN FEBRUARY, WHEN Illinois Governor George Ryan announced a statewide moratorium on the death penalty—until he could declare "with moral certainty" that everyone sentenced to death in his state was truly guilty—anti-capital-punishment activists rejoiced. And justifiably so. For one thing, Illinois's capital punishment system was abysmal: since the death penalty was reintroduced there in 1977, more death-row inmates had been exonerated and released (13) than executed (twelve).

Even more heartening, Ryan's decision seemed to embody a change in the national mood. A February Gallup Poll showed support for the death penalty at a 19-year low. *The Green Mile* and *The Hurricane*, both of which cast capital punishment in a negative light, became two of the most popular movies in America. Not long after the Illinois decision, a dozen other state legislatures and city councils began to consider moratoriums of their own. All of which has led to suggestions that we are witnessing the beginning of the death penalty's own death throes. As a recent *New York Times Magazine* article asserted, capital punishment "seems to be approaching a political tipping point" on the road to abolition.

It would be a remarkable political turnaround—were it true. But in reality, as University of Central Florida criminologist Robert Bohm points out, the change in public opinion regarding the death penalty stems not from a rejection of its basic premise—that the state can take a life—but from concerns about its application. And so the reforms that death-penalty opponents cheer might actually strengthen Americans' faith in the practice they so despise.

It wouldn't be the first time. In the early '80s, when states began abandoning the electric chair for the more humane method of lethal injection, some anti-death-penalty activists cheered. But, by sanitizing capital punishment, states robbed the abolitionists of one of their strongest arguments: the practice's barbarity. Henry Schwarzchild, the late dean of the American anti-death-penalty movement and a fervent opponent of lethal injection, used to quote the critic Alexander Woollcott: "The worst sin of all is to do well that which shouldn't be done at all." Perhaps not surprisingly, the first state to use lethal injection—Texas—now accounts for more than one-third of all the executions in America.

Something similar happened during the previous decade as well, when opponents of the death penalty, by challenging its constitutional basis, achieved a nationwide moratorium on capital punishment, beginning in 1967. In 1972, with its ruling in *Furman* v. *Georgia*, the Supreme Court lent its imprimatur to the halt in executions, declaring that the arbitrary and discriminatory implementation of the death penalty constituted "cruel and unusual punishment." University of Pennsylvania Law School Professor Anthony Amsterdam, a leading death-penalty abolitionist who argued the case before the Court, announced that it was "almost inconceivable" that executions could resume. But they did. The Court hadn't declared the entire capital punishment system unconstitutional—only a number of problematic statutes. So Georgia tinkered with its death-penalty laws, addressing the racial bias that concerned the Court. In 1976, in *Gregg* v. *Georgia*, the Court ended the moratorium and allowed capital punishment in the state to resume. Thirty-four other states quickly incorporated variations of Georgia's reforms into their own statutes. And, while it took until the early '90s for the number of executions in the country to return to their pre-*Furman* levels, public approval for the death penalty actually increased after the moratorium and the reforms it prompted, rising from around 50 percent in 1972 to more than 70 percent in the early '80s.

ANTI-DEATH-PENALTY activists claim that much has changed since *Furman* and *Gregg*, and they too offer public-opinion polls as evidence: since 1994, polls show that support for capital punishment has steadily declined. Activists and academics attribute this decline largely to the perception that innocent men and women have been sentenced to death. According to Gallup surveys, the percentage of Americans who believe that states kill innocent people has risen nearly ten points—to more than 90 percent of all questioned—over the last five years.

These polls have led the anti-death-penalty movement in recent years to shift its focus largely from moral arguments to procedural ones—primarily the fallibility of the capital punishment system. New institutions, like the Death Penalty Information Center—which pointedly does not take a public position on the death penalty itself—have sprouted to help publicize the fact that, since *Gregg*, some 87 death-row inmates have been exonerated and freed. In 1998, Northwestern University held the first-ever National Conference on Wrongful Convictions and the Death Penalty, which brought together 30 of those former prisoners. And,

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in February, Senator Patrick Leahy introduced the Innocence Protection Act, which seeks to make DNA testing easier and enhance the legal representation afforded to death-row inmates. "People of good conscience can and will disagree on the morality of the death penalty," said the senator, but "we should all be able to agree that a system that may sentence one innocent person to death for every seven it executes has no place in a civilized society."

But, if Leahy's bill passes—and, with bipartisan support, its prospects look good—those people of good conscience who oppose the death penalty on principle might find themselves in an awkward position. For if the potential for wrongful execution stokes public outrage, the potential for a near-perfect DNA match helps mollify it.

This paradox will be on full display in Illinois, where, though 66 percent of residents surveyed approve of Ryan's decision to impose the moratorium, nearly 60 percent still support the death penalty. Among them is Ryan himself, a Republican who, while canonized by death-penalty opponents—*The Washington Post* hailed him as a "newly installed hero in the progressive pantheon"—still maintains that capital punishment is an appropriate response to the most violent crimes. Similarly, many of Ryan's Republican allies in the state legislature who support the moratorium seem disinclined to back abolition. They reiterated those views just last week, when a law to prevent the execution of the mentally retarded, after passing the Illinois House, died in the Republican-controlled Senate before leaving committee.

Indeed, of the 14 people Ryan appointed to a ballyhooed commission to study the state's death penalty and offer recommendations to the legislature, eleven support capital punishment. Even the few commission members who oppose it concede that their objective is reform, not abolition. According to former Senator Paul Simon, one of the commission members who oppose the death penalty, the most likely result of the commission's deliberations will be to recommend safeguards to ensure adequate counsel. "If I want to speak against the death penalty," says Simon, "I don't need the commission."

That's exactly why a number of death-penalty proponents support Ryan's moratorium. To them, his move represents a sort of purge that will rid the death-penalty debate of a few embarrassing statistics. Says Michael Rushford, president of the Criminal Justice Legal Foundation, an organization that seeks to "restor[e] a balance between the rights of crime victims and the criminally accused," DNA testing and other suggested reforms "really limit the complaints [of death-penalty activists] to isolated incidents. The result of this effort will make errors more isolated, there will be less grist for opponents to grind, and the public will see the executions of clearly guilty murderers and feel good about that."

STILL, DEATH-PENALTY ABOLITIONISTS are hitching their wagons to the moratorium movement. Last October, at the International Moratorium Conference at Columbia University, Anthony Amsterdam, now at New York University Law School, admitted that the "frightening word 'forever' ... imposes a nearly unbearable burden" on abolitionists. The moratorium movement, Amsterdam suggested, lets them shake off that burden while ultimately achieving the same end. Since moratoriums contain "the normative power of the actual," Amsterdam argued, they will demonstrate to those who support the death penalty that the country can survive without it. Other anti-death-penalty activists hope that the reforms necessary to ensure that no innocent man or woman is executed will prove so expensive that they will force Americans to consider less costly punitive alternatives, such as life in prison without parole.

But, even as they publicly embrace the moratorium movement, some anti-death-penalty activists privately concede that they're wary of it—and the reforms it will likely bring. As Charles Hoffman, Illinois assistant state appellate defender and a death-penalty opponent, worries, "If you take the death penalty, and you put lipstick and rouge on it, and you trot it out in a big fancy dress, it might look more acceptable to people." In other words, *The New York Times Magazine* might be right. This could be a tipping point. In the other direction. ■

Harare Dispatch

Good-bye

By ANDREW MELDRUM

SINCE TAKING POWER in 1980, Zimbabwe's president, Robert Mugabe, has amassed a record worthy of the world's worst tin-pot dictators. He has embroiled his nation in a distant and costly war in the Congo, he has inflamed ethnic tensions in the nation's interior, he has encouraged gross corruption and eroded respect for the law, and he has brought his country's once-strong economy to the point of collapse.

That's the bad news. The good news is that Mugabe's long-suffering subjects are finally doing something about it. In February, Zimbabwean voters dealt their president a stinging rebuke when they rejected a new constitution that would have eliminated the few remaining checks on his power. Most recently, on April 1, 4,000 Zimbabweans of all races, classes, and creeds joined in a "peace march" through downtown Harare to support the rule of law. And the people of Zimbabwe will likely use the parliamentary elections due later this year to register their disapproval even more emphatically.

But even in this good news there is cause for worry. Mugabe will not go quietly. And, as bad as he was when his people were quiescent, all the evidence suggests that he will respond to dissent by becoming even worse. In the long run, democratic activism may once again make Zimbabwe an African success story. In the short term, it may well lead to chaos.

ANDREW MELDRUM is southern Africa correspondent for *The Guardian* and a frequent contributor to *The Economist*.

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When Mugabe first came to power in 1980, popular opposition to his regime seemed almost unimaginable. A hardline Marxist guerrilla leader who had waged a 16-year war against white minority rule, Mugabe quickly refashioned himself into a moderate who favored reconciliation between the country's blacks and whites. In return, the international community hailed him as Zimbabwe's savior and held up the multiracial democracy he headed as a shining alternative to South Africa's apartheid regime. Mugabe was even nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Some of the praise was warranted. Building on Rhodesia's strong colonial economy—as well as substantial financial aid from the West—the new president increased wages substantially and opened up education and health services to the country's black majority. His economic policy of "growth with equity" led to significant economic expansion and some redistribution of wealth. The lives of black Zimbabweans improved dramatically—cementing Mugabe's popularity until well into the 1990s. Indeed, for years it was hard to find a black Zimbabwean who had anything bad to say about him.

But, during those early years, Mugabe also laid the foundations for a very different sort of legacy. Throughout the '80s, he tried to turn Zimbabwe into a one-party state—with himself firmly at the helm. He used his party's overwhelming dominance of parliament to push through 15 different constitutional amendments that strengthened his party, ZANU-PF, and weakened others. One gave it annual state funding and control of the electoral process. Another authorized the president to appoint 30 of the 150 members of parliament. The state-controlled news media—which enjoyed a monopoly over Zimbabwe's television, radio, and newspapers—began to deny opposition parties any coverage.

Mugabe also exacerbated ethnic tensions by sending the country's notorious Fifth Army Brigade to put down a small-scale rebellion in southern Zimbabwe, a region that backed his longtime rival Joshua Nkomo. The unit, made up of members of Mugabe's Shona tribe, ended up murdering an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 civilians belonging to their rival tribe, the Ndebele.

And, over time, Mugabe's one genuine accomplishment—his achievement of a better standard of living for Zimbabweans—began to turn sour as well. By the mid-'90s, massive corruption had stalled economic growth, and unemployment was rising. Mugabe retained some residual popularity as the person who brought black rule to Zimbabwe, and this, along with his control of the electoral system, helped him win reelection in 1990 and then again in 1996. But the popular mood was beginning to shift, and a loose coalition of human rights groups, church organizations, and trade unions began to voice dissent.

Mugabe's response was telling. In 1995, he launched a vitriolic attack on homosexuals, calling them "worse than pigs and dogs" and denying that they had any rights at all. The outside world reacted with horror. But, as Zimbabwean opposition leaders knew, Mugabe's real point was broader. He was attacking Zimbabwe's emerging civil society and the growing economic, social, and political forces that were wriggling out from underneath his government's thumb.

Still, Mugabe would probably still be safely in charge were it not for his decision in August 1998 to send 11,000 Zimbabwean troops to the Congo to support President Laurent Kabila's war against Ugandan- and Rwandan-backed rebels. It is an expensive conflict, estimated to cost Zimbabwe $30 million per month—and those costs are difficult for impoverished Zimbabweans to swallow, given that the Congo war does not in any way threaten Zimbabwe's security. But Mugabe wanted to assert his position as one of Africa's strongmen. And top members of his Cabinet and army openly enjoy lucrative supply contracts in the resource-rich Congo.

Now, thanks to the war and to widespread corruption at home, Zimbabwe's economy has all but collapsed. Inflation averaged 60 percent in 1999 and is continuing at a similar pace this year. Unemployment is estimated at more than 50 percent. The Zimbabwe dollar has plummeted from one-eleventh the value of the U.S. dollar at the end of 1997 to one-thirty-eighth today—and is still falling. Living standards are declining equally rapidly. The economy was stagnant in 1999 and is expected to contract by two percent this year.

The latest calamity is the shortage of fuel. Zimbabwe no longer has the foreign currency to import adequate amounts of gasoline, diesel, and kerosene. Since early December the country has been operating at 50 percent of ordinary consumption. Motorists wait for five or six hours to get half a tank of fuel. Township residents wait in equally long lines for kerosene to cook their food.

So, finally, Zimbabwe's citizens are rising up. Mugabe is openly reviled in the cities, and support for him is dwindling even in Zimbabwe's rural areas, his traditional base. A Gallup International Poll conducted in February found that a full 65 percent of Zimbabweans believed Mugabe should resign. And, while Mugabe himself is not up for reelection until 2002, parliamentary elections are due soon. For the first time, the opposition is likely to win a serious foothold. Realizing this, Mugabe postponed the vote from mid-April to mid-May, although no specific date has yet been set.

But stalling can work only for so long. And so Mugabe has turned to a more explosive strategy. In an effort to reinvigorate his support in rural areas—where 70 percent of the population lives—Mugabe is painting opposition members as lackeys for the nation's white landowners and inciting impoverished blacks against them. He has warned whites and opposition members that "death will befall them," and in March thousands of Mugabe's supporters invaded 650 white-owned farms, claiming they were retaking land that white colonialists stole from their ancestors. Although the courts ruled the squatters' raids illegal, Mugabe ordered the police to take no action against them. Most recently, in the midst of last week's peace march, Mugabe unleashed 150 of his goons on the demonstrators, whom they pummeled with

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Where We Stand

A commentary on public education and other critical issues

Educational Adequacy, Now

By SANDRA FELDMAN, President
American Federation of Teachers

What should we do to help poor children who attend underperforming schools? This question is a real challenge to people of conscience, but vouchers—the quick-and-easy answer you often hear—would not solve the problem. There is plenty of research showing that, despite all the hoopla, voucher schools do not get any better results than comparable public schools. And we know that vouchers would hurt the education of the great majority of poor kids because they would siphon off money from the public schools where the majority of poor children—in fact most of our kids—are and will continue to be educated. Nevertheless, all of us who care about kids worry a lot about the short run, about youngsters who are going to failing schools *now*.

But there is a solution. Instead of handing parents a voucher and washing our hands of the problem, let's make sure every child can go to a good public school by adopting a strategy that is already successful in a number of school districts: Close down consistently failing schools at semester's end, redesign them, and reopen them in the fall with proven programs, new leadership and, where necessary, a negotiated change in the mix of staff. Offer extra pay, if needed, to attract the best teachers.

Along with this strategy, we should insist on public school choice, which allows children to transfer to successful public schools and guarantees them access (as religious and other private schools will not).

Yes, it's hard to turn around low-performing schools quickly. But the American Federation of Teachers is working with districts across the country to make it happen, and we'd like to see it done in every failing public school. Unlike vouchers, this approach is uncontestably effective. Moreover, it would guarantee parents good schools, rather than telling them to find a non-public school that may, or may not, accept their child, may or may not charge tuition equal to the voucher, and may or may not do a better job.

Something We've Never Tried

But in the long run, we'll need to do much more to give all disadvantaged children the educational opportunities they need. While poverty is no excuse for bad schools, and lots of poor kids do well despite the odds, the effects of poverty can't be denied. So, instead of another failed experiment with vouchers, let's do something we've never tried: *Guarantee educational adequacy for poor children.*

Let's make sure that poor children get the same educational basics as other kids.

I am not talking about "throwing money" at school districts that are badly managed. I'm talking about specifically funding what specifically works in education, thereby assuring poor children the same basics most middle-class children get and that we want for all children:

- **Quality, early childhood education.** Poor kids enter kindergarten much less prepared for school than more advantaged kids. They know many fewer words, for example. High-quality preschool makes an enormous difference. The children who get it do much better than those who don't, all the way through to graduation.

- **Small classes, especially in the early grades.** Small classes in the first few years of school raise the achievement of all children but especially minority youngsters. We also know that gains made by public school children in smaller classes trump any gains made by voucher children.

- **A rich curriculum taught by qualified and highly skilled teachers.** This means, in part, making teacher salaries and professional conditions in poor districts competitive with those in wealthier communities and other professions.

Whether one has a moral or a pragmatic view of poor children's education, the case for vouchers is feeble compared to the benefits of turning around low-performing schools or the promise of educational adequacy for all children. Indeed, the chief thing vouchers would do is hand off our responsibility for educating poor children to the untender mercies of the market—which hasn't been very good at solving the health or housing, or even the food-shopping needs, of poor people up to now—and make poor children disappear from our consciences.

Americans don't want to abandon public schools—or their belief that public schools offer the best road out of poverty and into the mainstream—and we don't have to. We can afford to provide educational adequacy in public schools for every poor child in America. That's the path to take, and we should begin right now. ▮

***Where We Stand* is published once every month in *The New Republic*. To comment, write to Sandra Feldman, AFT, 555 New Jersey Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20001.** **© Sandra Feldman 2000.** **Visit our web site (http://www.aft.org).**

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clubs, iron bars, bricks, and rocks. One man was beaten unconscious, and a dozen others were hospitalized.

In the long run, Mugabe's efforts are probably doomed. All around him, from South Africa to Malawi to Mozambique, dictatorships have given way to democracy. But the closer his downfall gets, the more likely Mugabe is to push his country—already deeply divided along lines of class, race, and tribe—to the brink of chaos. Like the military in Indonesia, he will then paint himself as the only figure capable of stemming the chaos he himself has helped create.

None of this is lost on Morgan Tsvangirai, the leader of Zimbabwe's new opposition party, founded to save Zimbabwe from exactly this kind of ruin. "It is as if we are all on a bus with a mad driver who is speeding at 150 kilometers an hour," says Tsvangirai. "We are terrified and shouting at the driver to stop, but he keeps speeding the bus downhill, and we skid out of control. That is what Robert Mugabe is doing. He is driving this country towards disaster." Tsvangirai knows that if people like him don't grab the wheel soon, there might not be much left to steer. ■

Moderate Republicans: suicide or murder?

The Hunted

By JOHN B. JUDIS

BELVIDERE, NEW JERSEY

"HERE'S THE OLD history teacher talking, or maybe I should say the *former* history teacher," says Representative Marge Roukema as we sit in the council chambers of the Belvidere Municipal Building after a meeting with her constituents. "If you want to maintain a majority in a two-party system in a country that is as large geographically and as economically and socially diverse as the United States, you have to find coalitions and consensus within the party." Roukema isn't talking just as an ex-history teacher. She's talking as a Republican moderate—a Republican moderate facing a right-wing primary challenger financed by the Club for Growth, a group of wealthy Wall Streeters who want to purge the GOP of people like her. By ousting Roukema, the right-wingers would reclaim the Republican Party in this sliver of New Jersey. And, by ousting Roukema, they would almost surely hand her seat in the House to a Democrat.

Six years after finally securing a congressional majority, the GOP is squandering it by alienating its moderate wing. In fact, the Republicans are doing what the Democrats did after 1964, mimicking almost precisely the very process that gave the GOP its realigned majority in the first place.

Realignments in American politics take two forms. Sometimes an opposition party wins the presidency and both houses of Congress in one explosive election and then maintains its congressional majority for a decade or more. This is what happened in 1932. Then there is the kind of phased realignment that occurred in the South after 1964. In the first phase, voters switch parties in presidential elections but stick by their incumbents in Congress—at least until those members retire. This is what happened, for example, in the congressional district around Gasden, Alabama. Voters there began backing GOP presidential candidates as early as 1964; by the late '80s and early '90s, they were giving these Republicans overwhelming margins of victory. But Representative Tom Bevill, a relatively conservative Democrat, continued to represent Gasden until 1996, the year he retired. Then a Republican took over.

Now another phased realignment is in the works—from Republicans to Democrats, and in the North and the far West, not the South. It began in 1992 and then intensified in 1996, when President Clinton made inroads in Republican districts. As these districts went increasingly Democratic, they ousted conservative Republicans—like Rick White and Randy Tate in Washington state and Mike Pappas in New Jersey—as well as recently elected Republican moderates—like Bill Martini in New Jersey and Peter Torkildsen in Massachusetts—who had not yet established strong local followings. But, in many other districts, voters continue to back moderate Republicans—Republicans who are politically closer to Clinton than to the House GOP leadership and who have built a powerful hometown base. In Maryland's Montgomery County, for example, voters still support Republican Representative Connie Morella—even though the district voted for Bill Clinton in both 1992 and 1996. The same applies to Jack Quinn in Buffalo, New York, and Jim Leach in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

But, once these politicians leave office, it's almost certain that Democrats will take their places. If you look at 33 moderate Northern Republicans—ranging from a pro-life, pro-labor Republican like Quinn to a fiscally conservative, socially moderate one like Fred Upton in Kalamazoo, Michigan—you'll find that their districts show dramatic movement toward the Democrats in presidential elections. In 1984, these 33 districts went for Ronald Reagan over Walter Mondale by an average of 23 percent. In 1988, they went for Bush by twelve percent. In 1992, they went for Clinton by close to two percent; and, in 1996, they voted for Clinton by more than ten percent. That's a 33 percent swing over twelve years. And, in the great majority of those districts, that swing will manifest itself at the congressional level once the current Republican incumbents retire.

Indeed, early indications suggest the 2000 presidential election will reinforce this realignment. While Vice President Al Gore and Texas Governor George W. Bush are tied in the overall polls, Gore leads Bush in New Jersey, New York, and California, where many of these seats are. In a March 27 Quinnipiac poll in New Jersey, Gore was ahead of Bush by a whopping 50 percent to 37 percent. If Bush wins the presidency, it would certainly delay this trend, just as Jimmy Carter's victory in 1976 temporarily stalled the move toward a Republican majority. But the forces pushing Republicans to the right and Democrats to the center would eventually reassert themselves, propelling Democrats into office.

The last great Democratic realignment was precipitated

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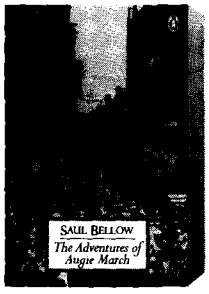

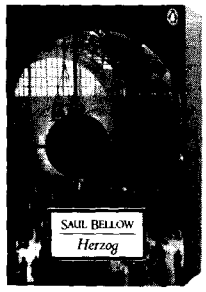

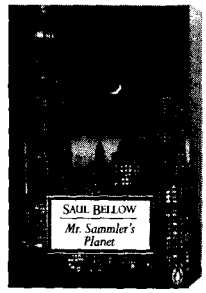

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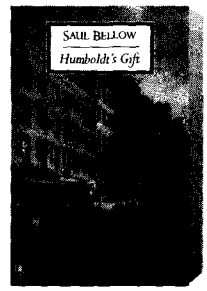

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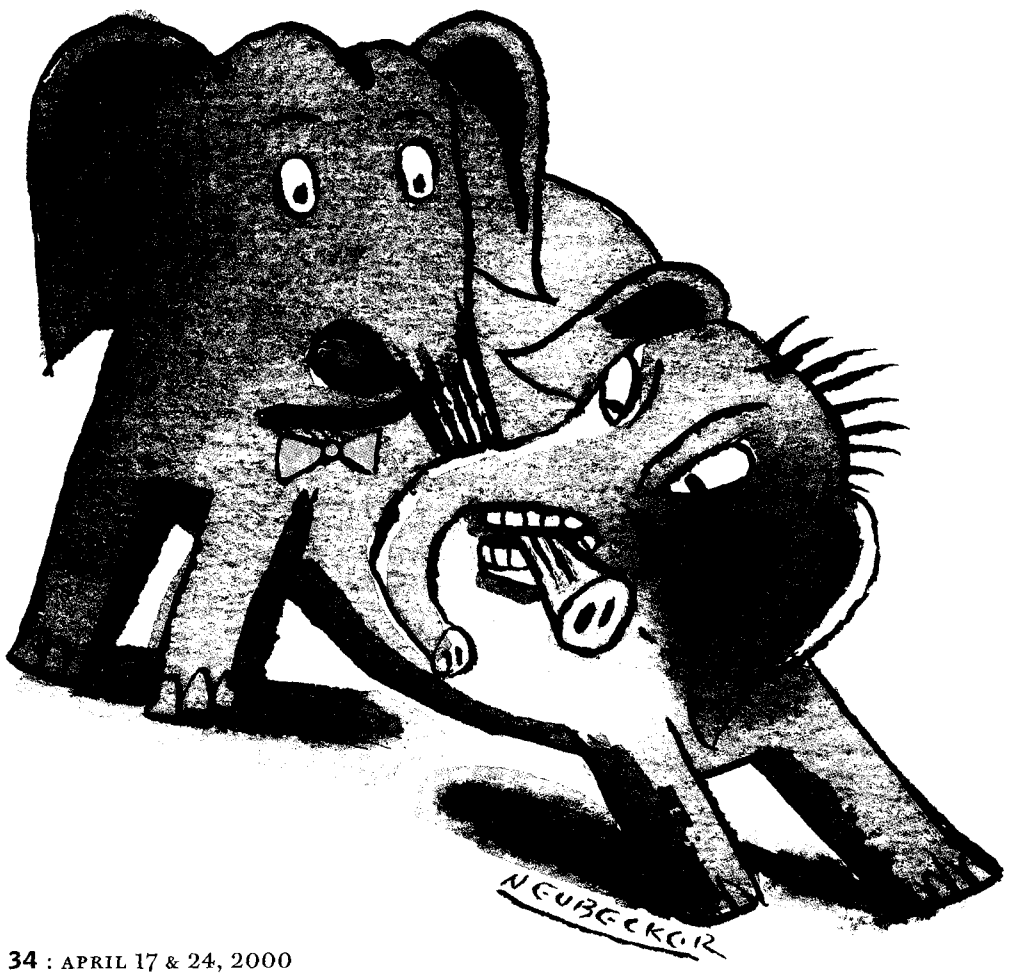
by the Great Depression and persisted because Republicans stuck to the laissez-faire business boosterism that the Depression discredited. The Democratic realignment of the early twenty-first century is occurring because the policies and ideals that underlay Republican successes from 1968 to 1988 have become outmoded. The economic strategy of cutting taxes and slashing social programs has became irrelevant, if not harmful, and the backlash against the civil rights and feminist movements of the 1960s has gradually petered out. Moreover, while Democrats have learned to accept diversity within their congressional delegation and a centrist in the White House, conservative Republicans remain bent on purging moderates from their ranks. In the last decade, they have accentuated exactly the aspects of their policies that will ensure their doom.

Since 1994, the Republican Party has been dominated nationally by Bible Belt conservatives like Georgia's Newt Gingrich, Mississippi Senator Trent Lott, and Texas Representative Tom DeLay. Scott Klug, a moderate Republican from Madison, Wisconsin, who retired from Congress in 1998 and was succeeded by (you guessed it!) a Democrat, says, "If you look at Democrats fifteen years ago, they were defined by the Northeast. Now you look at our leadership, and it looks like we have lost the Civil War."

It's not just that politicians like Lott and DeLay oppose abortion rights and gun control; they embody a worldview that disturbs many voters outside the South, particularly women. It combines frontier individualism and evangelical Protestantism. It disdains community and government action except when motivated by religion. As became apparent during the Republican presidential primary, it is as alien to Catholics in south suburban Detroit or Manchester, New Hampshire, as it is to the heathens of Silicon Valley or Manhattan. Many American Catholics, for instance, fervently oppose abortion but, like Mormons, have learned to cherish the separation of church and state. They view the Christian Coalition as an enemy of the religious pluralism on which, as religious minorities, they depend.

On economic issues, conservative Republican politicians and intellectuals have continued to espouse a supply-side economic strategy of regressive tax cuts. In the early '80s, when the tax revolt was in full bloom and the economy was in recession, this was good politics. But, in the last decade—as the economy has boomed and the average American's tax burden has fallen—the tax-cut constituency has dwindled to Wall Street speculators and Sun Belt nouveaux riches. Even Republican primary voters have turned away. Like the Democrats in the '80s, the GOP leadership insists the problem is just with marketing. But if Bush loses, he will become the last Republican nominee to run on a sweeping, Reagan-style tax cut.

And it's not just politicians. Just as the Democratic interest groups of the '60s forced their party to the left, conservative organizations in the '90s have moved the GOP to the right, strengthening their own influence in the party at the expense of moderates.



The National Rifle Association (NRA) helped the Republicans win the House in 1994. But, threatened by growing national support for gun control, it has become increasingly shrill. This has boosted membership—after NRA Executive Vice President Wayne LaPierre denounced Clinton for having "blood on his hands," the organization claims it gained 70,000 members in a week, three times its usual rate. But it has also undercut the ability of Bush, and of Republican congressional candidates, to win support in the North. A poll conducted last November by Ohio State University found that 59 percent of Ohioans would be "more likely" and only 23 percent would be "less likely" to vote for a candidate who favors "stricter gun control laws." Eighty-one percent of women thought gun laws should be made stricter, while only 17 percent wanted

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  Source: Press release from Department of Health and Human Services, (1998, April 20).

- In 1996, 63% of the 375 new AIDS cases reported among children under age 13 were injection-related.

  Source: Based on the number of new AIDS cases among children under age 13 for which the exposure group was known. Centers for Disease Control, HIV / AIDS Surveillance Report, (Year-end edition), Vol. 8, No. 2.

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them to be either less strict or unchanged. Yet conservative activist groups discount this unpopularity. In 1997, Stephen Moore, director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute and now director of the right-wing Republican Club for Growth, even tried to turn this lack of support into a virtue. In an article in *The American Spectator* titled "Is the Northeast Necessary?" he suggested that Republicans should "[write] off this dying region once and for all."

Within the Republican Party, the only organization calling for "coalitions and consensus" is the Tuesday Group, an informal gathering of 40 or 50 House moderates who meet weekly for a brown-bag lunch. The group dates from the early '90s, when about ten moderates used to lunch on Tuesdays in Representative Olympia Snowe's office. (In 1994, they moved to a regular conference room and began meeting on Wednesdays.) The group has no common platform: some members, like Jack Quinn, are moderate on economic issues but pro-life, while others, like Fred Upton, are socially liberal but more conservative on labor and budget questions. But they share a dislike of the extreme right wing. Almost all of them voted for the Shays-Meehan campaign finance reform bill, which conservative activist groups despise.

WHETHER THE GOP avoids the disintegration the Democrats faced after 1968 will depend largely on whether these moderates have any sway within the party. One crucial test will come this year in New Jersey. Home to some of the country's most advanced industries, including pharmaceutical and telecommunications firms, and primarily suburban, it is much more representative of twenty-first-century America than GOP bastions Mississippi or Idaho. And it is swinging Democratic.

Clinton narrowly won New Jersey in 1992; four years later he carried it easily. In 1994, of New Jersey's 13 congressional seats, eight were occupied by Republicans. Now the GOP holds six. After November, that number will probably be five.

Two Republican congressional primaries in New Jersey this spring symbolize the GOP's nationwide problems. The first is in New Jersey's Twelfth District, which includes Princeton, middle-class suburbs like East Brunswick, and two semirural Republican counties. The district went for Bush in 1992 and Clinton in 1996. It was once represented by Republican Jim Courter and then by Dick Zimmer, a moderate who retired in 1996 to run unsuccessfully for the Senate against Robert Torricelli. Zimmer's successor, the conservative Mike Pappas, gained renown in July 1998 for singing "Twinkle, twinkle, Kenneth Starr, now we see how brave you are" on the House floor. Then Pappas lost to Democrat Rush Holt, who championed gun control, abortion rights, protecting the environment, and Social Security.

This year, Zimmer and Pappas are both seeking the Republican nomination against Holt. The Tuesday Group is backing Zimmer. Tuesday Group leader Upton has even circulated videotapes of Pappas's hymn to Starr. "Pappas can't win," he says categorically. But DeLay and Majority Leader Dick Armey back Pappas.

The other race is Marge Roukema's. She represents the Fifth District, which includes wealthy suburban Bergen County and semirural Warren and Sussex Counties. Roukema, a fiscal conservative and social liberal, has represented the district since 1980. She is a darling of the Chamber of Commerce, but she also supported the Democrats' Family and Medical Leave Act and adamantly opposed the privatization of Social Security and regressive tax cuts. In 1998, a far-right assemblyman from Sussex County, Scott Garrett, nearly beat her in a low-turnout Republican primary. Garrett campaigned on his support for the NRA and his opposition to abortion. He won Sussex and Warren Counties, but lost Bergen.

THIS YEAR, GARRETT is back, and he has the Club for Growth's support. The club was founded in the late '80s by Wall Street consultant Richard Gilder and was then composed primarily of wealthy financiers and real estate developers, along with a smattering of right-wing ideologues like Moore and former Reagan administration official Lawrence Kudlow. Meeting in secret, it interviewed candidates and, if it liked them, bundled $1,000 contributions to their campaigns. It also funded Newt Gingrich's GOPAC. Last year, Moore and Gilder decided to put the club on the Web and offer membership to anyone who paid a fee. Their hope was to contribute $100,000 or more to campaigns.

Moore identifies the club's members as "supply-side Reaganites" who favor tax cuts, free trade, and the privatization of Social Security. The group, he says, is looking for candidates in "tight and winnable races." Last February, after meeting with Garrett, the club's directors vowed to raise at least $100,000 for his campaign against Roukema.

Members of the Tuesday Group denounced the club's crusade against one of its members, and House Speaker Dennis Hastert belatedly agreed to raise money for Roukema. But the club itself isn't backing off. When I asked whether he wasn't jeopardizing a Republican seat, Moore insisted that Roukema's district is safely in Republican hands.

It's exactly that kind of thinking that may make the GOP lose the House. Sure, Roukema will beat any Democrat. But a conservative Republican won't. Bergen County has become increasingly Democratic—in 1996, it backed Clinton over Bob Dole 48 percent to 42 percent. Even Warren County is becoming more Democratic. In the last election, Democrats won control of its county government. Garrett, the Club for Growth's new hero, wants to abolish the Department of Education and Head Start. He doesn't just want tax cuts; he wants a flat tax. And he joins Moore in favoring the privatization of Social Security. If effectively publicized, these stands, along with Garrett's views on abortion and guns, would guarantee his defeat by a moderate Democrat.

The good news for Republicans is that Roukema will probably win her June primary. The bad news is that, at 70, she'll also probably retire soon. When she does, her district will be ripe for plucking by New Jersey Democrats. And the stronger conservatives like those in the Club for Growth become, the easier the Democrats' work will be. New Jersey, which in the early '90s seemed to be the vanguard of a new Republican majority, is instead becoming the bellwether of a new Democratic one. ■

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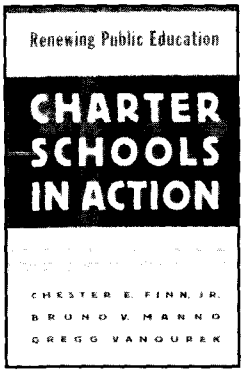

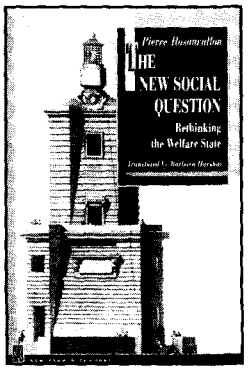

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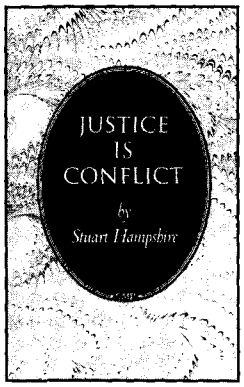

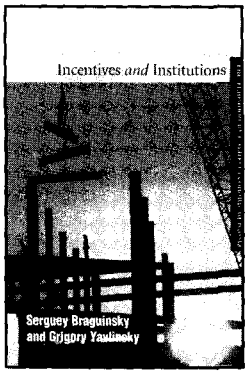

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Why Gore can't be a New Democrat.

The Old New Thing

By JONATHAN COHN

ELAINE KAMARCK, SENIOR policy adviser to Vice President Al Gore's 2000 presidential campaign, is probably best-known for a paper she coauthored in 1989 called "The Politics of Evasion." Published while the wounds from Michael Dukakis's defeat were still fresh, "The Politics of Evasion" represented a frontal assault on the Democratic Party's tradition of pandering to left-wing interest groups. Kamarck attacked the presumption that "selective mobilization of groups that strongly support Democratic candidates, especially minorities and the poor, would get the job done for Democratic presidential candidates." Her essay helped define what it meant to be a New Democrat, and it helped define the mission of the primary New Democrat institution: the Democratic Leadership Council. The DLC urged Democrats to take positions anathema to the party's base—positions like ending welfare, getting tough on crime, and avoiding identity politics—in order to win back the political center. And, in 1992, it achieved fame and power when Bill Clinton, its former chairman, rode that strategy all the way to the White House.

So how did Kamarck react last November when Donna Brazile, Gore's campaign manager, told *The Washington Post* that her boss planned to focus his campaign on the Democratic Party's "four pillars": labor unions, feminists, African Americans, and other minority groups? Many New Democrats howled. "We hope Donna Brazile's sketch of the 'pillars' of Democratic strength does not represent the genuine blueprint for the Vice President's campaign," the DLC harrumphed in its weekly communiqué. "Those are activist groups," added Senator Joseph Lieberman, the current DLC chairman, "but they don't constitute the Democratic Party, and they certainly don't constitute a majority of the country."

Kamarck, though, did not protest. In fact, she practically said Brazile was correct. "I was thinking, poor Donna. She was at that point organizing caucuses, and I think she was totally right.... I know a lot of my friends kind of went bananas about that. But I point out to my friends, as I have, that when you run for president, you look at the full gamut of support."

That Kamarck would publicly condone such a blatant challenge to the New Democrat philosophy she helped create could mean several things. It could mean she wants to keep campaign disagreements private. It could mean she's sold out her principles because she wants to work in a Gore White House. Or it could mean something more intriguing: that, after eight years of moving the Democratic Party to the right, she thinks it's time to nudge it back to the left. Kamarck would never say so explicitly, of course, and neither would her boss. The word "liberal" remains taboo in too many places. But Gore's campaign is tacking further left than almost anyone would have predicted a year ago. And, while some New Democrats are upset, Kamarck may understand something they don't. In 1992, liberal constituency groups were out of step with mainstream America. Today, the DLC is. Al Gore and Elaine Kamarck, once the ultimate New Democrats, don't sound much like New Democrats anymore. And it's a good thing, too.

GORE MIGHT SEEM an unlikely vehicle for a liberal resurgence, given that his New Democrat credentials are even stronger than Clinton's. Gore was deeply involved in the founding of the DLC. On the day in 1985 when the organization announced itself to Washington, as Kenneth Baer notes in *Reinventing Democrats*, Gore was holed up with DLC President Al From, tinkering with prose on the inaugural press release. Three years later, long before From approached Clinton about using the DLC as a springboard for his presidential candidacy, Gore ran under the DLC banner, offering himself as a centrist alternative to Dukakis and Jesse Jackson. Gore, of course, lost. But the themes he championed—in particular, getting tough on crime—informed Clinton's run four years later. And, as vice president, Gore urged Clinton to defy liberal orthodoxy at almost every key policy juncture: forgoing new spending to reduce the deficit, pushing for a free-trade agreement with Canada and Mexico, and reforming the federal welfare system.

As a result, New Democrats expected that once Gore ran for president again himself, he'd embrace their agenda even more unambiguously than Clinton had. They were wrong. Not only did Gore campaign for the nomination by appealing to those four pillars of the Democratic Party establishment, but he took positions at odds with key New Democrat reforms. On Medicare, for example, the DLC wants to overhaul the system to give market forces greater influence. Gore swore he'd leave it as is—except for adding a lavish new prescription-drug benefit. What's more, when Gore attacked the key mechanism of Bill Bradley's health care plan—giving people subsidies for buying private health insurance—he was in effect attacking the same scheme that Senator John Breaux, a former DLC chairman, has been pushing for Medicare since last year. As for managed care reform, Gore insisted that opening HMOs up to lawsuits was essential to effective patient-protection legislation. New Democrats have long resisted, or even opposed, creating a right to sue, saying it places an unfair burden on business.

On education, the New Democrat agenda stresses making teachers and schools more accountable and downplays more funding; some New Democrats, like Lieberman, even call for experimenting with vouchers (although the DLC itself stops just short of that position). Gore, by contrast, gave accountability at best equal billing with greater school spending. And Gore demonized Bradley for his past flirtations with vouchers—in effect, for contemplating the very thing Lieberman and other New Democrats are doing. On

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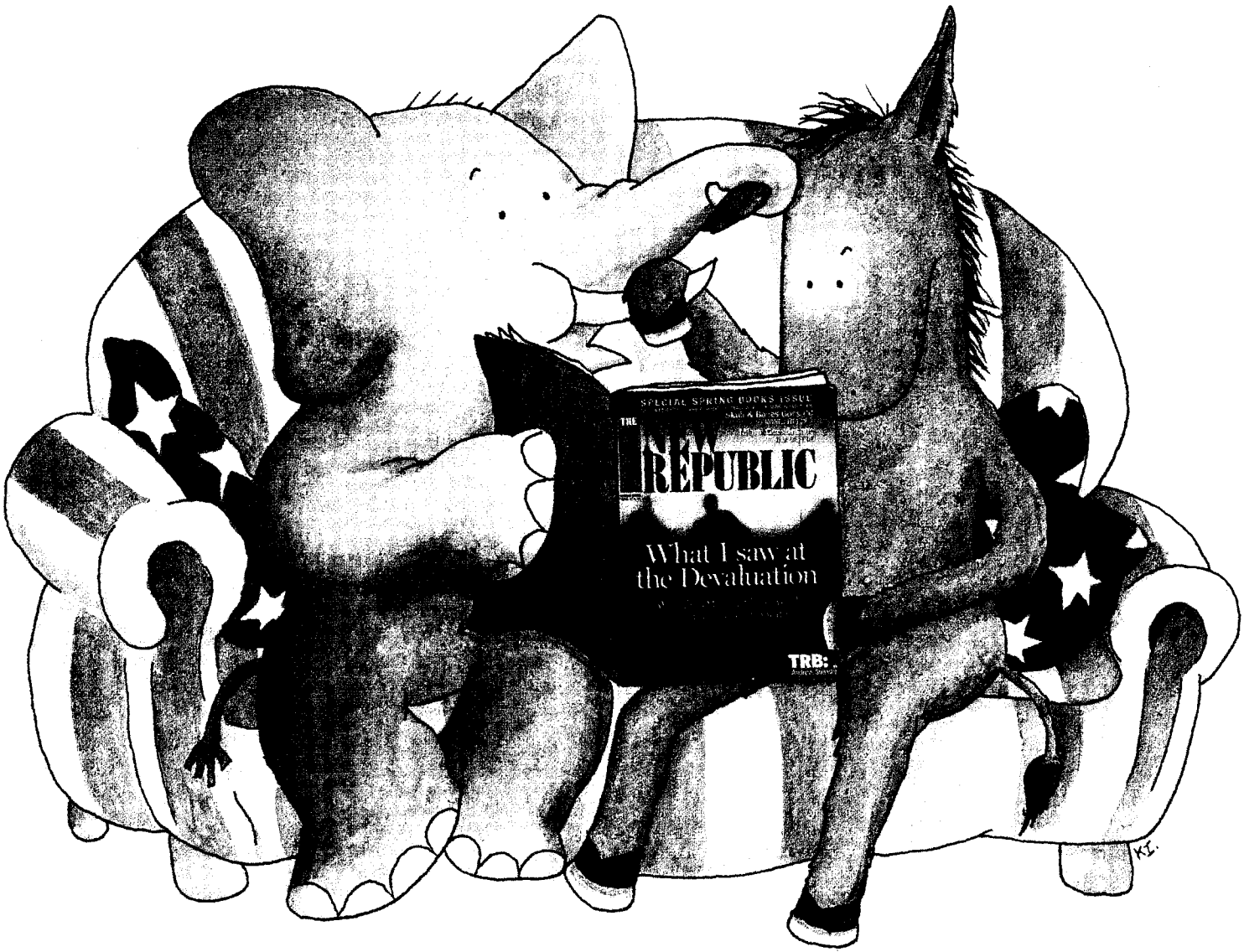

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Social Security, Gore vehemently opposed privatization—even though New Democrats have long talked of integrating private, individual accounts into the system, if not quite as radically as the Republicans would.

Perhaps most intriguing of all was Gore's repositioning on trade. Few issues are as important to the DLC, which relies heavily on the business community for financial support. And, as vice president, Gore has been one of free trade's strongest White House advocates, memorably clobbering Ross Perot on "Larry King Live" in 1993 when NAFTA's passage hung in the balance. But, in the primaries, Gore distanced himself from the DLC (and Clinton-administration) line. Gore promised that he would insist upon effective side agreements on labor standards (and environmental standards) in any future treaties. New Democrats, though not opposed to discussing labor standards, believe side agreements should not be a precondition for signing treaties—because they would often be deal breakers. "I guess you had to be a trade wonk to understand what a big shift that was," says a DLC official otherwise sympathetic to Gore. "The administration position is that labor and environmental standards are legitimate issues to be addressed, but not in the treaties. The union position is that you do it in the bilateral agreements—forcing individual countries to make concessions. And Gore has basically adopted that position."

OF COURSE, GORE has not become Paul Wellstone. Back in August, for example, his political strategists—Brazile, Robert Shrum, and Carter Eskew—all urged him to embrace a health care proposal that would reach as many people as Bradley's. Gore refused, recalling the scars of Hillarycare and citing the prohibitive costs of a more ambitious plan. Gore also stood by welfare reform, even at the Al Sharpton-sponsored debate at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. And Gore has criticized both his opponents—first Bradley, now George W. Bush—for promoting policies that threaten to create a new budget deficit.

But that's as far down the New Democrat road as Gore is prepared to go. The proof is in what he's done since the primaries. As it became clear that Bradley was going to lose, From and others began promising that Gore would "reposition" himself, moving back to the right and taking up the DLC agenda more earnestly. The New Democrats are still waiting. Catch Gore on the campaign trail today and you'll hear a stump speech much like the one he used to bludgeon Bradley. The only conspicuous change is the addition of an ambitious campaign finance reform plan that—for all its bells and whistles—embraces some of the most aggressive reform proposals liberals have championed for years. (This prompted the DLC, which has never been particularly interested in campaign reform, to opine in another communiqué that the issue rouses few voters to the polls.)

Not surprisingly, then, there is more than a little consternation at the DLC's East Capitol Hill offices. "Clinton always found opportunities to show his independence," one DLCer griped to me after Gore attended the Apollo Theater debate back in February. "Gore is never looking for ways to dramatize his independence—he's always looking to dramatize fidelity to their cause." Not long afterward, even as From was patting Gore on the back for remaining true to New Democrat principles on federal spending, the DLC was sounding new alarms in its weekly memo: "Despite [Gore's] centrist reputation and identification with the popular record of the Clinton Administration, independents are skeptical of him, and his heavily interest-and-identity-group oriented primary campaign has not helped."

BUT, WHATEVER TROUBLE Gore still has with independent voters, it doesn't stem from his affinity to left-wing interest groups. That's because those left-wing interest groups are a lot closer to mainstream public opinion than they were a decade ago. Indeed, when you look closely, you see that it's not Gore who's changed. It's the political landscape around him. When Clinton took office, the New Democrat agenda consisted of five big ideas: reforming welfare, reining in federal spending, downsizing the government, expanding free trade, and getting tough on crime. These positions were broadly popular, and, in the last eight years, the Clinton administration has made good on every one of them. This has helped restore the credibility the Democratic Party lost in the 1970s and '80s. But it has also left the New Democrats bereft of their most potent political proposals—and clinging to an agenda now much less in sync with the American public.

Today, polls show that most Americans favor giving labor standards and human rights greater prominence in trade negotiations, which puts them closer to John Sweeney's position than to From's. On Social Security and Medicare, surveys show that Americans are strongly, even overwhelmingly, against privatization. Americans crave more accountability in their schools—this is the DLC's best issue right now—but they are highly skeptical of vouchers, which is where the DLC seems headed. And voters aren't particularly eager to increase the power of private health insurance companies, either. Indeed, if there's a sure winner on the political landscape right now, it's aggressive HMO reform. (On affirmative action and race more generally, the DLC remains closer to the average voter than the Democratic establishment does. The same goes for abortion. But those issues have receded, at least for the moment, thanks in large part to the change in the political conversation that the New Democrats helped bring about.)

The DLC's problem is that nearly all its major proposals—whether on education, health care, or entitlements—would exaggerate the influence of market forces. This has, in fact, always been a hallmark of the New Democrat movement—reflecting, in part, its close ties to the corporate community. And, 15 years ago, Americans really did want to unleash the market. But, over the past decade or so, the market's power vis-à-vis government has grown enormously. And, as Newt Gingrich discovered after 1994, the public's thirst for further empowering the market has been quenched. When it comes to the unfinished business on the political agenda today—from the 44 million people who lack health insurance to big money in government—most voters think the problem is not a lack of market forces. It's an excess.

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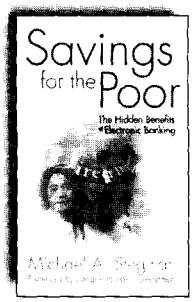

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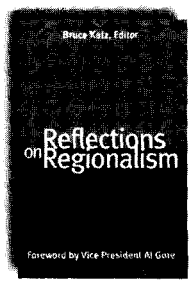

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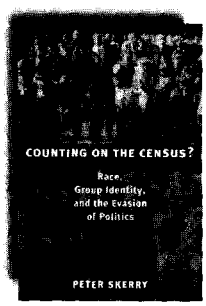

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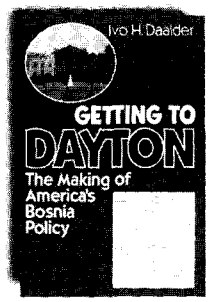

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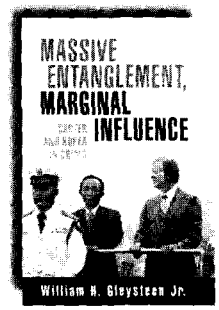

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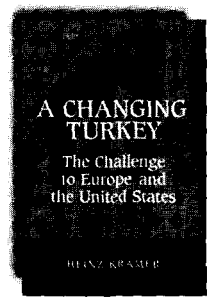

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And, just as this landscape makes voters seem more liberal, it also appeals to Gore's more traditionally Democratic instincts. Gore's fealty to the New Democrat cause during the '80s was based heavily on two issues—foreign policy and crime—on which his beliefs put him at odds with a party establishment still stuck in the '70s. But those issues are no longer at the heart of the internal Democratic Party debate. And two of Gore's other longtime interests, consumer advocacy and environmental protection, suggest an instinctive wariness of market forces that puts him closer to the labor wing of the party on the issues at play today.

In their more candid moments, New Dems like From acknowledge that the political environment has changed: "There's a New Democrat status quo on fiscal discipline, welfare reform, and crime—people aren't going to go back. But the next round of issues are tougher, because they go to areas like education and entitlements where it's not quite so easy to come up with solutions that get broadly supported." That's a remarkable admission, given the source. The New Democrat project, as Kamarck wrote in "The Politics of Evasion," was about bringing the Democratic Party to the voters—not about bringing the voters to the Democratic Party. And therein lies the movement's chief irony. New Democrats always said their central purpose was not merely to win elections—it was to rebuild faith in activist government. They have. The public is more sympathetic to government activism than it has been in a decade—and, as a result, less sympathetic to them. ■

What's really wrong with Skull and Bones.

Tomb of Their Own

By FRANKLIN FOER

"A secret society so powerful it can give you anything you desire . . . at a price."

—trailer for *The Skulls*

THE SKULLS IS a movie about George W. Bush's wild youth. Of course, it's not billed that way. No Hollywood studio would explicitly make a picture about a current presidential contender. But the subject of *The Skulls* is clear enough: the corrupting influence of a secret society, blatantly modeled after Yale's notorious Skull and Bones, of which Bush was once a devoted member.

The depiction of Skull and Bones in the film—just the latest addition to a minor industry of Bonesiana—pretty much captures the prevailing media view of the institution: an aristocratic, all-powerful cabal. Membership, at least according to the movie, entitles the Bonesman to $20,000, a sports car, and a harem of gorgeous women. The Skulls control the university and the local cops. The society's alumni—senators and judges—sit around sipping champagne, chitchatting about hunting, and conspiring to suppress their enemies. Throughout the film, the Skulls' critics fall back on the same mantra: "If it's secret and it's elite, it can't be good."

That's half right. Actually, the problem with the Skull and Bones of today may be that it's not forthrightly elitist enough. Skull and Bones, along with Yale's other secret societies, isn't the fusty, preppy, creepy conspiracy it once was. These societies ditched most of the nude wrestling, weird rituals, and boarding-school elitism long ago. In fact, they've spent the past decade running hard in the other direction. To put it crudely, Yale's secret societies—once ground zero of the Eastern establishment—are now high temples of political correctness, the ultimate in Ivy League identity politics. This year's class of Bonespeople has more women than men and as many African Americans as WASPS. Conservatives are scarce.

Skull and Bones has democratized—but not in a very productive way. Back when the societies were proudly, offensively elitist, they had a purpose and a paternalistic sense of duty. Bones bragged that it would shape the characters of those who would shape the world. Today, the students in Skull and Bones find that kind of noblesse oblige deeply embarrassing. And, in their efforts to inoculate themselves against charges of elitism, the new elites have directed their energy to less grandiose concerns: namely, themselves. Skull and Bones, once a group for public-minded elites, has become the exact opposite—group therapy.

Skull and Bones' roots can be traced to 1826, when a New York bricklayer named William Morgan disappeared just as he was preparing to publish a book that would unveil the secrets of his Masonic lodge. The Morgan case grabbed headlines and sparked a national backlash against all secret societies. In a populist whirl, Harvard and Yale Universities forced their most prominent secret society, Phi Beta Kappa, to ditch its secrecy. The Yale men, angry at having their mystery stripped away, rebelled and created Skull and Bones in 1832. Again, the faculty campaigned to stamp out the clandestine club, but this merely increased its cachet. By the 1850s, when it built its spooky, windowless sepulchre on High Street, Bones had become an exclusive hangout for Yale's top students. They'd get together to perform goofy gothic rituals with coffins, robes, and mud, but mainly they would talk about trendy literature that wasn't covered in Yale's classrooms. Eventually, the guys who couldn't win spots in Bones went off and started their own secret societies.

Harvard students also responded to the demise of Phi Beta Kappa by establishing their own exclusive havens: the finals

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clubs. But these were never more than a Gold Coast, a place for the richest students to socialize with one another and turn up their noses at the rest of the student body. Skull and Bones, on the other hand, steered a more high-minded course. Even when it admitted only men from Groton and Hotchkiss and some of its members touted eugenics, Bones bragged of being a meritocracy. If you excelled in extracurricular activities—as editor of the *Yale Daily News* or captain of the football team, for example—Skull and Bones tapped you. It's an ethos celebrated in the 1911 novel *Stover at Yale*, which explains that election to Bones "stands as a reward for merit here." Men spent their college careers positioning themselves for a tap. Rejection was crushing. Or, as Sinclair Lewis melodramatically put it, "Some good men always carried away scars. And the finality and exclusiveness of the choosing created and would continue to create a faint and enduring fault line in the Yale brotherhood." And, while Bones was hardly immune to cronyism and nepotism, high-achieving outsiders did occasionally win admission to the episcopacy's den. Most famously, in 1949, William F. Buckley became a Bonesman, despite being Catholic.

Once Bones had picked the year's most promising harvest, it set out to shape the new members to lead. Indeed, that seems to be the reason George W. Bush, whose father and grandfather were Bonesmen, had serious misgivings about joining. For a while, he thought about ditching Bones to join a less serious society more suited to his frat-boy ways. Dad, however, ratcheted up the pressure. As Bill Minutaglio recounts in his biography of W., *First Son*, "[A]t 8 p.m. on Tap Night, at the moment the bells were tolling in Harkness Tower, there was a knock on George W.'s door at his room in Davenport. When he opened it up, his father, the U.S. congressman, was standing outside, asking that his first son do the right thing and join Skull & Bones—*become a Good Man.*"

Become a Good Man: the phrase sounds like it was plagiarized from a bar mitzvah speech, and that's no coincidence. For men like former President Bush, Bones was a rite of passage—an invitation to quit horsing around on the baseball diamond and get serious. In ways that now sound hopelessly hokey, President Bush's generation of Bonesmen spoke of their organization as a place to buff one's character before becoming a full member of the elite. It was an experience so intense that, as it was commonly described, it would "warp the bones of your skull." Henry Stimson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's secretary of war, liked to muse that he learned more from Bones than from the rest of his Yale education.

The most intense character-building rituals are spelled out smack in the middle of George W.'s 1968 yearbook—in an article coauthored by, of all people, future Clinton spinmeister Lanny Davis. On Tap Night, "the initiate faces the delegation and the alumni alone and is physically beaten. Next he is stripped and made to engage in some form of naked wrestling." The abuse continues later in the year with the Mirror Images, a night "on which each society member is personally, frankly, and quite brutally evaluated by other members." Sam Chauncey, a longtime Yale administrator, recounted that his roommate sank into a deep depression after his society pronounced him lazy. Yale Professor Gaddis

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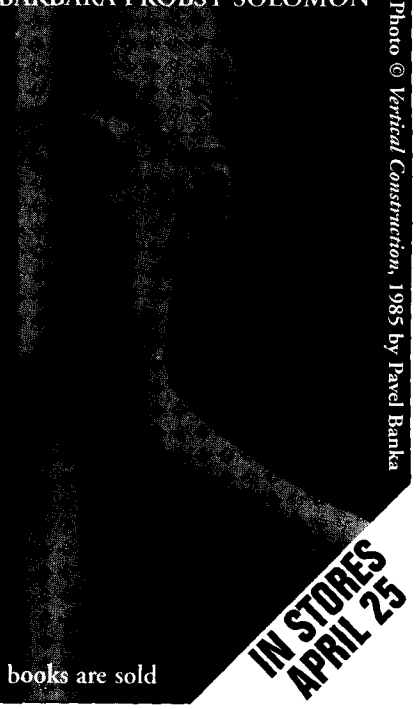

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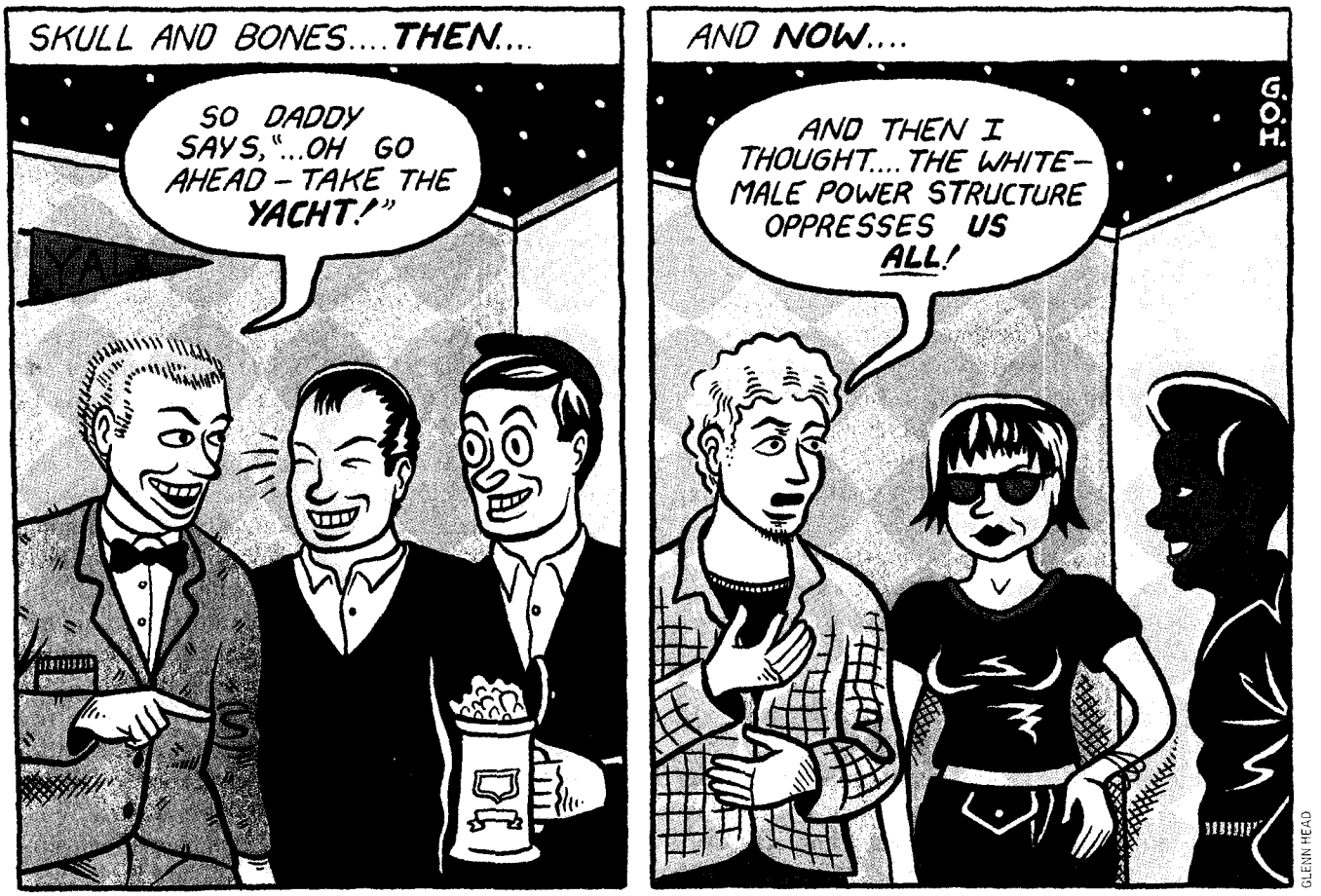
SKULL AND BONES....THEN....
SO DADDY SAYS, "...OH GO AHEAD – TAKE THE YACHT!"
AND NOW....
AND THEN I THOUGHT.... THE WHITE-MALE POWER STRUCTURE OPPRESSES US ALL!
G.O.H.
GLENN HEAD

Smith tells of students forced to seek psychological treatment after their friends pointed out their many flaws.

Yet the sadism had a purpose. Like the rest of Yale at midcentury, Bones was infused with a spirit of noblesse oblige—only more so. The male bonding and the rituals were inseparable from an almost missionary vision of public service, a certainty that an elite could rationally reshape the world. According to Geoff Kabaservice, a historian of Yale, "First they tried to break down the individual, then remold him as someone equipped to take over the world." As Tom Wolfe has written, "Thursday night after Thursday night the awful truths would out, as he who was It stood up before them and answered the most horrible questions.... But out of the fire and the heap of ashes would come a better man, a brother, of good blood and good bone, for the American race guerrière." Indeed, it was Bonesmen who shaped cold war liberalism. McGeorge Bundy, Henry Stimson, and Averell Harriman were the architects of its foreign policy. Other Bonesmen invented and then populated the CIA. They held top slots at the Ford Foundation, which sought to remake social policy. At universities, they pressed for more meritocratic admissions, recruited heavily from public schools, lifted quotas on Jews, and instituted coeducation. In fact, it was men from the secret societies, like Yale administrators R. Inslee Clark, William Sloane Coffin, and Sam Chauncey, who ended the dominance of their kind, the boarding-school elite.

And eventually they ended their dominance of the societies themselves. As Ron Rosenbaum revealed in his 1977 *Esquire* essay "The Last Secrets of Skull and Bones" (the locus classicus of all Bonesology), by the '70s, with elitism no longer in vogue, Skull and Bones was in decline—possibly terminal decline. Yalies commonly turned down offers to join; the group's deepest secrets were increasingly open. Rosenbaum concluded his essay on a wistful note: "I didn't exactly set out to write an exposé of Skull and Bones, but neither did I think I'd end up with an elegy." The other societies were in the same boat. Several even fell on their swords, declining to tap successors and refusing to meet in the fancy Tombs.

But, in a deft stroke, the remaining societies turned the elitism charge on its head and saved themselves. Beginning in the late '70s, they swung open their doors to women, gays, and minorities—people anxious to join, if only to proclaim victory over the racist patriarchy. And, once the societies were filled with people of color, white liberals had fewer qualms about joining. In the '90s, Bones flourished. In the past five years, virtually no student has turned down a tap.

Of course, the societies were right to diversify. It's probably a good thing that this year's Bones class, according to one Bonesologist, is composed of three African Americans, four students of East Asian decent, two Jews, and a Latino, with the balance being white; that the prestigious societies Wolf's Head and Berzelius regularly have more African Americans than whites; and that all the groups divide their taps more or less equally between men and women.

The societies, though, have diversified in a strange way. The logical path would have been simply to honor the old, rhetorical commitment to merit—and finally let in Yale's

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highest-achieving students of all races and backgrounds. But the rush to diversify wasn't an effort to finally live out the "best and brightest" creed. It was an escape from that creed, an effort to deny that groups like Skull and Bones represented an elite at all—because, if they did, then no one could rationalize joining.

As a result, the dominant criterion for membership has become identity: not what you have done but who you are. Tapping next year's class often degenerates into an elaborate quota system in which students jostle to make sure they have successors who look like them. Take, for instance, the story of the Korean-American student in Wolf's Head who considered it his obligation to hand over his slot to another Korean. When the group proposed choosing a student of another Asian American extraction, he threw a tantrum. His slot had to go to a Korean. He became so impassioned that he broke down in tears, storming out of a meeting. Soon after, a Chicano in Wolf's Head announced that he felt strongly that the Chicano perspective must always be represented in the group. His spot couldn't go to a Puerto Rican or Salvadoran, he insisted. He too threw a tantrum.

And, because students are selected as representatives of their identity groups, they have to toe the group line. The Jews have to explain Jewish culture; in one society, members grumbled when they realized their initiate didn't speak Hebrew. In another case, an Asian student was rejected because his views of his native country were deemed regressive by a member of the same ethnicity. If you're head of the Korean American Students at Yale or the Black Student Alliance or the Yale Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgendered Cooperative, you're a solid bet for Bones. At Wolf's Head, the presidents of certain African American and Latino fraternities are usually shoo-ins. But, if you're a black student who heads the campus anti-abortion group or a lesbian physics major who's never attended an anti-homophobia rally, you don't stand a chance.

In fact, the old Bones standbys—the president of the student council, the editor of the *Yale Daily News*, the head of the Political Union—are rarely tapped by the top societies anymore. They're considered unseemly climbers. Instead, they've gone off and launched their own new secret society, dubbed Hack and Tool.

And the shift in selection criteria has changed the way Yale's societies see their purpose. Bones no longer tries to break down and remake its members for leadership; today it affirms them. Like all the other societies, Bones is organized around the sharing of "bios" or "life histories": each member is granted an entire evening to tell his or her life story to the rest of the group. Talk to society members and the boast you'll most frequently hear is that, with their groups, they have created a "safe space," a place to feel comfortable "sharing your experience." Consider a few commonplace images from three of the most prestigious societies. At Berzelius, a woman strips to the buff as she recounts her sexual awakening, a football star confesses to suffering from bulimia, and an African American woman muses about why

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she exclusively dates white men. In Wolf's Head, a woman describes being molested as a child. In Bones, a straight guy tells of his fantasies about another man. As the biographies unfold, the others in the groups play armchair shrinks, asking questions and, when needed, giving hugs. It's a far cry from Mirror Images, with its constant challenges and neuralgic homing in on members' flaws. And, if the old Bonesmen had a rather haughty view of their obligation to the rest of the world, at least they thought about it. For all their ideological trendiness, today's societies don't do much in the way of community service or political action. In fact, they rarely leave their tombs.

Not surprisingly, older alumni are furious. Ever since Skull and Bones went coed, many of the fusty old white alums have stopped attending reunions or donating cash. At Wolf's Head, alumni actually convened a task force that aimed to tone down the society's fixation on diversity and quash the complaints about racial preferences.

But the fixation on identity, and the fixation on self, can't be easily stamped out—they're desperate attempts to give inherently elitist organizations a populist veneer. Bonesmen used to flaunt their affiliation. In the nineteenth century they wore ties with a Skull and Bones insignia. Up until the middle of the last century, the names of incoming members were printed in *The New York Times* and the *Yale Daily News*. (George W.'s membership in Bones is trumpeted in his senior yearbook.) And, if you asked a Bonesman about the club, he would leave the room or issue an ostentatious denial—a denial calculated to provide a clear answer to your question.

But it almost seems that the current crop of Bonespersons maintain vows of secrecy because they are genuinely embarrassed by their affiliation. Those I talked with turned logical somersaults to justify joining an organization that they had previously considered offensive. Even inside the Tomb, they approach the rituals with a dash of self-loathing. They mock the songs they sing, changing the lyrics. And they crack jokes about the "old white guys." When I asked a member of the current Bones class if he considered the group a collection of Yale's best and brightest, he replied, "I sure hope not."

On a recent Sunday night, I staked out Skull and Bones with Nicholas Fleisher, an editor of the Yale tabloid *Rumpus*. The staff of *Rumpus* has filled many an issue by reporting on silly arcana of the university's secret societies. Reporters have sifted through Bones garbage and determined that Snapple is the drink of choice. Two years ago, they printed the code that opens the Bones door, inspiring a wave of trespassers. When I met up with Fleisher, he had already unsuccessfully tried to break into Bones that evening via the roof of an adjacent building. As we sat and watched Bonespersons walk out of the Tomb, dressed in hipster attire, Fleisher waxed nostalgic: "There's not much to make fun of anymore. They're so dull these days." Walking past Fleisher, a Bonesman put a hand to his face—a vain attempt to hide his identity. It was an emblematic gesture. ■

Who removed Zionism from Israel's textbooks?

Antisocial Texts

By Yoram Hazony

For months, Ehud Barak has feared his government would split apart over the Middle East peace process—what concessions to make to the Palestinians regarding Jerusalem, how much of the Golan Heights to hand over to the Syrians. But in March the Israeli prime minister was dealt an unexpected blow when three parties in his coalition—Natan Sharansky's Israel B'aliya, the National Religious Party (NRP), and the Sephardi-Orthodox Shas—suddenly abandoned him in a close, emotionally charged vote of no confidence on the subject of... poetry.

At issue was the Education Ministry's decision, announced at a press conference by Education Minister Yossi Sarid, to include a small number of poems by Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish in its new high school literature curriculum. Darwish is an outspoken anti-Zionist and opponent of the 1993 Oslo accords who resigned his post on the PLO executive committee over Yasir Arafat's agreements with Israel. In Israel he is best-known for a poem in which he tells the Jews: "Don't pass among us like flying insects.../The time has come for you to leave/Live where you will but don't live among us/The time has come for you to leave." Shrugging off concerns with the assertion that "even some of the Israeli poets are racists," Sarid praised Darwish's poetry and said its inclusion in the curriculum would be a "service" to Israel's students.

In the end, the no-confidence motion was defeated 48 to 42, but the signal it sent was unequivocal: Barak squeaked through due to the support of ten members of Arab parties that he has been trying to leave out of his coalition, while the 26 Shas, NRP, and Russian members of his coalition defected en masse, either supporting the motion or absenting themselves during the vote. "The people in the control

Yoram Hazony is president of the Shalem Center in Jerusalem. His book *The Jewish State: The Struggle for Israel's Soul* will be published by New Republic/Basic Books in May.

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tower have to understand that the government is on course to crash," said one Shas parliamentarian, "and the navigator is Yossi Sarid."

But, in truth, Sarid *isn't* navigating. The education minister's support for Darwish notwithstanding, Sarid's ten months in office have contributed little more than publicity to the sweeping changes in the way Zionism, the Jewish people, and Jewish civilization are studied in Israel's schools. The real force behind the changes is Israel's academics, who have been overseeing the attenuation of the Zionist perspective in Israeli education for more than a decade now, under Likud and Labor governments alike. It is a process whose implications for Barak's government—and for all of Israeli society—we are only beginning to understand.

The Israeli school system as presently configured was created by the State Education Law of 1953, a classic piece of Labor Zionist legislation. Foremost among its concerns was that Israel's schools inculcate "the values of Jewish culture," "love of the homeland," and "loyalty to the Jewish state." And this mandate was given concrete meaning through a required curriculum of Jewish studies, including Bible, Jewish history, Talmud, and Jewish thought, as well as "motherland" studies like Israeli geography, natural history, and archaeology—a curriculum that, according to the Education Ministry, aimed "to root the children in the land of Israel." Indeed, such was the importance of the State Education Law—and the Jewish school system it created—that David Ben-Gurion referred to it as one of the country's two "supreme laws" that together embodied the historical mission of the Jewish state. (The other was the Law of Return.)

The curriculum itself was designed by Ben-Gurion's tireless education minister, Benzion Dinur. A towering figure who helped found what has been called the "Jerusalem School" of history, Dinur viewed Jewish history as the story of a distinct and unique people who, despite centuries of exile and persecution, remained united in the belief that they would one day be restored to their homeland. Zionism and the restoration of the Jewish state were thus understood as the just conclusion of the Jews' millennial struggle.

Dinur's "Zionist narrative" played a crucial role in the effort to establish a Jewish state. In the early years of the state, almost all Israelis were immigrants—from Germany, Eastern Europe, the Islamic world, and elsewhere—whose ability to forge a single, permanent Jewish society in their new land was by no means a foregone conclusion. It was the Zionist historical narrative, as explicated by intellectuals and political leaders, that all Jews held in common and that permitted Israeli schoolchildren from a host of different cultural and religious backgrounds to recognize themselves as part of a single people with a common and just cause.

Even today, most Israeli Jews probably still see teaching the traditional Zionist narrative—with occasional repairs when necessary—as one of the central aims of the Israeli school system. Nevertheless, this "ideological" approach to history has become the bête noire of a number of leading Israeli academics, including many of those who actually determine what goes into Israeli textbooks. Take Israel Bartal, chairman until last year of the Jewish history department at the Hebrew University and one of the most influential figures on the Education Ministry's curriculum committees. In an article in 1996, Bartal describes how, by the early '70s, he and his fellow scholars had begun to see that the old Israeli scholarship—as practiced in the universities and then channeled into the schoolbooks—had been based on "wishful thinking, resulting from ideological and other motives." Striving to break free of these "chains of ideology," they

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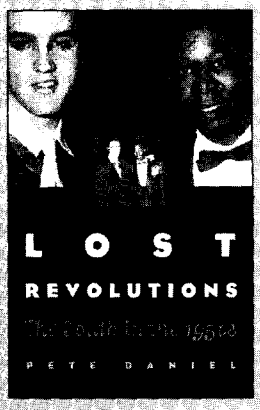

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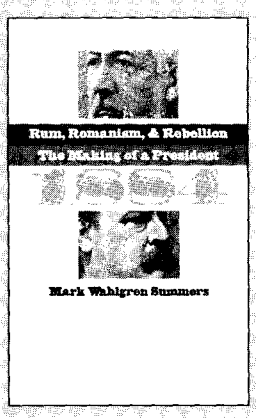

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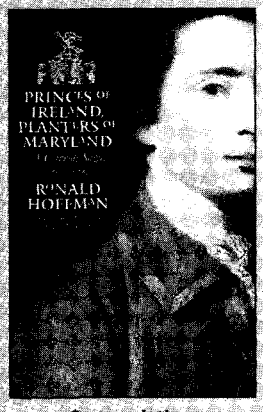

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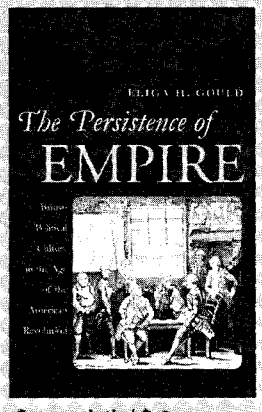

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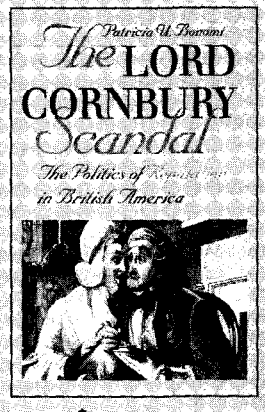

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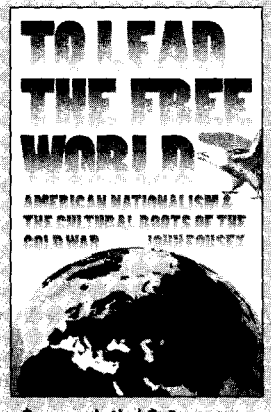

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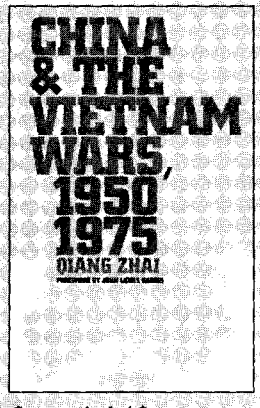

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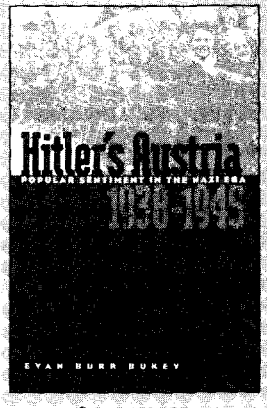

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embarked on a "systematic critique of the principles of Zionist historiography, severing themselves from its fundamental tenets"—an exercise so successful that when they were through, he says, "there was virtually no part of its teachings that they did not reject."

In the 30 years that have since elapsed, the new history of Bartal and like-minded academics has replaced the old history as the dominant force in Israel's universities. Today, writes Bartal, the "Zionist narrative has disappeared from the academic world."

IT IS THIS revolution in Israel's universities—not the fact that Yossi Sarid is education minister—that explains the sweeping changes in Israeli textbooks in recent years. Indeed, politicians of all parties have until now remained extraordinarily aloof from the process of curriculum development, leaving the job to a complex system of interlocking Education Ministry committees dominated by prominent scholars from the Hebrew University and other institutions. It is these committees that produce the detailed "programs of study" on which Israeli textbooks are based—both those composed by the in-house staff of the Education Ministry and those written by private individuals.

Beginning in 1991, these committees were commissioned to review and revise what Israeli children learned in classes on Zionist and Israeli history, Jewish history, literature, Jewish studies, civics, and archaeology—in short, nearly every subject that in some way touches on Israel's identity. And, while these committees were by no means uniform in their recommendations, their general direction was clear: The old curriculum—last updated during the '70s, when the Zionist historical narrative had not yet been seriously challenged—was deemed detached from reality.

"What was going on [in the schools] up until now was that the students were being fed myths and tales of heroism," Hebrew University Professor Michael Heyd, who is chairman of the Education Ministry committee that oversees history teaching, told one newspaper last fall. "They weren't made to face reality." Bartal, who chairs another Education Ministry committee, this one directly responsible for revising the high school history curriculum, expressed a similar view in 1998. "There is no longer one accepted historic truth," he explained. "The old history books, which in earlier years presented the Zionist narrative as an undisputed historical fact, do not fit in with the [present] historical and political discourse after the myths have been smashed. You can't ignore Israel's transformation into a multicultural society."

Even more outspoken is Hebrew University historian Moshe Zimmermann, chairman of the committee that has already revised the middle school history curriculum. In Zimmermann's view, the old Zionist history was written to address the needs of a particular group of "consumers" that has largely ceased to exist—and thus the premises underlying the old narrative have "expired." "The ground has been swept away, not only from under the feet of Zionism," he explains, "but also from under the entire interpretation that ... Zionism gave to Jewish history. All of Jewish history is in need of a new interpretation."

Zimmermann proposes a new history better-suited to today's "consumers": one in which the unity imposed by what he calls the "problematic" idea of a unique Jewish nationality is no longer assumed and what we know as Jewish history is replaced by what Zimmermann calls "universal history." In this view, each Jewish community is understood as standing on its own, without any necessary connection to the overall framework of the traditional Jewish historical narrative. In such a fragmented history, the concepts and aspirations of the Jews as a unitary and distinct people naturally dissipate and are replaced by a greater understanding of how a progression of non-Jewish civilizations (Greece, Rome, Germany, the United States) influenced the values and aspirations of the Jews who lived in them. Zimmermann believes that this "universal history," which emphasizes the variety of Jewish historical experience, will permit a "reconsideration of the Israeli fixation regarding sovereignty" and of the "blatantly ethnocentric" concept of Israel as a Jewish state.

THE HISTORY CURRICULUM first emerged as a public issue in Israel last summer, when *The New York Times* broke the story that, in the wake of the peace process, textbooks approved by the Education Ministry contained the information that some of the Arab population of Palestine was expelled by Jewish forces during the 1948 War of Independence and that the Jews enjoyed numerical superiority over the Arabs during that war. (The former is undeniably true; the latter is debatable.) Yet, despite the controversy surrounding the story, debate in both the United States and Israel has remained largely focused on the handful of facts originally reported by the *Times*—facts that, while important in themselves, do not fully describe the dramatic changes that scholars such as Bartal and Zimmermann have introduced into Israel's classrooms.

The books in question were written in accordance with the middle school history curriculum published in 1995 by the Zimmermann committee, which had been appointed four years earlier by the Likud government of Yitzhak Shamir. For many years, Israeli middle schoolers had been required to take a four-year course covering Jewish history from the kingdom of David to the state of Israel. This program had, quite reasonably, included considerable material on the nations and cultures that the Jews encountered, but this was incorporated into what was essentially the story of the Jewish people. But, in early 1994, Zimmermann announced that this curriculum would be revised: "We've incorporated subjects that were not studied until now, such as the history of the Third World, which has an important place in modern historiography," he said in an interview published in the newspaper *Ha'aretz*. "And the emancipation of women has no less important a place than the emancipation of the Jews, or of the blacks in the United States." Moreover, "[l]earning about the [Jewish] people and the state [of Israel] appears in the program, but certainly not as a subject of primary importance," he said.

Anyone familiar with Zimmermann's ideas can easily recognize the influence of his theory of "universal history." And, indeed, the influence of this approach can be felt throughout

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the new Zimmermann curriculum. The treatment of the Jews during the biblical period is instructive. Until the release of the Zimmermann curriculum in 1995, it had been taken for granted that Jewish children in Israel should begin the study of history with the origins of their own people; the presence of the contemporary state of Israel in the heart of the Middle East is, after all, a little hard to explain without reference to the biblical Jewish kingdoms. And thus the entire first half of sixth grade was spent dealing with topics such as "From Tribes to a People," "The Kingdom of David," "Prophet Versus King," and "Jerusalem as a Capital." From the perspective of "universal history," however, these minuscule Jewish kingdoms hardly seem worth the bother, and, in fact, in the new curriculum the study of the Jews during these decisive early centuries has been eliminated entirely. Now Israeli children are to study a historical narrative that begins not with Jews but with Greeks: sixth-grade history opens with units on "The Polis, Athens and Sparta, and Greek Culture," "The Conquest of the East by Alexander," and "The Encounter between Greek Culture and the Cultures of the East." The Jews do not even appear until the fourth unit ("The Encounter between Hellenism and Judaism in the Period of the Ptolemies")—so that the Jews are first encountered not as an independent people with an important civilization of their own but as a subject people struggling to respond to Greek civilization.

Not all the new history books have been so refocused by the new "universalism." For example, the new eighth-grade textbook (which covers the period from the French Revolution to World War I) retains the heavy Judeocentric focus of the old schoolbooks, devoting 130 pages to the founding of the Zionist movement. The same, however, cannot be said for the Education Ministry's new ninth-grade textbook, *A World of Changes*, written by a team advised by a panel of leading academics, including Hebrew University's Bartal. Although ostensibly providing Israeli children with a view of both Jewish and world history during the twentieth century, *A World of Changes* is in fact a full-fledged exposition of the new "universal history." Whereas the old ninth-grade books devoted 60 percent of their space to Zionism, Israel, and the Holocaust, in the new book these topics are slashed to less than 30 percent—the difference being made up by new subjects of the "universal" variety, including chapters on "Decolonialization: The Establishment of Algeria," "New Trends in Art," "The Information Revolution," and "From the Kennedy Assassination to Watergate."

This change in emphasis, combined with the fact that the new schoolbook is far trimmer than the old ones, creates a perspective so "universal" that in many places the Zionists are simply lost. Thus, for instance, in the years from 1918 to 1948, Chaim Weizmann—who was, during almost that entire period, the leading Jewish statesman working for the establishment of Israel—is mentioned only once. The Zionist organization that he led is referred to only once in the entire book: in a sidebar about a meeting with Arab leaders in 1918. Similarly, the fact that Weizmann went on to become the first president of Israel in 1948 is not mentioned at all. Nor is Ben-Gurion, Israel's founding father and first prime minister, treated much better. His 40-year career as leader of Palestinian Jewry prior to the establishment of Israel is mentioned only once (apropos a meeting with General Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1945). Similarly,

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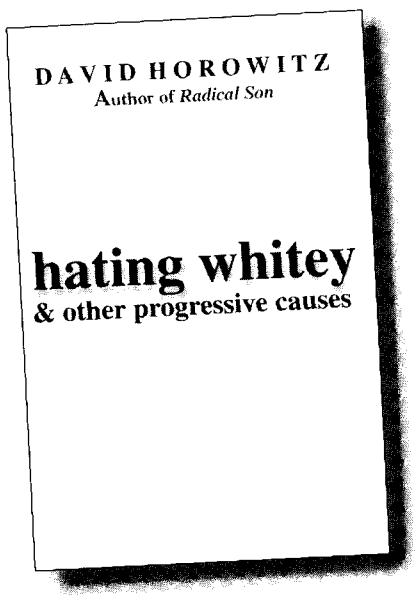

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Menachem Begin appears for the first time when he becomes prime minister; the fact that Begin led Jewish underground efforts against the British prior to independence does not make it into the book. Nor are there any photographs of Weizmann or Ben-Gurion. (There are, however, photographs of Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Sigmund Freud, Salvador Dalí, and the Beatles.)

Watershed events in Israeli history are similarly minimized. There is no direct reference to the fact that in 1939 Britain capped Jewish immigration into Palestine and decided to establish an Arab state there. Similarly, Jewish armed resistance against the British in Palestine—which received 19 pages of treatment in the old Education Ministry textbook—is dispensed with in two sentences in the new book. Meanwhile, Israel's War of Independence, described in the old book in 20 pages, gets two paragraphs in the new one.

Not all of Israeli history is presented in such a cursory fashion. When it comes to the peace process, the Education Ministry is more generous. Thus, the new history books, which have no room for a picture of Ben-Gurion, include no fewer than *eight* color photos of Begin, Rabin, and Shimon Peres meeting and shaking hands with various Arab figures. Indeed, the twists and turns of the peace process since 1990 receive 15 pages (out of 38 pages devoted to Israeli history after independence), including an entire page on an obscure "trial agreement" negotiated in 1995 between PLO officials and then-Deputy Foreign Minister Yossi Beilin. It is only once Israeli leaders get around to signing peace agreements, it seems, that the eye of "universal history" finds their deeds worthy of sustained attention.

BUT THE MOST important difference between the new Israeli history books and the old ones is neither the downsizing of Jews on the world stage nor the minimizing of Zionist leaders whose achievements came in areas other than negotiating peace agreements. Rather, it is the effect that the attempt to achieve a "universal" perspective has on the way the schoolbooks present the Jewish national cause in Palestine. The old books told the story of Zionism so that students could empathize (even if they did not always agree) with the Jews who worked to establish the state of Israel. The new books, on the other hand, are frequently so preoccupied with being "universal" that they are in fact completely *neutral* toward the Zionist cause.

This is not to say the old books were perfect; one can easily point to instances—the role of Jewish forces in creating the Arab refugee problem in 1948 being an obvious case—in which a greater willingness to deal with unpleasant aspects of Zionist history would have been salutary. Nevertheless, the new books go far beyond a heightened capacity for Zionist self-criticism, often presenting the Zionist and Palestinian-Arab movements as though they were self-evidently moral Siamese twins ("The two nationalist movements that had taken root in the same land struggled against one another") so that neither seems more right or more just than the other. And when, at one point, the Zionists are actually given two paragraphs to state their view on the need for a Jewish homeland, the student is immediately presented with two paragraphs outlining the contrary Arab position.

Or consider the November 1947 decision by the U.N. General Assembly to divide Palestine into two independent states, Jewish and Arab. In the old textbook, the four pages that describe this event conclude with a discussion emphasizing the significance of the historic decision for Jews everywhere:

> In an atmosphere filled with tension, the [partition] proposal was brought to a vote.... The proposal passed.... So that 30 years after the granting of the Balfour Declaration—30 years during which the Jewish people had undergone the most horrific of holocausts; and during which, by means of constant struggle, the Jewish people had built up the infrastructure for the establishment of a Jewish state—the nations of the world ratified the right of the Jewish people to establish its sovereign state in its own land.

The new textbook, on the other hand, forgoes any such evaluation of the U.N. vote's significance within Jewish history, restricting itself to a bland report that the General Assembly's decision made the Jews of Palestine happy:

> Emotions and tension in Jewish Palestine mounted. When it transpired that the [partition] proposal had passed, thousands poured out into the street to celebrate their happiness.

This rather clinical depiction of events of historical significance to Jews and Israelis is not simply a matter of taste but part of the historians' effort to implement what Israel Bartal referred to as "severing [oneself] from the fundamental tenets" of Zionist historiography. The issue here is not whether the *facts* in the old history books are wrong, as the "new historians" often claim; presumably no one will challenge the facts in the old textbooks regarding the 1947 U.N. vote on partition. What bothers historians of the new type are the *values* of the old textbooks: that the description of events was so thoroughly intertwined with the thoughts and feelings of the Jews. Indeed, the vast majority of the changes inserted into Israeli history textbooks have nothing to do with correcting falsehoods previously passed off as truth ("smashing myths"). Instead, they are about imposing a new value system on events—one in which the perspective of the Jewish people is simply not the baseline for determining what is worth teaching.

IN INSISTING THAT this approach is problematic—and that Zionist history *should* be taught from a Jewish perspective—it is not my intention to dismiss as irrelevant the perspective of the Palestinians. On the contrary, even if one is convinced that the Jewish cause was, on balance, the more just, this hardly means that there is no truth or justice on the other side. Yet all parents naturally want their children to understand their own values and perspectives better than those of a stranger. And with good reason: All human achievements not made of concrete and steel—cultures, religions, states—depend for their survival on the ability of the next generation to absorb much of their parents' way of seeing the world. Palestinians would

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AN ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

Guide TO THE ISSUES

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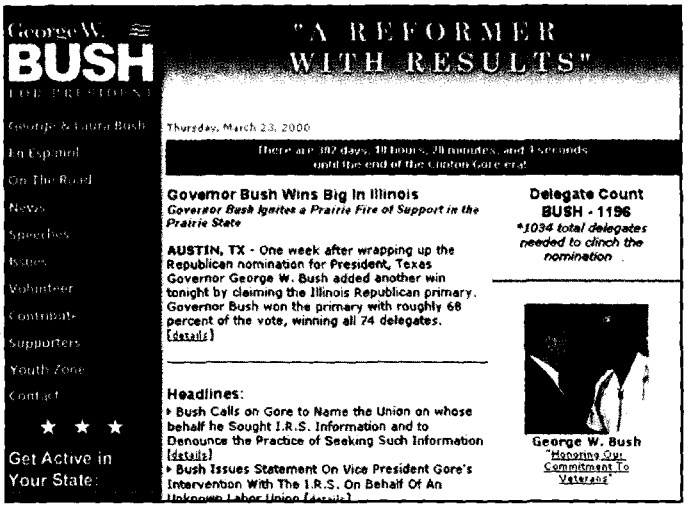
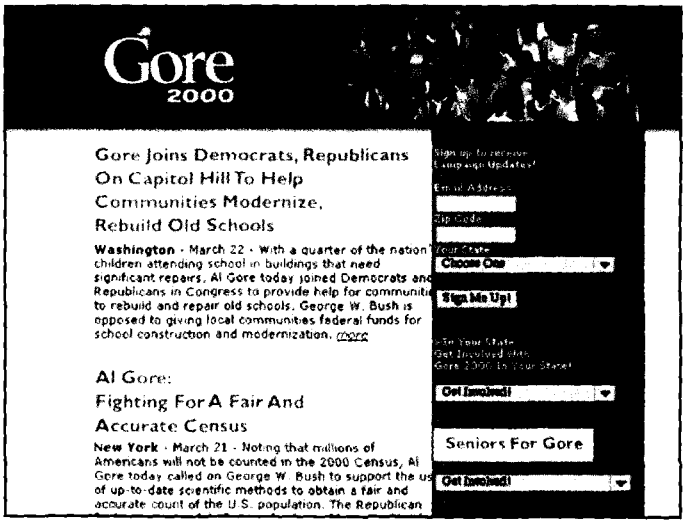
THIS *Guide* focuses on the campaign issues of the two leading contenders for the Democratic and Republican presidential nominations as outlined and highlighted on their campaign websites.

Since the World Wide Web is, still, in its infancy as a campaign tool, each candidate's issue positions and the way each chooses to present them can be illuminating. With the explosion of "new" media, many hope that what candidates stand for will become more important than the way they say it.

Here's a chance to judge for yourself. What follows are the policy positions of Texas Governor George W. Bush and Vice President Al Gore as presented at www.georgewbush.com/issues/index.html and www.algore2000.com/agenda/


George W.
BUSH
"A REFORMER WITH RESULTS"
Thursday, March 23, 2000
Governor Bush Wins Big In Illinois
Governor Bush Ignites a Prairie Fire of Support in the Prairie State
AUSTIN, TX - One week after wrapping up the Republican nomination for President, Texas Governor George W. Bush added another win tonight by claiming the Illinois Republican primary. Governor Bush won the primary with roughly 68 percent of the vote, winning all 74 delegates.
Delegate Count
BUSH - 1196
*1034 total delegates needed to clinch the nomination
Headlines:
Bush Calls on Gore to Name the Union on whose behalf he Sought I.R.S. Information and to Denounce the Practice of Seeking Such Information
Bush Issues Statement On Vice President Gore's Intervention With The I.R.S. On Behalf Of An
George W. Bush
Get Active in Your State:


Gore
2000
Gore Joins Democrats, Republicans On Capitol Hill To Help Communities Modernize, Rebuild Old Schools
Washington - March 22 - With a quarter of the nation's children attending school in buildings that need significant repairs, Al Gore today joined Democrats and Republicans in Congress to provide help for communities to rebuild and repair old schools. George W. Bush is opposed to giving local communities federal funds for school construction and modernization.
Al Gore:
Fighting For A Fair And Accurate Census
New York - March 21 - Noting that millions of Americans will not be counted in the 2000 Census, Al Gore today called on George W. Bush to support the use of up-to-date scientific methods to obtain a fair and accurate count of the U.S. population. The Republican
Sign Me Up!
Seniors For Gore

Education 4S
Technology 8S
Defense 10S
Campaign Finance Reform . . 11S
Social Security 11S
Health Care 12S
Energy & Environment 14S

Cover and inside illustrations by Steve McCracken. This supplement was not prepared by the editorial staff of The New Republic. All information is derived from the candidate's websites, and is accurate as of March 13, 2000.

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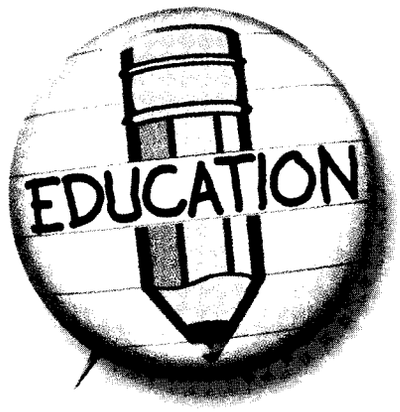
GEORGE W. BUSH'S POSITION on education can be viewed on the web at www.georgewbush.com/issues/domestic/education/points.asp

George W. Bush...

- Outlined a plan to give states, local districts and parents more authority to set priorities and chart the path to greater student achievement
- Supports making federal funds to states and local districts more flexible in return for greater accountability and improved student achievement
- Called for the creation of "charter states" that would receive maximum flexibility with federal funds in return for meeting high performance measures in increasing student achievement
- Supports implementation of state accountability systems in which students are tested every year in grades 3-8 in reading and math. States will be free to choose their own tests, and the federal government will equally share the cost
- Supports paying for states to participate in an annual National Assessment in Education Progress sample exam in reading and math to gauge progress
- Supports establishing a $500 million incentive fund to reward states for improving student performance
- Supports establishing a reward fund to reward schools that show the greatest improvements in student achievement
- Supports empowering parents with information by requiring states to publish school-by-school report cards with annual test results
- Supports increasing choices for parents in the education of their children by allowing federal funds to be used for public and private school choice and innovative education programs



- Supports expanding education savings accounts for parents to increase their annual contributions from $500 per student to $5,000 and withdraw funds tax-free to pay for education expenses from Kindergarten to college
- Supports establishing a Charter School Homestead Fund to provide $3 billion of loan guarantees to help establish or improve 2,000 charter schools nationwide in two years
- Supports giving parents of Title I students trapped in persistently failing schools federal education dollars in a portable account to use in a school or program of their choice
- Called for the reform of Head Start to ensure children are ready for school by teaching pre-reading and numeracy skills that will put them on the path to literacy
- Supports moving Head Start from the Department of Education to emphasize a renewed focus on education preparedness
- Supports increased and focused research in education to determine what works in educating children
- Establish Project Sentry, a federal-state partnership to prosecute juveniles who bring guns to school or use them illegally and the adults who provide guns
- Expect states and districts to establish a zero-tolerance policy on disruption, empowering teachers to remove violent or persistently disruptive students from the classroom
- Enact a Teacher Protection Act to shield teachers, principals, and school board members from meritless lawsuits arising from their efforts to maintain discipline
- Require states and districts to provide all students in persistently dangerous schools with the option of transferring to a safe school
- Triple character education funding and incorporate character-building lessons into federal youth programs
- Hold states and districts receiving federal school safety funds accountable for measuring and demonstrating improved safety
- Call for a uniform reporting system on school safety and publish the results widely
- Establish the American Youth Character Awards to honor acts of character in America's young people
- Lift barriers to information being shared between schools and law enforcement agencies

GORE'S EDUCATION REFORM proposals can be viewed at www.algore2000.com/agenda. The first section below, "Al Gore's Plan to Save Our Schools," is at www.algore2000.com/briefingroom/releases/pr_121699_sos.html

AL GORE'S PLAN
TO SAVE OUR SCHOOLS

Reforming our schools is an urgent national priority that requires a national strategy. Al Gore knows that no issue is more important to ensuring that all Americans can succeed in the global economy. While Al Gore firmly believes that education is a state and local responsibility, he understands that in the new economy education must be a national priority that requires national leadership. Some candidates for president would turn their backs on public schools, while others have decided that school

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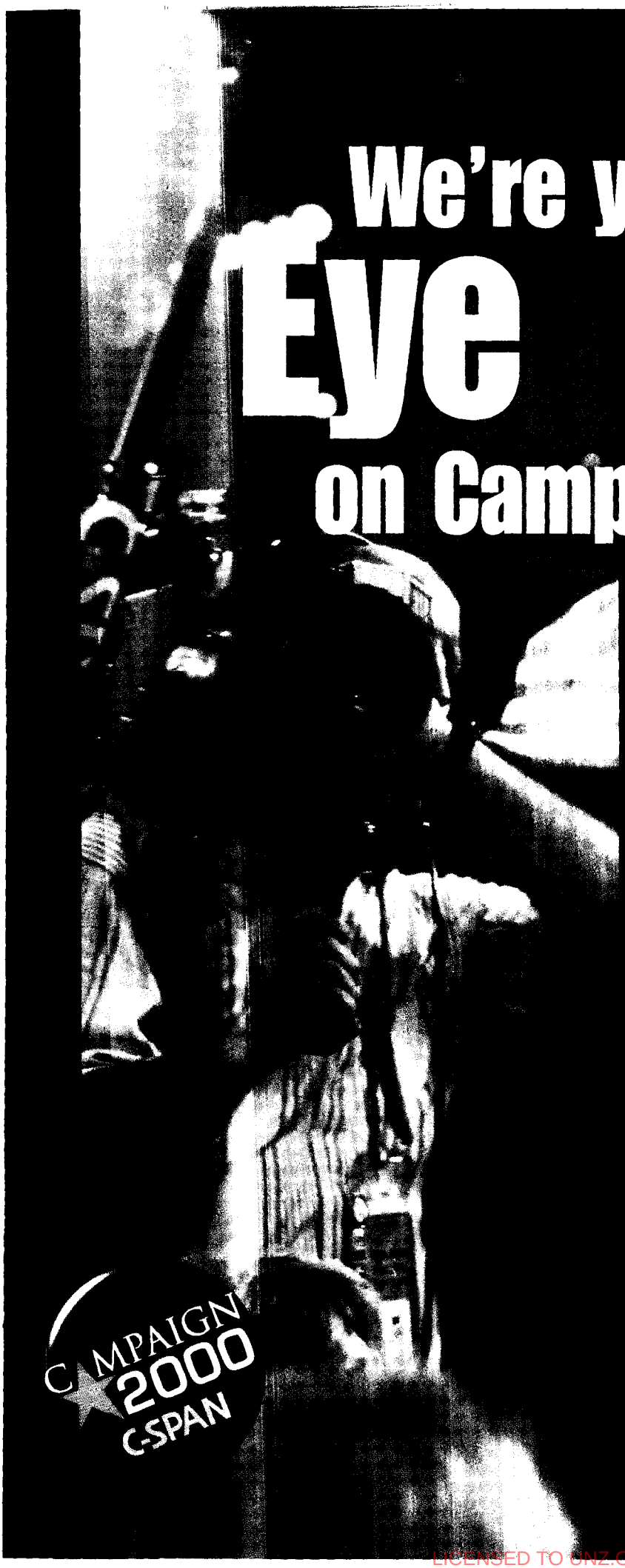

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reform does not require national attention. But Al Gore knows that if America is to succeed in the 21st century, all our children need a world-class education.

Over the last seven years, (the Clinton-Gore Administration has) taken important steps to begin the process of improving our schools.

The administration has:

- Helped states and communities set high academic standards for students
- Set important goals like helping every child learn to read by the end of the third grade, and holding schools accountable for results
- Given communities the money to begin hiring 100,000 qualified teachers over the next six years to help reduce class sizes in the early grades
- Dramatically increased the number of charter schools
- Provided more choice in our public schools
- Dramatically increased accountability
- Opened the doors of college to millions of Americans

But we must do much more.

Education for all remains a cornerstone of our democracy—our greatest tool to instill hope, fight poverty and eliminate intolerance. If we want to make sure no child gets left behind, we must act decisively to fulfill that promise for all of our children.

Al Gore believes (that) if we are going to truly reform our schools, we need to invest more, not less. Vice President Gore is proposing to devote $115 billion of the budget surplus to create an Education Reform Trust Fund which will fund new education investments, including: universal preschool; reforming the American high school and smaller schools and smaller classes; high-quality teachers, and fixing

failing schools. But more money is only part of the solution; we also need to demand more from our students, our teachers, and our schools. That is why Al Gore's education plan includes a set of new challenges to improve educational performance.

As president, Al Gore would do more for education, and demand more in return:

Smaller Schools and Smaller Classes. Research shows that small schools can offer a strong core curriculum and a level of academically advanced courses comparable to large schools. Small schools also have better attendance records, lower dropout rates and fewer discipline problems. Al Gore envisions a new American high school with smaller classes, smaller schools, and more individual attention for each student to help our teenagers get on the right track and make our schools better and safer.

Al Gore is proposing incentives to create smaller high schools. Under the Gore plan, grants would be made to schools or districts that have a strategy to build new, small high schools—less than 600 students—or break up existing schools in innovative ways, including autonomous schools-within-schools, career academies, charter schools, or smaller classes. Funding would be provided to states who will make grants to local school districts, partly through a competitive process, while ensuring that high-need communities receive a fair share of funding. School districts receiving funding will also develop strategies to hold all students to high standards, including providing qualified students in every high school with the opportunity to take Advanced Placement courses. Gore is also fighting to reduce class size to a national average of eighteen students in the early grades, and has set a national goal to reduce the average class size to twenty students in all grades.

"After School" For Every Student In A Failing School. Al Gore is committed to dramatically increasing funding for the 21st Century Community Learning Centers, which supports the creation and expansion of after school and summer school programs throughout the country. Experts agree that school-age children who are unsupervised during the hours after school are far more likely to use alcohol, drugs, and tobacco, commit crimes, receive poor grades, and drop out of school than those who are involved in supervised, constructive activities. Al Gore has already fought hard to increase investment in after school from $1 million in 1997 to $453 million in this year's budget. The Gore plan will dramatically increase funding for this initiative to help working families ensure that their children are getting extra help in a safe place in the critical after-school hours. This initiative will also help make available high-quality after-school help and instruction for every student in a failing school while states and school districts are taking aggressive steps to turn that school around....

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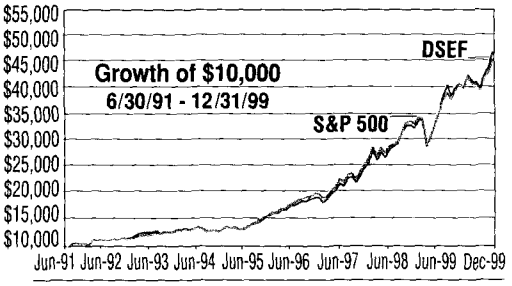

Avg. Annual Total Returns as of 12/31/99	DSEF	S&P 500 Index
1 year	22.63%	21.04%
5 year	29.58%	28.56%
Since 6/3/91 (Inception)	19.79%	19.43%

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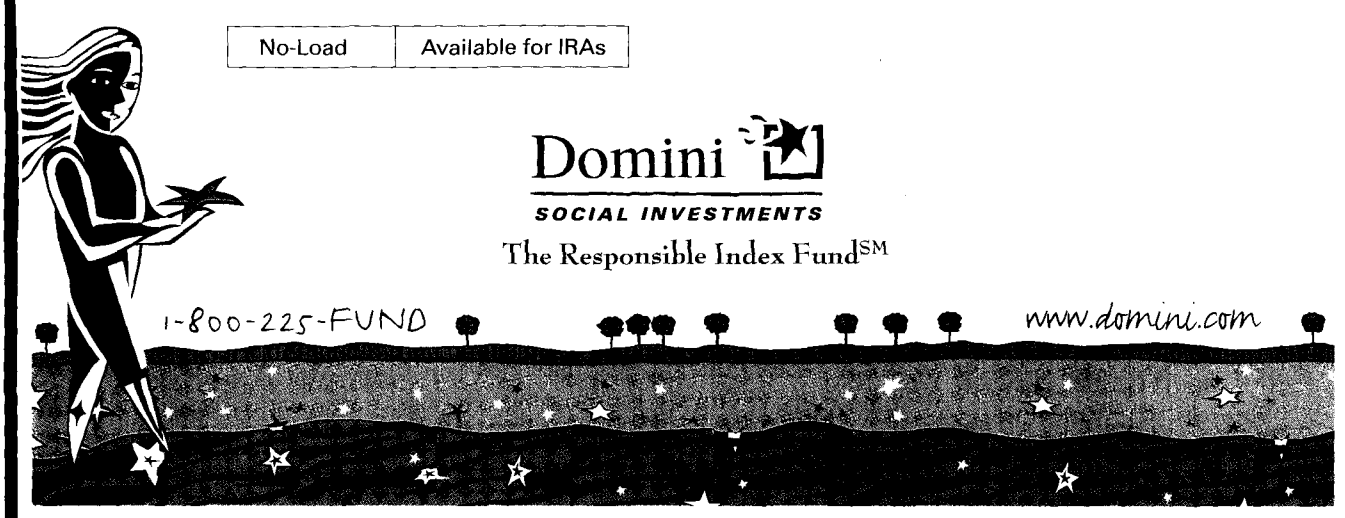
No-Load	Available for IRAs



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GEORGE W. BUSH'S POSITION on technology can be viewed on the web at www.georgewbush.com/issues/economic/it/hightech/points.asp

George W. Bush...
- Supports increasing defense research and development spending by at least $20 billion from FY 2002-2006
- Supports an extension of the moratorium on Internet sales taxation at least through 2004
- Opposes taxes on access to the Internet
- Supports permanently banning Internet tariffs
- Supports meaningful, broad-based tort reform to protect our most innovative companies from frivolous and junk lawsuits
- Supports lifting the current limit on H-1B visas; believes long-term solution to the shortage of high-tech workers is education
- Called for reforming the high-tech export control system by allowing American companies to sell products in the international marketplace when these products are readily available in foreign or mass markets

BUSH'S EXPORT CONTROL Initiative is viewable at: www.georgewbush.com/issues/economic/it/hightech/itexport.asp

As president, Governor Bush will fix the export control system by developing a tough-minded, commonsense export control policy that significantly narrows the scope of restrictions on commercial products, while building high walls around technologies of the highest sensitivity. Governor Bush recognizes that our national security and commercial competitiveness have been compromised by a broken export control system.

Governor Bush supports bipartisan Senate legislation that reauthorizes the Export Administration Act (EAA) and allows companies to export products when those products are already readily available in foreign or mass markets. Under the current system, controls are generally based on technical specifications (such as raw computing power [MTOPS]) which consistently lag behind technological developments, resulting in unilateral U.S. restrictions on widely available technologies. Such restrictions needlessly penalize U.S. businesses while failing to strengthen our national security....

GORE'S SITE HIGHLIGHTS the vice president's position on technology issues at www.algore2000.com/agenda/issue_technolo.html

For decades, Al Gore has worked to lead America into the Information Age by offering an exciting vision of the potential for economic growth through innovation.

As a House member, (Gore) co-authored legislation to set aside federal research funds for small businesses working to turn new technologies into new products. As a senator, he introduced legislation which expanded investment in research networks, such as the NSFNET.

As vice president, he has been at the forefront of the administration's efforts to use technology to build the economy of the 21st century—and to help prepare the workers of today and tomorrow to succeed in that economy.

As president, Al Gore will take the following five steps to keep America's high-tech industries growing:

1. Build a Strong Economy. As vice president, Al Gore has been a leader in fighting for a balanced budget, fiscal discipline, open markets, and a sound economic policy. As president, Al Gore will adopt economic policies that will create strong overall economic growth, as the key precondition to high technology growth.

2. Cut Taxes to Spur Investment in Research and Development. Al Gore has been a long-time supporter of a targeted tax cut aimed at spurring investment in research and development. As vice president, Al Gore has helped win renewal of this credit.

3. Open Global Markets in Cyberspace for U.S. Companies. Global electronic commerce could reach up to $1.4 trillion in sales within four years; American workers and American businesses can benefit enormously from this economic boom—if we follow the right policies.

4. Boost Investment in Information Technology. American investment in information technology pays off in the long run, in terms of high-tech jobs and sustained economic growth.

5. Educate and Train the Workforce of Tomorrow. We must work not only to create the fruits of innovation, but also to ensure that all Americans have the opportunity to enjoy the fruits of a new economy. That is why Al Gore has an aggressive agenda for ensuring that all Americans have the skills they need for the 21st Century.

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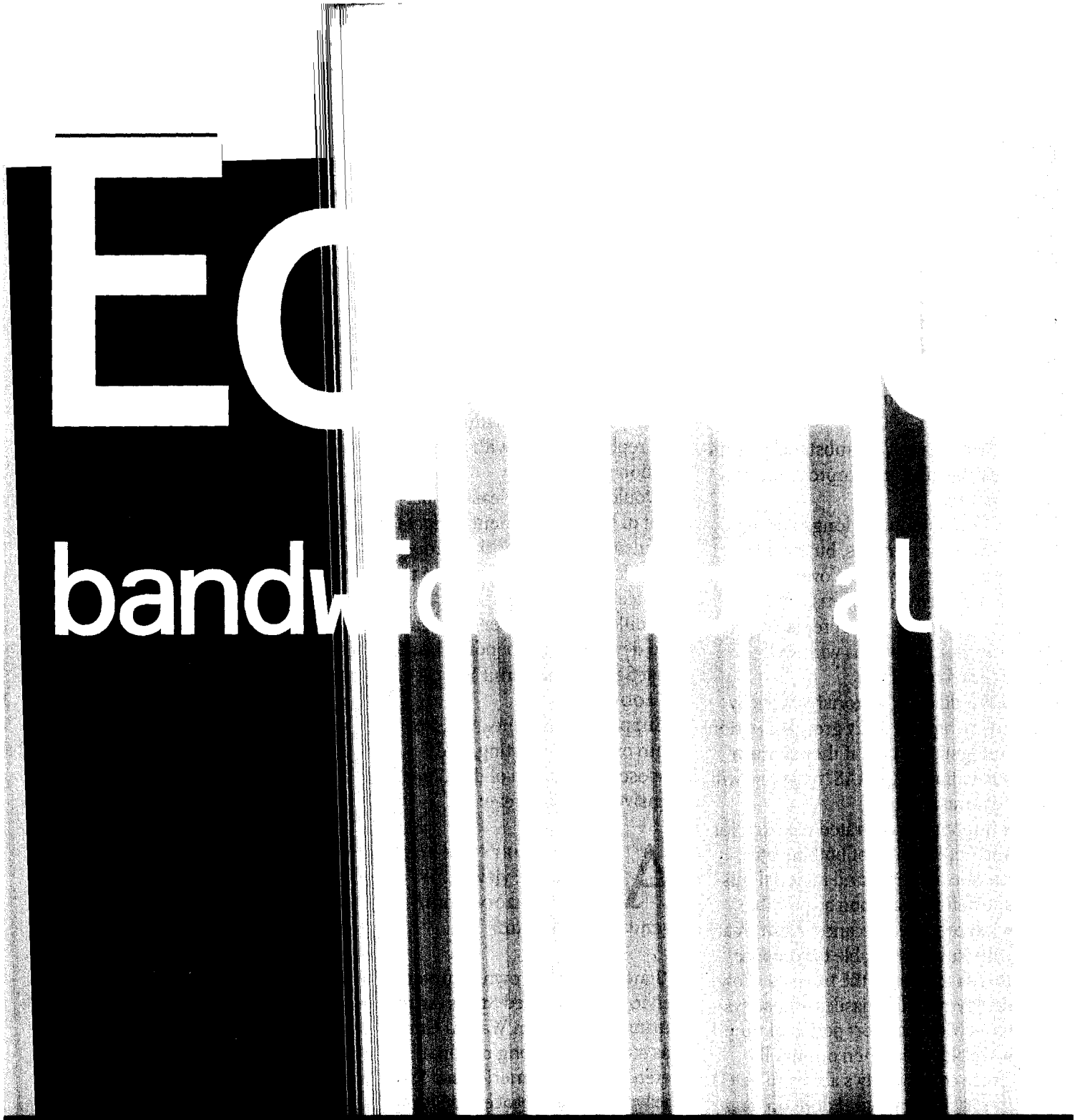

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GEORGE W. BUSH'S DEFENSE positions are viewable at www.georgewbush.com/issues/international/defense/points.asp

- Supports rebuilding America's military strength to keep the peace
- Would increase by $1 billion the recently passed military pay raise to encourage the best and brightest to enlist and reenlist in the armed forces
- Would renovate substandard military housing and improve military training
- Would maintain longstanding U.S. commitments, but order an immediate review of overseas deployments in dozens of countries, with the aim of replacing uncertain missions with well-defined objectives
- Would deter terrorist attacks by ensuring that every group or nation understands that, if they sponsor such attacks, the U.S. response will be devastating
- Supports accelerated research for and deployment of both theater missile defenses and national missile defense, as soon as possible
- (Is) prepared to cancel ABM treaty with Russia if unable to convince Russia to amend the treaty to allow deployment of missile defense systems within a short period of time
- Would strengthen our intelligence community's ability to detect terrorist threats, and develop long-range strike capabilities to eliminate such threats before they arise
- Would promote cooperation with our allies, who should share the burden of defense
- Would order a comprehensive military review to develop a new architecture for American defense designed to meet the challenges of the next century
- Would seize the opportunity to skip a generation of weapons, not

merely improving existing systems, but replacing them with a new generation of technology
- Would earmark at least 20 percent of the procurement budget for acquisition programs that propel America generations ahead in military technology
- Would increase defense research and development spending by at least $20 billion from FY2002 to FY2006
- Supports a continued moratorium on nuclear testing, and opposed ratification of the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty

AL GORE'S DEFENSE POSITIONS can be viewed at www.algore2000.com/agenda/issue_fp.html

- Starting with his own voluntary service in the United States Army during the Vietnam War, Al Gore has stood for a strong national defense, and an America that leads the world toward peace, freedom, and prosperity, for his entire career. From his early leadership in the House and Senate on arms control and nuclear deterrence; to his support for strong action against rogue states such as Saddam Hussein's Iraq; to his work to promote democracy, free markets and disarmament in the former Soviet Union, often serving as a critical direct channel to world leaders at times of conflict—Al Gore has been a key player in American foreign policy for more than two decades. As a member of President Clinton's national security team, Al Gore has played a role in almost every critical foreign policy decision of the past six years.
- At the same time, Al Gore has also been a leader in promoting the free trade, free markets, environmental protections, and fundamental human rights that are crucial to America's leadership in the world. "A strong economy, a clean environment, and peace and security do go hand in hand," says Gore. "As we move beyond the age of bipolar tensions and sharp ideological conflicts—as we deepen and extend our economic and security ties—nations are finding the wisdom that grows from our common values."
- As demonstrated by his Senate vote to authorize military force at the start of the Persian Gulf War, Vice President Gore believes in the use of military force when necessary to defend America's vital interests in the world.
- While standing strong, Al Gore has also led efforts to reduce weapons of mass destruction. In a 1980 meeting in his home state of Tennessee, then-Congressman Gore asked a gathering of students how many expected to see nuclear war in their lifetimes. He was stunned to see nearly every hand in the room rise. Gore returned to Washington and began an intensive study of every aspect of arms control—becoming a congressional leader on the subject. Two years later, when he was only 34 years old, Congressman Gore advanced a new idea for bringing new stability to the U.S.-Soviet nuclear arms race: deterring a first strike by moving from multi-warhead missiles to single-warhead missiles on both sides in a phased "build-down."

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BUSH'S POSITION ON CAMPaign finance reform, in its entirety, is posted at www.georgewbush.com/issues/domestic/campfin/points.asp

George W. Bush...
- Supports banning "soft money" contributions from labor unions and corporations because members/ shareholders have no say in how those contributions are given
- Supports enforcement of the Beck decision and enactment of effective "Paycheck Protection" legislation so union members have the right to decide whether to direct money to political activities
- Supports raising individual contribution limits
- Supports instant disclosure of contributions; was the first presidential candidate to voluntarily implement this reform with near-real-time disclosure on the Internet

GORE'S POSITION ON THE campaign finance reform issue can be viewed at www.algore2000.com/agenda/agenda_cfr.html

Our campaign finance system is broken and needs to be fixed. As a congressman, Al Gore was an early sponsor of legislation to limit spending for congressional campaigns in return for public financing, a system similar to that system used for presidential elections. Our campaign finance laws, created over a generation ago, have been overrun by rising costs and new technologies. Al Gore would work to enact real, comprehensive reform to:
- Reduce the cost of campaigns
- Eliminate the influence of special interests
- Bolster the influence of small-scale contributors
- Level the playing field between challengers and incumbents
- Most importantly, restore the faith of the American people in their democracy

(Gore) also challenges all candidates to accept the caps on presidential campaign spending.

BUSH'S POSITION ON SOCIAL Security can be viewed at www.georgewbush.com/issues/economic/socsec/points.asp

- Pledged to fulfill the solemn commitment of Social Security; no reduction in benefits for retirees or near retirees
- Called for dedicating all Social Security money to Social Security (lock box)
- Opposes any tax increase for Social Security
- Supports making personal retirement accounts part of Social Security reform
- Opposes government investment in private stocks or bonds

GORE'S POSITION ON SOCIAL Security can be viewed as part of the "Working for Older Americans" page, viewable at www.algore2000.com/agenda/working_for_older_americans.html

Working to Preserve Social Security. Vice President Al Gore has worked closely with the president to find ways to preserve and save Social Security into the next millennium. The administration has proposed committing more than 60 percent of the federal budget surplus to shore-up Social Security. In addition, the president and vice president want to increase national savings by setting aside a portion of the surplus to set up Universal Savings Accounts that would be similar to many popular 401(k) programs. These accounts would supplement Social Security and other pension benefits.

Ensuring Adequate Pension Plans for all Workers. As a U.S. senator, Al Gore co-sponsored the Employee Pension Protection Act of 1989, an early pension reform bill that sought to protect and strengthen employees' pensions. Since 1994, the administration has successfully passed reform bills that have simplified the pension process for small businesses, expanded pension portability, and protected employee pension funds.

Fought an Effort to Close Local Social Security Offices. As a U.S. senator, Al Gore sponsored legislation condemning a plan to close or reorganize hundreds of local Social Security offices.

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HEALTH CARE CONCERNS are addressed by George W. Bush at www.georgewbush.com/issues/domestic/healthcare/points.asp. Please note that what follows is the entire health care position available on the Bush site.

- Wants to strengthen Medicare by providing more choice and more private-sector alternatives for the elderly
- Supports offering a prescription drug benefit to Medicare recipients through more options and greater choice of plans; also supports giving financial assistance to poor seniors to help pay for the plans
- Supports medical savings accounts as a health insurance option for all Americans
- Supports giving patients in federally governed health care plans protections similar to those already enacted in Texas; opposes legislation that would supersede reforms already enacted by states

Highlights of Governor Bush's Texas reforms include:

- Allowed patients to appeal denials of care to an independent review panel and in some cases take the HMO to court
- Required coverage and payment of emergency services
- Allowed patients to choose their own doctor, outside their plan, as long as they are willing to pay any additional cost
- Required report cards on the performance of HMOs
- Prohibited gag clauses, which discourage doctors from communicating with patients regarding treatment options
- Required HMOs to give women direct access to their obstetrician-gynecologists

GORE'S HEALTH CARE positions are viewable at www.algore2000.com/agenda/working_for_quality_health_care.html

As a congressman, a senator and a vice president, Al Gore has been fighting to ensure that all Americans will have access to quality health care. Al Gore is committed to working families and has sought to provide all Americans with a Patients' Bill of Rights, the Family and Medical Leave Act, expanded children's health insurance, and quality and accessible health care.

Working to Enact a Patients' Bill of Rights. Al Gore has been an advocate for a Patients' Bill of Rights to ensure that people insured by HMOs get the health care they need, when they need it. He has called for improved patient care by granting patients the right to appeal a denial of treatment to an outside review board, allowing patients better access to specialists, guaranteed coverage of emergency room treatment and the right to hold health maintenance organizations accountable for their actions.

Increasing the Portability of Health Insurance. In 1996, the administration enacted the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act, which helped people keep their health care coverage even when changing jobs. This act helps individuals to maintain their health insurance even if they lose their job. The Act, which has helped millions of people, also places limits on exclusions for pre-existing conditions so health insurance companies can't subjectively provide or deny coverage.

Supporting and Expanding Family and Medical Leave. As a congressman and as vice president, Al Gore has been an advocate for the Family and Medical Leave Act. The FMLA became law under the Clinton/Gore Administration and covers millions of workers who have benefited from up to 12 weeks of unpaid leave to care for a new baby or sick relative. As a U.S. senator in 1987, he co-sponsored an early version of the FMLA, and has supported proposals to expand the FMLA and give workers more choices when confronted with the need to work overtime or when parents need to meet their children's teachers.

Working to Strengthen Rural Hospitals. In 1989, Gore was an original co-sponsor of the Equity for Rural Hospitals Act. The Act sought to amend the Social Security Act in regard to payments made under Medicare to hospitals in rural areas, which receive substantially less money than institutions in urban areas for the same services, to improve the delivery of health services to citizens in those areas.

PROTECTING CHILDREN

Increased Childhood Immunizations. In 1993, the administration called for a childhood immunization drive; the result has been some of the highest immunization rates ever. In 1996 and 1997 more than 90% of all toddlers received routine recommended vaccinations, surpassing the 1993 goals.

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Largest Investment in Children's Health Care Since 1965. Al Gore has worked to provide health insurance to millions of children who need it. The $24 billion Children's Health Insurance Program signed by this administration will provide coverage for up to 5 million children throughout the United States. In 1998, Gore worked to ensure that the millions of children eligible under this program get the care they need.

Protecting Infants from Malnutrition. In 1980, Al Gore co-sponsored and helped pass legislation to improve the nutrition standards for infant formula after conducting hearings regarding the quality and content of infant formula in the United States. The legislation also established safety standards that the industry must adhere to, in order to protect children from nutritional deficiencies associated with poor infant formulas.

Expanding Health Access for Children. As a member of Congress, Al Gore has co-sponsored legislation that sought to authorize grants and funding for programs to provide primary pediatric care to disadvantaged children.

Instrumental in the Final Passage of the Cigarette Labeling Act. In 1984, Al Gore was key to an agreement between the tobacco companies and health advocates on a bill that strengthened warning labels on cigarette packages with information on the risks of cancer, heart disease and emphysema and the dangers of fetal injury.

Preventing Children From Smoking. In 1998, Vice President Gore hosted the annual Family Reunion Conference, focusing on ways to prevent teens from smoking and in 1995 the administration called upon the industry to help fund an anti-teen smoking ad campaign and called for tougher rules on selling to minors.

FIGHTING FOR WOMEN'S HEALTH CARE

Increased Funding for Breast Cancer Research. Since 1993 funding for breast cancer research, prevention and treatment has doubled, from $283 million in FY93 to $599 million in FY99. The Clinton/Gore Administration has implemented the Mammography Quality Standards Act to ensure the quality of mammograms. In addition, Al Gore was a co-sponsor of the Breast and Cervical Cancer Mortality Prevention Act of 1990. The bill included funding for prevention, research, information and public service programs, and for the standard use in all screenings for mammography and pap smears in dealing with breast and cervical cancers.

Working for Women. As a senator, Gore was a co-sponsor of the Women's Health Equity Act of 1991. This bill sought to establish an Office of Research of Women's Health to address women's health and mental health issues. Ovarian cancer, infertility, breast cancer and other deadly diseases were to be addressed by the Office of Research.

Fighting for Better Prenatal Health Care. Al Gore has fought for better prenatal and post-birth services for women. In 1981 he co-sponsored the Maternal and Infant Health Services Act, and in 1985 he co-sponsored the "Maternal and Child Health Preventive Care Amendments." Both bills sought to extend services to women during their pregnancy and in the days following the end of the pregnancy.

PROTECTING SENIORS

Expanding Access to Long-Term Care. Vice President Gore has taken an active role in calling for aid to families and individuals that are caring for relatives suffering from long-term illnesses at home or at institutions. The initiative would provide a $1,000 tax credit to families caring for a loved one and create a national family caregiving program.

Fighting For A Cure for Alzheimer's. As a senator, Al Gore fought for funding and treatment for Alzheimer's disease victims. Gore was a co-sponsor of the Comprehensive Alzheimer's Assistance, Research, and Education Act of 1985 that sought funding for education, research and treatment programs for Alzheimer's. He was the author and prime sponsor of a bill to create 20 regional centers for the treatment of Alzheimer's. In 1998 the Clinton-Gore Administration proposed the largest single increase for the National Institutes of Health to help fund research efforts for Alzheimer's.

Protecting Seniors from Purchasing Worthless Insurance. Al Gore was a co-sponsor of the Senior Citizens Health Insurance Reform Act of 1979, which sought to eliminate fraud in "Medigap" insurance. This bill directed the (then) Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to institute a program of voluntary certification of health insurance policies sold to supplement Medicare.

Providing Increased Access to Hospice Care. Al Gore has been fighting to expand hospice care for seniors. Since 1981, when he co-sponsored H.R. 5180, Gore has been seeking to expand hospice care coverage and long-term care so seniors can remain in their homes and continue to be an integral part of their communities.

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ENERGY AND THE ENVIRONMENT are issues that both candidates address. Bush's position can be viewed at www.georgewbush.com/issues/domestic/enviro/points.asp

George W. Bush...
- Believes environmental standards must be based on the best science, that market-driven technologies can provide solutions, and that government should encourage innovation
- Recognizes that global warming should be taken seriously but will require any decisions to be based on the best science; opposes Kyoto Protocol
- Supports moratorium against offshore drilling in California and Florida
- Opposes breaching dams in Pacific Northwest
- Supports conservation of land, wetlands and habitat, particularly by private landowners
- Supports protection of private property rights
- (Supports reinvestment) in America's natural resources by fully funding the Land and Water Conservation Fund (LWCF) and guarantees a 50% share of the LWCF for state and local conservation
- Supports alleviating the substantial repair and improvement backlog facing our national parks, wildlife refuges and other public lands

THE GORE POSITION CAN BE viewed at www.algore2000.com/agenda/working_to_protect_our_environment.html

As vice president and as a member of Congress, Al Gore has been a leader in the fight to preserve our global environment. From his pioneering work to raise awareness of the problems of global warming, to protecting and saving America's natural treasures, Al Gore has a

record of action and leadership in protecting our environment and quality of life for generations to come.

Held the First Hearings on Toxic Waste. Al Gore was one of the first in Congress to tackle the issue of toxic waste by calling hearings in 1979 that revealed illegal dumping of billions of pounds of toxic chemicals. As a direct result of these hearings, Gore played a leading role in creating the "Superfund" law, which has helped clean up the worst environmental problems in the country.

Making Substantial Achievements in Toxic Waste Clean-Up. During the first six and one-half years of the Clinton-Gore Administration, 443 toxic waste dumps have been cleaned up. That is nearly three times more than were cleaned up during the previous two presidential administrations. In addition, the administration's budget for FY2000 includes $1.5 billion for the Superfund program.

Promoting Brownfield Redevelopment. In May 1997, Vice President Gore announced the administration's Brownfields National Partnership. The partnership streamlines resources from 20 federal agencies to address brownfields cleanup and redevelopment. The Department of Housing and Urban Development has estimated that the brownfields project alone will create more than 28,000 new jobs in urban areas.

Fighting to Improve the Quality of Our Water. In October 1997, Vice President Gore took the lead in calling for an initiative to restore our nation's polluted waterways. This "Clean Water Action Plan" called for $10.5 billion in restoration efforts, and additional research and prevention of urban and agricultural run-off into watersheds.

Working to Protect Our Drinking Water. As part of the administration's Water 2000 initiative, the vice president has announced a number of efforts to improve drinking water throughout the country. Earlier this year, Gore announced nearly $200 million in federal loans and grants to assist more than 100 safe drinking water projects in rural America. In 1997, Gore announced a similar program that helped fund more than 80 safe drinking water projects in 43 states and Puerto Rico. In addition, the administration approved legislation that strengthened the Safe Drinking Water Act by requiring water utilities to inform their customers about the quality of their drinking water.

Working to Protect America's Environmental Treasures. Al Gore has taken an active role in the administration's efforts to protect our environmental treasures. In 1998, Vice President Gore unveiled a $7.8 billion restoration proposal to help restore the natural water flow in the Everglades. Gore has also supported efforts to ban drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in order to protect more than 19 million acres of refuge—the last intact Arctic ecosystem. In addition, the administration took a strong stand to protect more than 10 million acres of old-growth reserves in the Pacific Northwest, and to restore, protect, and revitalize 14 rivers designated as "American Heritage Rivers."

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Phoenix, Arizona

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certainly not permit their children to study books so alienated from the Arab version of events that these children would not be sure whether the Arab cause was just. And yet this is what the new Israeli history often amounts to: an effort to teach Zionism to Jewish children as if it were no more morally compelling than the story of those who opposed it.

One can see this clearly in the emphasis that the new books place on the hardships endured by Palestinian Arabs during the Israeli War of Independence. As Bartal wrote in a recent article in an Israeli magazine for schoolteachers:

> The victory of Zionism in Palestine was the catastrophe of the local Arab population. We have to teach this, and to show that nationalist movements are, by their nature, the saviors of one people and the destroyers of another.

And, indeed, the new Education Ministry textbook does just what Bartal demands. It does not merely describe the flight of Arab refugees during the war as resulting in part from expulsions by Jewish forces. It also includes a full-page, multicolor map depicting the flight of the Arabs from Israel, a photograph of Palestinian refugees in Jordan, and another shot of Jews building on the ruins of an abandoned Arab village. All this comes at the expense of the old Zionist narrative. One no longer finds a map showing the invasion routes of the five Arab armies that attacked Jewish Palestine in May 1948. Gone are the photographs showing the destruction of Kibbutz Ramat Rachel and the fall of the Jewish Quarter of Jerusalem's Old City; indeed, not a single photograph depicting the Jewish struggle to repel the Arab invaders is included.

The same shift in values is evident in the new history book's description of the Six Day War, in which the crisis is attributed to Israel's downing of Syrian MiGs. No mention is made of Syrian efforts to divert the headwaters of the Jordan, nor of Nasser's decision to blockade the Israeli port of Eilat, nor of the infamous pronouncements by Arab leaders that the Jewish state was about to be destroyed. Indeed, if this was a defensive war provoked by Nasser's bellicosity—as most historians believe—one cannot glean that information from the textbook.

EVEN WORSE IS the altered presentation of Jerusalem's 1967 unification. In the old books, the struggle over Jerusalem is told the way most people remember it: as the result of a war with Jordan that Israel did not want but that, due to Jordan's insistence on entering the war, ended with some of the most heroic battles of Israeli history and with the return of the Jews to the Temple Mount. The old Education Ministry textbook described it thus:

> With the outbreak of fighting on the Egyptian front, the Jordanians began bombarding Jerusalem. Israel warned King Hussein [of Jordan] not to join the war, but he ignored the warning ... so that fighting erupted on this front as well.... On the night between June 5 and 6, forces from the paratroops broke through Jordanian defenses in north Jerusalem in brutal battles on Ammunition Hill and in the area of the Rockefeller museum, and on the morning of June 7 they stormed through the Lion's Gate into the Old City. The battle for Jerusalem ended at the Western Wall.

To further dramatize this story, the old textbooks carried a full-page photograph showing a grinning Moshe Dayan and Rabin entering the Old City on foot with their helmets still on.

The new books have none of this—no Israeli pleas for Jordan to stay out of the war, no heroic battles, no Western Wall. Instead, there is only this:

> Later the Jordanians and the Syrians joined the war.... Israel captured expansive territories ... including East Jerusalem from the Jordanians.... After the war, the Israeli government decided to annex East Jerusalem, including the Old City.

Needless to say, the new book does not include any heartstring-tugging photographs of Dayan entering the Old City. In fact, in the new ninth-grade history textbook there are no photographs of the Old City of Jerusalem that might leave the impression that East Jerusalem in some sense "belongs" to the Jewish people. On the contrary, the sole photograph from the Six Day War is a shot of an Israeli army half-track marooned in the middle of East Jerusalem's Kalandia Airport under a huge sign in Arabic. Thus the unification of Jerusalem, previously understood by Jews as a homecoming to their ancient capital after centuries of exile, is transformed into the occupation of an Arab city. History has been freed from the chains of Zionist ideology.

THE EFFORTS TO create a "universal" curriculum in Israel's schools do not end with the history textbooks. A striking example is the 1995 high school archaeology curriculum designed by a committee headed by Hebrew University archaeologist Yoram Tzafrir. Not long ago, the idea of a neutral archaeology curriculum for Israeli students would have seemed impossible. The entire Zionist movement was built on the premise that the Jews were returning to their historic land, and the archaeological preoccupation of leading Zionists such as Yigal Yadin and Dayan played an important role in justifying this. Nevertheless, the ten aims of the Tzafrir curriculum are completely devoid of Zionist sentiments, proposing instead to teach Israeli high schoolers about the "societies that lived and created in the East in antiquity" and focusing on values such as "the spirit of man," "the culture of mankind," and "the heritage of world civilization." The aims of the new curriculum do not mention the Jewish people, Jewish history, or Judaism even once.

But this de-Judaization of Israeli schools is perhaps most audacious in the new civics curriculum, which governs a mandatory high school class called "Citizenship." One would think that if one course were to be designed to inculcate in students a devotion to Israel as a Jewish state, this would be it. But, as is clear from an examination of the new civics curriculum, completed in 1994 by a committee headed by Hebrew University political scientist Emanuel Gutmann, learning to cherish Israel as the Jewish state is not on the agenda. The new curriculum sets five normative aims

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regarding the kinds of citizens the citizenship course is supposed to train, four of which are couched in active terms: Jewish students are to be taught to "work to realize" democratic values, to "work to realize" human rights and civil rights, to "be prepared to fulfill" their duties and defend their rights, and to "be involved" in the affairs of the public and of society. Only with regard to the fifth goal does the new curriculum become passive: the students are expected only to "understand the fact" that Israel is the state of the Jewish people, as though the existence of a Jewish state were not something in which the students had a personal stake.

THIS NEUTRALITY TOWARD Israel's Jewish character is also a striking characteristic of the Education Ministry's long-awaited new civics textbook, *To Be Citizens in Israel*. Written by a team of Education Ministry staffers advised by Benyamin Neuberger of the Open University, who was until recently chairman of the Education Ministry committee overseeing the civics program, the new textbook dutifully devotes its opening chapters to trying to explain "the fact" that Israel is a Jewish state. Thus the first chapter informs the student that many nation-states founded in the last century—Israel among them—were established to secure self-determination for specific peoples and that in this sense they differ from countries, such as the United States, that have no such national or religious identity.

This is fine, as far as it goes. But in an average Israeli high school—just as in an American one—the concept of the particularistic nation-state requires some explaining: *Why* is the self-determination of the Jews (or anyone else) so important that it should justify an independent state, with all the potential for injustice that may involve? The Zionist literature was filled with answers to this question, but to begin exploring them would require a discussion of the history of Jewish persecution in Europe and in the Arab lands and of the importance Zionists attributed to the revival of Jewish civilization in the Jewish state. In short, it would require writing a *Zionist* civics text—and this the Education Ministry seems to have been unwilling to do. Indeed, the book does not offer a single sentence explaining why one might want to establish a Jewish state—or any other national state, for that matter.

Instead, the Education Ministry's textbook takes a different, somewhat surprising approach. It explains to the student that attempts to build a world based on the idea of national states "have failed." In fact:

> The aspiration to establish nation-states ... escalates the social, economic, and political tensions between national minorities and the national groups comprising the majority.... Moreover, these tensions frequently turn into violent struggles....

Before you know it, the authors have launched into a tirade on the evils of the nation-state, rapidly touching on the suffering this idea has brought to Iraq, Lebanon, Georgia, Chechnya, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Croatia, Bosnia, Kosovo, Basque Spain, India, Nigeria, Ethiopia, the Congo, and Rwanda. The book then concludes:

> In these places, blood-soaked civil wars have taken place between different nationalities that were for decades citizens in the same country. Citizens who studied and worked together, and in many cases had become family relations, turned overnight into sworn enemies, because of their struggle to win control over the nation-state.

With this bloody premonition, the Education Ministry ends its discussion of the general theory of nation-states and turns to the specific case of Israel, the Jewish state. And here, too, the new civics textbook remains detached from Zionism. The chapter dealing with the idea of the Jewish state is titled "The State of Israel: Different Approaches," and, instead of elaborating on the views of Ben-Gurion and the other members of the Zionist mainstream who founded the state, it argues that "in Israeli society there are different approaches regarding how the state of Israel is defined." The book then presents no fewer than six competing conceptions of what Israel's political constitution should be, including four asserting that Israel should be a Jewish state, a fifth claiming that Israel should be a "state of the Jews" (i.e., a neutral state with a Jewish majority), and a sixth arguing, for the first time in an Education Ministry textbook, that Israel should not be a Jewish nation-state at all but rather a non-Jewish "state of all its citizens." And, for those students who haven't yet figured out where all this is going, the next chapter, "The Question of the Identity of Israel's Citizens," explains that, actually, "each person defines his own identity for himself." That is, one can choose whether one is religiously Jewish or nationally Jewish or just plain Israeli. The character of the state of Israel is ultimately just a matter of the identities that its citizens choose for themselves.

There is nothing in these chapters to help the average Israeli high schooler "understand the fact" that Israel is a Jewish state. No references to authoritative political tradition, profound historical motives, or settled constitutional law are invoked to make it clear that the Jewish character of Israel is a fact with some solidity and permanence to it and that other perspectives are, within the context of the Jewish state, less legitimate. On the contrary, in this stew of vague "approaches" and ambiguous personal "identities," one is left with the impression that the Jewish state is anything but a given fact—indeed, that it is one faddish identity among many and could easily dissipate with tomorrow's cultural breezes.

THE NEW ISRAELI curriculum is the work of Israeli academics who have to a large extent secured intellectual independence from Zionist ideology. But, as one examines the books and teachers' manuals and programs of study being produced under their aegis, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the educational system they are creating is just as ideological as the old Zionist one. It's just that the ideology has changed. If yesterday one was not supposed to talk too much about injustices committed by Jews, today it is the *justice* of the Zionist movement that one is not supposed to talk too much about. Today, it is Jewish heroism and suffering that are often downplayed, sidestepped, even suppressed.

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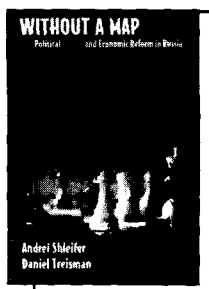
Suppressed? Those who doubt that the "post-Zionist" perspective is an ideology capable of suppressing historical facts that don't fit within its worldview need only look up the Holocaust in the new ninth-grade history book. While the old books devoted seven pages to the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising and other acts of Jewish resistance, the new text makes no mention of such resistance. And, whereas the old books allotted four pages to the failure of the Allies to act against the Nazi extermination program, this subject too has disappeared. These items were important to the old narrative because they raised the question of whether the Jews could truly rely on anyone but themselves. But, seen from the new perspective, these subjects just aren't important, and they're gone.

Also spirited out are the grisly photographs traditionally used to give students a graphic taste of what the destruction of Europe's Jews really meant. Instead, there are new photos that, had they appeared in a *German* high school history textbook, would have the Jewish world up in arms: the photograph captioned "A concentration camp" shows three or four apparently healthy men walking around; the one captioned "The Auschwitz camp" shows nothing worse than the backs of hundreds of people in striped clothes walking in formation; the one captioned "Jewish women released from a concentration camp" shows a group of seemingly well-fed, smiling matrons. The Jews digging their own graves at gunpoint, the mounds of bodies, the gas chambers, the living skeletons after the war? These pictures appeared in the old books, but now they are gone.

Why? Here's a guess: Israeli intellectuals have for years protested that school trips to Auschwitz, and even Holocaust memorial ceremonies in schools, produce students who are too nationalistic. So it seems that the pictures in the old books have been edited out because they disrupt the tone of the "universal" narrative. They hit Israeli youngsters too hard and inculcate latent Zionist tendencies. They make them more willing to believe that the Jews had implacable enemies. And they encourage them to think simplistically about the right of the Jews to a nation-state of their own, a Jewish state. In other words, it seems that these pictures, too, have been suppressed because they don't fit the *post-Zionist* historical narrative.

Until now, Israelis have paid little attention to the schoolbook revolution. The Golan Heights, the PLO, and related topics remain virtually the entire policy agenda of both the Labor and the Likud parties. But the old Zionist curriculum wasn't just any old piece of policy. As Ben-Gurion understood, the cultural common ground it represented held the disparate groups within Israeli Jewry together. It was an important part of what makes Israeli Jews a single people.

Ehud Barak has gone to great lengths to send the signal that—perhaps unlike his recent predecessors—he considers it vitally important to heal the rifts within an increasingly fragmented Israeli Jewry. The debate over the new schoolbooks being sent home with Israel's children give him an opportunity to do just that. ■



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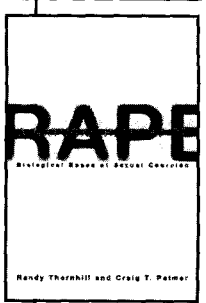

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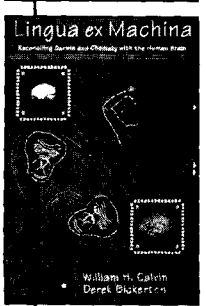

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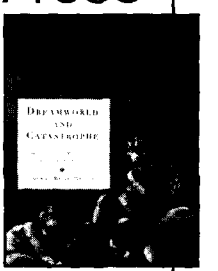

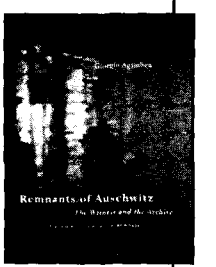

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What I learned at the world economic crisis.

The Insider

By JOSEPH STIGLITZ

NEXT WEEK'S MEETING of the International Monetary Fund will bring to Washington, D.C., many of the same demonstrators who trashed the World Trade Organization in Seattle last fall. They'll say the IMF is arrogant. They'll say the IMF doesn't really listen to the developing countries it is supposed to help. They'll say the IMF is secretive and insulated from democratic accountability. They'll say the IMF's economic "remedies" often make things worse—turning slowdowns into recessions and recessions into depressions.

And they'll have a point. I was chief economist at the World Bank from 1996 until last November, during the gravest global economic crisis in a half-century. I saw how the IMF, in tandem with the U.S. Treasury Department, responded. And I was appalled.

The global economic crisis began in Thailand, on July 2, 1997. The countries of East Asia were coming off a miraculous three decades: incomes had soared, health had improved, poverty had fallen dramatically. Not only was literacy now universal, but, on international science and math tests, many of these countries outperformed the United States. Some had not suffered a single year of recession in 30 years.

But the seeds of calamity had already been planted. In the early '90s, East Asian countries had liberalized their financial and capital markets—not because they needed to attract more funds (savings rates were already 30 percent or more) but because of international pressure, including some from the U.S. Treasury Department. These changes provoked a flood of short-term capital—that is, the kind of capital that looks for the highest return in the next day, week, or month, as opposed to long-term investment in things like factories. In Thailand, this short-term capital helped fuel an unsustainable real estate boom. And, as people around the world (including Americans) have painfully learned, every real estate bubble eventually bursts, often with disastrous consequences. Just as suddenly as capital flowed in, it flowed out. And, when everybody tries to pull their money out at the same time, it causes an economic problem. A big economic problem.

The last set of financial crises had occurred in Latin America in the 1980s, when bloated public deficits and loose monetary policies led to runaway inflation. There, the IMF had correctly imposed fiscal austerity (balanced budgets) and tighter monetary policies, demanding that governments pursue those policies as a precondition for receiving aid. So, in 1997 the IMF imposed the same demands on Thailand. Austerity, the fund's leaders said, would restore confidence in the Thai economy. As the crisis spread to other East Asian nations—and even as evidence of the policy's failure mounted—the IMF barely blinked, delivering the same medicine to each ailing nation that showed up on its doorstep.

I thought this was a mistake. For one thing, unlike the Latin American nations, the East Asian countries were *already* running budget surpluses. In Thailand, the government was running such large surpluses that it was actually starving the economy of much-needed investments in education and infrastructure, both essential to economic growth. And the East Asian nations already had tight monetary policies, as well: inflation was low and falling. (In South Korea, for example, inflation stood at a very respectable four percent.) The problem was not imprudent government, as in Latin America; the problem was an imprudent private sector—all those bankers and borrowers, for instance, who'd gambled on the real estate bubble.

Under such circumstances, I feared, austerity measures would not revive the economies of East Asia—it would plunge them into recession or even depression. High interest rates might devastate highly indebted East Asian firms, causing more bankruptcies and defaults. Reduced government expenditures would only shrink the economy further.

So I began lobbying to change the policy. I talked to Stanley Fischer, a distinguished former Massachusetts Institute of Technology economics professor and former chief economist of the World Bank, who had become the IMF's first deputy managing director. I met with fellow economists at the World Bank who might have contacts or influence within the IMF, encouraging them to do everything they could to move the IMF bureaucracy.

Convincing people at the World Bank of my analysis proved easy; changing minds at the IMF was virtually impossible. When I talked to senior officials at the IMF—explaining, for instance, how high interest rates might increase bankruptcies, thus making it even harder to restore confidence in East Asian economies—they would at first resist. Then, after failing to come up with an effective counterargument, they would retreat to another response: if only I understood the pressure coming from the IMF board of executive directors—the body, appointed by finance ministers from the advanced industrial countries, that approves

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all the IMF's loans. Their meaning was clear. The board's inclination was to be even more severe; these people were actually a moderating influence. My friends who were executive directors said they were the ones getting pressured. It was maddening, not just because the IMF's inertia was so hard to stop but because, with everything going on behind closed doors, it was impossible to know who was the real obstacle to change. Was the staff pushing the executive directors, or were the executive directors pushing the staff? I still do not know for certain.

Of course, everybody at the IMF assured me they would be flexible: if their policies really turned out to be overly contractionary, forcing the East Asian economies into deeper recession than necessary, then they would reverse them. This sent shudders down my spine. One of the first lessons economists teach their graduate students is the importance of lags: it takes twelve to 18 months before a change in monetary policy (raising or lowering interest rates) shows its full effects. When I worked in the White House as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, we focused all our energy on forecasting where the economy would be in the future, so we could know what policies to recommend today. To play catch-up was the height of folly. And that was precisely what the IMF officials were proposing to do.

AP

Stanley Fischer, deputy managing director of IMF, and Lawrence Summers, U.S. secretary of the Treasury.

I shouldn't have been surprised. The IMF likes to go about its business without outsiders asking too many questions. In theory, the fund supports democratic institutions in the nations it assists. In practice, it undermines the democratic process by imposing policies. Officially, of course, the IMF doesn't "impose" anything. It "negotiates" the conditions for receiving aid. But all the power in the negotiations is on one side—the IMF's—and the fund rarely allows sufficient time for broad consensus-building or even widespread consultations with either parliaments or civil society. Sometimes the IMF dispenses with the pretense of openness altogether and negotiates secret covenants.

When the IMF decides to assist a country, it dispatches a "mission" of economists. These economists frequently lack extensive experience in the country; they are more likely to have firsthand knowledge of its five-star hotels than of the villages that dot its countryside. They work hard, poring over numbers deep into the night. But their task is impossible. In a period of days or, at most, weeks, they are charged with developing a coherent program sensitive to the needs of the country. Needless to say, a little number-crunching rarely provides adequate insights into the development strategy for an entire nation. Even worse, the number-crunching isn't always that good. The mathematical models the IMF uses are frequently flawed or out-of-date. Critics accuse the institution of taking a cookie-cutter approach to economics, and they're right. Country teams have been known to compose draft reports before visiting. I heard stories of one unfortunate incident when team members copied large parts of the text for one country's report and transferred them wholesale to another. They might have gotten away with it, except the "search and replace" function on the word processor didn't work properly, leaving the original country's name in a few places. Oops.

It's not fair to say that IMF economists don't care about the citizens of developing nations. But the older men who staff the fund—and they are overwhelmingly older men—act as if they are shouldering Rudyard Kipling's white man's burden. IMF experts believe they are brighter, more educated, and less politically motivated than the economists in the countries they visit. In fact, the economic leaders from those countries are pretty good—in many cases brighter or better-educated than the IMF staff, which frequently consists of third-rank students from first-rate universities. (Trust me: I've taught at Oxford University, MIT, Stanford University, Yale University, and Princeton University, and the IMF almost never succeeded in recruiting any of the best students.) Last summer, I gave a seminar in China on competition policy in telecommunications. At least three Chinese economists in the audience asked questions as sophisticated as the best minds in the West would have asked.

As time passed, my frustration mounted. (One might have thought that since the World Bank was contributing literally billions of dollars to the rescue packages, its voice would be heard. But it was ignored almost as resolutely as the people in the affected countries.) The IMF claimed that all it was asking of the East Asian countries was that they balance their budgets at a time of recession. *All*? Hadn't the Clinton administration just fought a major battle with Congress to stave off a balanced-budget amendment in this country?

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And wasn't the administration's key argument that, in the face of recession, a little deficit spending might be necessary? This is what I and most other economists had been teaching our graduate students for 60 years. Quite frankly, a student who turned in the IMF's answer to the test question "What should be the fiscal stance of Thailand, facing an economic downturn?" would have gotten an F.

As the crisis spread to Indonesia, I became even more concerned. New research at the World Bank showed that recession in such an ethnically divided country could spark all kinds of social and political turmoil. So in late 1997, at a meeting of finance ministers and central-bank governors in Kuala Lumpur, I issued a carefully prepared statement vetted by the World Bank: I suggested that the excessively contractionary monetary and fiscal program could lead to political and social turmoil in Indonesia. Again, the IMF stood its ground. The fund's managing director, Michel Camdessus, said there what he'd said in public: that East Asia simply had to grit it out, as Mexico had. He went on to note that, for all of the short-term pain, Mexico emerged from the experience stronger.

BUT THIS WAS an absurd analogy. Mexico hadn't recovered because the IMF forced it to strengthen its weak financial system, which remained weak years after the crisis. It recovered because of a surge of exports to the United States, which took off thanks to the U.S. economic boom, and because of NAFTA. By contrast, Indonesia's main trading partner was Japan—which was then, and still remains, mired in the doldrums. Furthermore, Indonesia was far more politically and socially explosive than Mexico, with a much deeper history of ethnic strife. And renewed strife would produce massive capital flight (made easy by relaxed currency-flow restrictions encouraged by the IMF). But none of these arguments mattered. The IMF pressed ahead, demanding reductions in government spending. And so subsidies for basic necessities like food and fuel were eliminated at the very time when contractionary policies made those subsidies more desperately needed than ever.

By January 1998, things had gotten so bad that the World Bank's vice president for East Asia, Jean Michel Severino, invoked the dreaded r-word ("recession") and d-word ("depression") in describing the economic calamity in Asia. Lawrence Summers, then deputy treasury secretary, railed against Severino for making things seem worse than they were, but what other way was there to describe what was happening? Output in some of the affected countries fell 16 percent or more. Half the businesses in Indonesia were in virtual bankruptcy or close to it, and, as a result, the country could not even take advantage of the export opportunities the lower exchange rates provided. Unemployment soared, increasing as much as tenfold, and real wages plummeted—in countries with basically no safety nets. Not only was the IMF not restoring economic confidence in East Asia, it was undermining the region's social fabric. And then, in the spring and summer of 1998, the crisis spread beyond East Asia to the most explosive country of all—Russia.

THE CALAMITY IN Russia shared key characteristics with the calamity in East Asia—not least among them the role that IMF and U.S. Treasury policies played in abetting it. But, in Russia, the abetting began much earlier. Following the fall of the Berlin Wall, two schools of thought had emerged concerning Russia's transition to a market economy. One of these, to which I belonged, consisted of a mélange of experts on the region, Nobel Prize winners like Kenneth Arrow and others. This group emphasized the importance of the institutional infrastructure of a market economy—from legal structures that enforce contracts to regulatory structures that make a financial system work. Arrow and I had both been part of a National Academy of Sciences group that had, a decade earlier, discussed with the Chinese their transition strategy. We emphasized the importance of fostering competition—rather than just privatizing state-owned industries—and favored a more gradual transition to a market economy (although we agreed that occasional strong measures might be needed to combat hyperinflation).

The second group consisted largely of macroeconomists, whose faith in the market was unmatched by an appreciation of the subtleties of its underpinnings—that is, of the conditions required for it to work effectively. These economists typically had little knowledge of the history or details of the Russian economy and didn't believe they needed any. The great strength, and the ultimate weakness, of the economic doctrines upon which they relied is that the doctrines are—or are supposed to be—universal. Institutions, history, or even the distribution of income simply do not matter. Good economists know the universal truths and can look beyond the array of facts and details that obscure these truths. And the universal truth is that shock therapy works for countries in transition to a market economy: the stronger the medicine (and the more painful the reaction), the quicker the recovery. Or so the argument goes.

Unfortunately for Russia, the latter school won the debate in the Treasury Department and in the IMF. Or, to be more accurate, the Treasury Department and the IMF made sure there was no open debate and then proceeded blindly along the second route. Those who opposed this course were either not consulted or not consulted for long. On the Council of Economic Advisers, for example, there was a brilliant economist, Peter Orszag, who had served as a close adviser to the Russian government and had worked with many of the young economists who eventually assumed positions of influence there. He was just the sort of person whose expertise Treasury and the IMF needed. Yet, perhaps because he knew too much, they almost never consulted him.

We all know what happened next. In the December 1993 elections, Russian voters dealt the reformers a huge setback, a setback from which they have yet really to recover. Strobe Talbott, then in charge of the noneconomic aspects of Russia policy, admitted that Russia had experienced "too much shock and too little therapy." And all that shock hadn't moved Russia toward a real market economy at all. The rapid privatization urged upon Moscow by the IMF and the Treasury Department had allowed a small group of oligarchs to gain control of state assets. The IMF and Treasury had rejiggered

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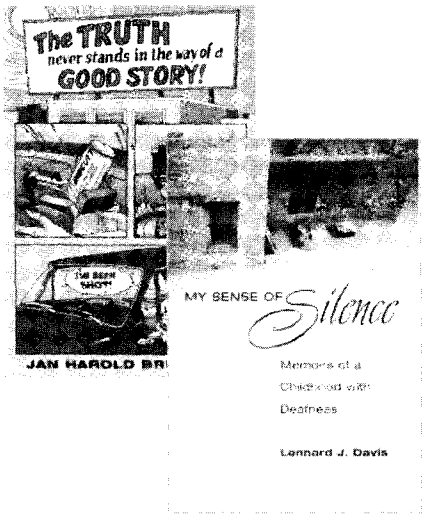

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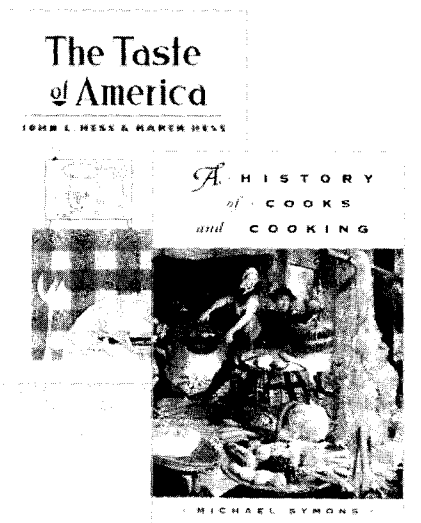

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Russia's economic incentives, all right—but the wrong way. By paying insufficient attention to the institutional infrastructure that would allow a market economy to flourish—and by easing the flow of capital in and out of Russia—the IMF and Treasury had laid the groundwork for the oligarchs' plundering. While the government lacked the money to pay pensioners, the oligarchs were sending money obtained by stripping assets and selling the country's precious national resources into Cypriot and Swiss bank accounts.

The United States was implicated in these awful developments. In mid-1998, Summers, soon to be named Robert Rubin's successor as secretary of the treasury, actually made a public display of appearing with Anatoly Chubais, the chief architect of Russia's privatization. In so doing, the United States seemed to be aligning itself with the very forces impoverishing the Russian people. No wonder anti-Americanism spread like wildfire.

At first, Talbott's admission notwithstanding, the true believers at Treasury and the IMF continued to insist that the problem was not too much therapy but too little shock. But, through the mid-'90s, the Russian economy continued to implode. Output plummeted by half. While only two percent of the population had lived in poverty even at the end of the dismal Soviet period, "reform" saw poverty rates soar to almost 50 percent, with more than half of Russia's children living below the poverty line. Only recently have the IMF and Treasury conceded that therapy was undervalued—though they now insist they said so all along.

Today, Russia remains in desperate shape. High oil prices and the long-resisted ruble devaluation have helped it regain some footing. But standards of living remain far below where they were at the start of the transition. The nation is beset by enormous inequality, and most Russians, embittered by experience, have lost confidence in the free market. A significant fall in oil prices would almost certainly reverse what modest progress has been made.

East Asia is better off, though it still struggles, too. Close to 40 percent of Thailand's loans are still not performing; Indonesia remains deeply mired in recession. Unemployment rates remain far higher than they were before the crisis, even in East Asia's best-performing country, Korea. IMF boosters suggest that the recession's end is a testament to the effectiveness of the agency's policies. Nonsense. Every recession eventually ends. All the IMF did was make East Asia's recessions deeper, longer, and harder. Indeed, Thailand, which followed the IMF's prescriptions the most closely, has performed worse than Malaysia and South Korea, which followed more independent courses.

I WAS OFTEN asked how smart—even brilliant—people could have created such bad policies. One reason is that these smart people were not using smart economics. Time and again, I was dismayed at how out-of-date—and how out-of-tune with reality—the models Washington economists employed were. For example, microeconomic phenomena such as bankruptcy and the fear of default were at the center of the East Asian crisis. But the macroeconomic models used to analyze these crises were not typically rooted in microfoundations, so they took no account of bankruptcy.

But bad economics was only a symptom of the real problem: secrecy. Smart people are more likely to do stupid things when they close themselves off from outside criticism and advice. If there's one thing I've learned in government, it's that openness is most essential in those realms where expertise seems to matter most. If the IMF and Treasury had invited greater scrutiny, their folly might have become much clearer, much earlier. Critics from the right, such as Martin Feldstein, chairman of Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers, and George Shultz, Reagan's secretary of state, joined Jeff Sachs, Paul Krugman, and me in condemning the policies. But, with the IMF insisting its policies were beyond reproach—and with no institutional structure to make it pay attention—our criticisms were of little use. More frightening, even internal critics, particularly those with direct democratic accountability, were kept in the dark. The Treasury Department is so arrogant about its economic analyses and prescriptions that it often keeps tight—much too tight—control over what even the president sees.

OPEN DISCUSSION WOULD have raised profound questions that still receive very little attention in the American press: To what extent did the IMF and the Treasury Department push policies that actually contributed to the increased global economic volatility? (Treasury pushed liberalization in Korea in 1993 over the opposition of the Council of Economic Advisers. Treasury won the internal White House battle, but Korea, and the world, paid a high price.) Were some of the IMF's harsh criticisms of East Asia intended to detract attention from the agency's own culpability? Most importantly, did America—and the IMF—push policies because we, or they, believed the policies would help East Asia or because we believed they would benefit financial interests in the United States and the advanced industrial world? And, if we believed our policies were helping East Asia, where was the evidence? As a participant in these debates, I got to see the evidence. There was none.

Since the end of the cold war, tremendous power has flowed to the people entrusted to bring the gospel of the market to the far corners of the globe. These economists, bureaucrats, and officials act in the name of the United States and the other advanced industrial countries, and yet they speak a language that few average citizens understand and that few policymakers bother to translate. Economic policy is today perhaps the most important part of America's interaction with the rest of the world. And yet the culture of international economic policy in the world's most powerful democracy is not democratic.

This is what the demonstrators shouting outside the IMF next week will try to say. Of course, the streets are not the best place to discuss these highly complex issues. Some of the protesters are no more interested in open debate than the officials at the IMF are. And not everything the protesters say will be right. But, if the people we entrust to manage the global economy—in the IMF and in the Treasury Department—don't begin a dialogue and take their criticisms to heart, things will continue to go very, very wrong. I've seen it happen. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Secrets

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" asked Browning. Well, not quite, but I did see Joe Gould—more than once. He was a fairly familiar figure in Greenwich Village when I was a student there in the early 1930s, and I sometimes caught sight or sound—or smell—of him. He was a short, whiskery man, dressed in whatever clothes he could acquire, who was always laden with some sort of package or portfolio, who cadged food in coffee shops and (after the repeal of Prohibition) drinks in bars, who airily asked anyone for contributions to what he called the Joe Gould Fund. He would declaim poems of his wherever possible, and coins would be tossed at him, which he scrambled to retrieve. He would sometimes flap his arms and squawk like a seagull, whose language he claimed to understand. He was writing, according to gossip, *The Oral History of Our Time*, setting down in school notebooks every day every word that he could remember of conversations that he heard. He was well-spoken, intelligent and deliberately loony—that is, he may have been a clinical case, but, if so, he realized that it was an asset to his character and his performance.

My friends and I were fascinated by him in a sad and proud way: sad because an apparently educated man of some capability was cavorting his life away, proud because he was helping to maintain the legend of the Village—the Bohemia once inhabited, right before and right after World War I, by Floyd Dell and Edna St. Vincent Millay and Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Bodenheim, amid others. That atmosphere had been considerably shrunk by the 1930s as the central figures moved on and the Depression darkened spirits; but Joe Gould made it possible for us to boast to outsiders that the Village still had color.

Many times, as years went on, I have seen retrospectively that I lived through some high moments of social and cultural history and met some memorable figures without being adequately aware of either; but I have never had that feeling about Joe Gould. Not even when Joseph Mitchell published two articles about him in the *New Yorker*, in 1942 and 1964. When I read them, I felt pangs, of course, for the past because it was past; but I still didn't feel latter-day regret for myopia about Joe Gould as I did when I thought of my muffed meetings with, say, Thomas Wolfe or some of the Provincetown Playhouse figures. Now comes **Joe Gould's Secret** (USA), to reprove me somewhat.

Only somewhat. Because—which is why this production took considerable courage—the film expends time and talent to explain that Joe Gould (1889–1957) was of virtually no importance. He had all the scruffy habits of a genius who would be posthumously venerated; but he was not remotely such. He was an oddball, not much more. A Harvard graduate, as he occasionally mentioned, an acquaintance of e.e.cummings and the painter Alice Neel, he wrote only snippets of his *Oral History*—and those that were published were essayistic, not the dialogues of which he bragged. His only true distinction was the way he chose to live, when he could have lived otherwise. So this film, with a screenplay by Howard A. Rodman based on the Mitchell articles, is about a man who tried nothing, accomplished nothing, and was distinctive only by virtue of those negatives. The one moment in this picture that comes close to poignancy is the shock to his self-image when he is forced to face that iron fact.

Joe Gould's Secret traces Mitchell's discovery, belatedly, of the secret: that buried in the hirsute enigma is a blank. Mitchell, a *New Yorker* writer, becomes interested in Gould, becomes friends with him, writes his first article—the second was published after the subject's death—tries to help Gould to get his work published, and finds out that, in effect, there isn't any. (A curious epilogue: after Gould's death, Mitchell seemed to want to replace him as a legend. The last article that he wrote was the second Gould piece, and for thirty-two years afterward until his death, he went to his *New Yorker* office regularly yet never wrote another thing. The Mitchell legend superseded that of Gould.)

Obviously, the interest of this film depends on the performance of Joe Gould, because the only progress comes not from the usual sorts of narrative and conflict, but from traversals of his character, from ventures into the crannies and nooks of his life, from the bravado of his static being. How lucky and smart the filmmakers were: they got Ian Holm for the role. This English actor has had, is having, a career of quiet astonishments—quiet only in the sense that they are insufficiently sung. The first time that I saw him was in a Broadway production of Pinter's *The Homecoming*, where he played the icy psychopath Lenny, a performance that he repeated on film. Here is a handful of his other film roles: Napoleon in *Time Bandits*; Fluellen in Branagh's *Henry V*; the Olympics coach in *Chariots of Fire*; the old New York detective in *Night Falls On Manhattan*; and, in a TV film of his London theater production, *King Lear*. There are many more. Is it possible to describe this actor's existence among us as anything less than a benison?

With Joe Gould, Holm has understood that his character is not just the leading role in the film, it *is* the film. He saw that this fact did not call for surface virtuosity but that everything the character did, said, growled, shrieked and danced had to be rooted in a realized man. Holm doesn't "explain" Joe Gould; no one knew the explanation—not even Joe Gould, I'd guess. Holm proceeds from his perception of a man with no more complete knowledge of self than most of us have, but with inchoate drives, with fears about those drives, and with aggressions growing from that combination. The result is a human oddity who takes a peculiar pride in his panhandling and his rag-wrapped areaway slumbers.

Stanley Tucci plays Mitchell inoffensively and has directed the film with such caution against whooping things up that the pace dribbles at times. This could never be a pulse-quickening picture, but it sometimes takes that point as a license for lagging. Patrick Tovatt supplies a good impersonation of what (by report) Harold Ross, the *New Yorker* editor, was like. The expected warmth comes from Susan Sarandon as Alice Neel, the painter who befriended Joe Gould and did his nude portrait. (With two penises. Talk about generosity.)

East-West (Sony Pictures Classics) tells the story of some former Russian citizens who fled to France in the 1920s and 1930s and are invited back to the USSR in 1946. Glorious repatriation is promised by the Soviets; passage is provided; but, which is kept secret from the world, the

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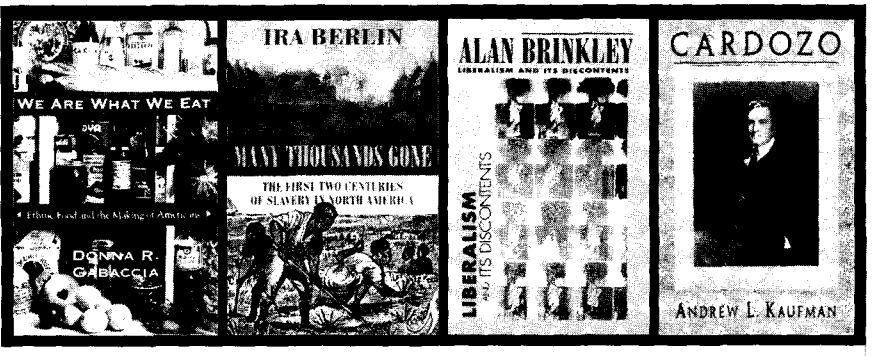

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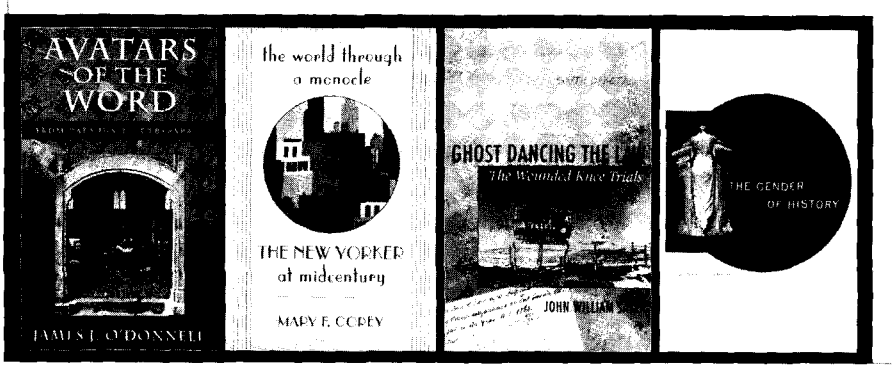
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actual welcome is execution or imprisonment for many as capitalist spies or virtual enslavement—which is to say normal employment—for the rest.

One of the returnees is a young musician (Oleg Menchikov) who brings with him his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and their small child. Their lives become miseries. In their crowded apartment house in Kiev are, among others, an attractive woman (Tatiana Doguilova) and a teenage athlete (Serguei Bodrov Jr.). We know in advance why those two are there. The only unexpected development is the arrival in Kiev of a troupe of French actors whose star (Catherine Deneuve) takes steps, carefully, to return the musician and family to France.

The historical elements are familiar, only too much so; the screenplay's course is, for the most part, foreseeable. The film is further depressed by the director, Regis Wargnier, who made the bloated *Indochine*. His directing here suggests the surreal image of a huge filmmaking machine lumbering through a field of terrible history and, slowly, mechanically, harvesting it as a conventional picture. ■

Robert Brustein on Theater
Plays Fat and Thin

A Moon for the Misbegotten, written in 1943 during a time when Eugene O'Neill's reputation was in eclipse, did not have a warm reception at its Ohio premiere in 1947. Indeed, having been banned in Detroit as "a slander on American motherhood," the play failed to reach New York. Four subsequent Broadway productions of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* helped to develop its current reputation as one of O'Neill's masterpieces, though the first revival, in the 1950s, still failed to impress the local critics.

I saw that version as a young man and I was blown away. I remember an inscrutable Wendy Hiller and a sardonic Franchot Tone, the latter in a ferocious, lacerating performance that may have reflected his self-disgust over having abandoned the Group Theatre to become a Hollywood matinee idol. When the play was revived a second time, in 1973, it featured Colleen Dewhurst as Josie and, as Jamie Tyrone, Jason Robards, an actor who had recently come to notice playing Hickey in the Circle in the Square revival of *The Iceman Cometh*, and afterward appearing as a younger, equally whiskey-soaked Jamie Tyrone in the Broadway premiere of *A Long Day's Journey into Night*. The third revival of *Moon*, in 1984, was a Broadway transfer from the American Repertory Theatre, with Kate Nelligan as Josie and the late Ian Bannen playing Jamie. And now there is a fourth revival, in the highly praised new production at the Walter Kerr Theatre, featuring Cherry Jones and Gabriel Byrne.

The most difficult task in casting this play is to find a woman spiritually strong enough and physically large enough to play Josie Hogan. O'Neill specifies that Josie is something of a female giant, 5'11" tall and weighing 180 pounds. Clearly, what he had in mind was an earth goddess upon whose substantial chest Jamie Tyrone—a character based upon the playwright's haunted brother, James O'Neill Jr.—could find momentary relief from his nagging sense of guilt. (Among other sins, Jamie slept with a whore on the train that carried his mother's corpse back from California for burial.)

Jamie often expresses admiration for Josie's abundant breasts; but counter to certain feminist misgivings, he is attracted to her less as a sex object than as a woman capable of nurture and redemption. Despite considerable banter about a possible romance, Jamie clearly regards her more as madonna than mistress—"Nix" and "Can it," he snarls, whenever she tries to talk dirty. It is crucial to O'Neill's religious iconography that, for all her sexual bravado and pretended promiscuity, Josie is still a virgin. In the Pietà that climaxes the fourth act, the playwright poses her as the Virgin Mary, cradling the spiritually dead Jamie in her lap like the crucified Jesus. (That's nothing: in *The Iceman Cometh*, O'Neill stages a Last Supper with Hickey surrounded by his twelve disciples.)

On the other hand, the oversize Josie resembles the kind of female companion Jamie was attracted to in *A Long Day's Journey into Night*. In that play, dated twelve years earlier though written two years before, Jamie visits a cathouse and sleeps with a whore named Fat Violet. Somewhat daunted by her physical surplus ("I like 'em fat but not that fat"), he nevertheless finds solace for a night on her ample bosom. "I shall achieve the pinnacle of success," he jests. "I'll be the lover of the fat woman in Barnum and Bailey's circus."

Although Josie is not quite the circus freak that Jamie imagines as his destined mate, her size makes typecasting virtually impossible. Among the actresses who have played the character, only Colleen Dewhurst even began to approach the requisite proportions. Wendy Hiller—so perfect for such stylish or potentially stylish women as Shaw's Barbara Undershaft and Liza Doolittle—was out of her element as a lusty American Irish girl. Kate Nelligan delivered a powerful performance without making any concessions to Josie's bulk, except to stuff her brassiere. And now Cherry Jones, a splendid actress usually associated with characters of slimmer dimensions, has bravely attempted the part in a production directed by Daniel Sullivan.

Unlike Nelligan, Jones does not let vanity stand in the way of her preparation for the role. In a manner somewhat reminiscent of Robert De Niro in *Raging Bull*, she has eaten her way into the character. Many pounds heavier than when she appeared in *The Heiress*, she now stands on stage as a big, strapping woman of considerable girth, if not quite the Falstaffian dimensions that O'Neill prescribed. Yet, when she first lumbers out of the farm house, hands on hips, she gives the impression of being a slender person in a fat suit. Given the plucky, self-subordinating way she had built her character, I didn't understand why the designer had insisted on a page-boy haircut—a style more appropriate to Shakespeare's Rosalind than to the gamey daughter of a pig farmer. And I also wondered why an actress equipped with such an excellent ear was making so little effort to approximate the rhythms of Irish speech. This Josie sometimes sounded as if she had spent her youth in Jones's native Tennessee.

A little subdued and tentative at first, Jones eventually develops the size and the fullness necessary for the part, reaching a fourth-act climax that will knock your socks off. If she lacks some power in the early scenes, it may be because she has the handicap of performing opposite Roy Dotrice as her father, the Irish tenant farmer Phil Hogan. Dotrice's portrait of this irascible, mischievous, goatish character on elastic legs is one of the most shameless and engaging instances of

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scene-stealing in recent theater history. It is a performance that could have come right out of Synge or O'Casey, reminding us that O'Neill not only determined the future of serious American drama, but was an exiled contributor to the Irish Renaissance as well.

Dotrice plays Phil Hogan as if he were Old Mahon in *Playboy of the Western World* or Joxer in *Juno and the Paycock*, taking particular delight in scolding Harker, the Standard Oil millionaire, for exposing Hogan's pigs to the frozen dangers of his neighboring ice pond (a riotous episode also recounted, with no chronological consistency, in *A Long Day's Journey*). Hogan is a character soaked not just in Irish blarney but also in Irish whiskey, and so is the character of Jamie, whose extended binge in *Moon for the Misbegotten* started at least twelve years earlier in *A Long Day's Journey*. Indeed, all of O'Neill's late plays are awash in booze, *The Iceman Cometh* and *A Touch of the Poet* included. It is a special brand of O'Neillian alcohol that cannot deliver either joy or peace, until the knockout punch sends you into oblivion.

Why, then, with such good actors, and with such a powerful play, did I not feel more satisfied with the production? A part of the problem is the way Gabriel Byrne plays Jamie. Dark and intense, all sharp angles with a febrile glow in his eyes, he promises much on his first entrance. He takes no shortcuts. He does not trade indecently on his screen persona. Still, Byrne never quite penetrates to the painful root of this ill-fated Broadway sharpie, the luckless, doomed, despairing elements of his nature, the aching remorse that accompanies large disappointments. At the performance I saw, Byrne failed to tap into the life experience needed to exhume the inner soul of this tormented man. His Jamie does not seem to be feeling his anguish so much as whining it. And until the powerful final moment, when he finds rest in the arms of the mother figure who speaks his epitaph ("May you have your wish and die in your sleep soon, Jim, darling. May you rest in forgiveness and peace"), nothing seems to be binding these two people together.

Daniel Sullivan's direction is perfectly competent without being penetrating. It certainly looks terrific. He seems to communicate better with his designers than with his actors. Eugene Lee's superb set is a rotting clapboard farmhouse surrounded by huge boulders, nicely shadowed by Pat Collins's sculptured lighting. And Jane Greenwood's costumes prove that she can design not just elegant period gowns, but also authentic peasant clothes. I was happy to be present at this performance, happy to see O'Neill courageously facing his ghosts again. The play continues to occupy an important place among O'Neill's works. I hope that it will soon be revived again in a more consuming, more unsettling production.

DAVID MAMET'S FINE play **American Buffalo** is also enjoying a revival, in a production shrewdly directed by Neil Pepe at the Atlantic Theatre Company. First staged in 1977, this play was one of Mamet's earliest efforts to explore the tension between friendship and business, loyalty and greed, "kissass or kickass"—a conflict that remains one of the abiding themes of his work. Since it is also an abiding theme of our market-crazed society, the play remains as acid as it was on the day it was first etched into our brains.

The ATC was originally formed by some of Mamet's acting students. It is a theatre with a special feeling for his work. Included in the cast, playing Teach, is William T. Macy, another of the troupe's acting teachers, who played the dysfunctional kid Bobby in an earlier version of the same play. One of the pleasures of a long career in the theater is watching actors evolve gracefully from sons into fathers. (I got the same kick seeing Jason Robards grow from Jamie Tyrone Jr. in *A Long Day's Journey* into the older Jamie in *A Moon for the Misbegotten* and finally into James Tyrone Sr. in a revival of *A Long Day's Journey*.) Macy provides those pleasures here.

Robert Duvall was Teach in the original Broadway production. (Yes, it was a Broadway premiere when Mamet was a relative unknown—can you imagine such a thing today?) Duvall was far more menacing and explosive in the part than Macy, who underlines the character's nervous tension, edginess, and weak nature. Both interpretations are correct. And playing opposite Philip Baker Hall's avuncular Don and Mark Webber's goofy Bobby, Macy achieves an unerring ensemble balance, proving that, in the hands of good actors, there is no such thing as a definitive performance.

Kevin Rigdon has designed a cluttered junkshop of a set for Don's Resale Shop that contains just about every item ever pawned—a detritus of abandoned property. Navigating around this rubble is one of the challenges the director gives to the actors, one they meet with distinction. The other successful challenge, of course, is speaking Mamet's halting music, his obscene poetry, his anatomy of wandering minds, and at the same time pushing along a coherent plot.

The plot concerns the bungled theft of a very expensive coin, with the attendant fallout in paranoid suspiciousness.

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(Quentin Tarantino borrowed a lot from this play for *Reservoir Dogs*.) These three guys are second-rate hoodlums. None of them seems able to complete a simple task. And as the plan falls apart because of incompetence and misunderstanding, Teach grows more wired and suspicious. There is a gun in his pocket. It is a wonder it never goes off. Instead Teach wrecks Don's shop and explodes all over the hapless Bobby, bloodying his ear and sending him to the hospital with a possible concussion. At the end, while Don consoles Bobby for his undeserved pummelling, Teach puts on a paper hat, saying, "I look like a sissy," and leaves, unrepentant over the way he has violated the contract of friendship.

Dinner With Friends (Variety Arts) is a new play by Donald Margulies that is also about a broken contract, this time between a husband and a wife. The play follows two couples—Gabe and Karen, Beth and Tom—during a twelve year period. Over a dinner of red wine, grilled lamb, pumpkin risotto, and polenta (food is the central metaphor of the play), Beth tells her hosts that Tom is leaving her for another woman. Their sex life has been deteriorating and, as Tom later reveals to the same friends, Beth has killed his self-confidence as a man.

What Margulies proceeds to anatomize is the impact of this marital crisis on the other couple. The four friends had spent many happy summers and eaten many gourmet meals together on Martha's Vineyard, and now their relationship has splintered beyond repair. Although there is considerable analysis of character in the play—Tom is a narcissistic lawyer, Beth is a self-involved artist—the playwright is more interested in the fragile nature of marriage. What happens to couples "when practical matters begin to outweigh abandon"? Should people follow their impulses regardless of the children? How do we respond to the need for change without hurting others? Can Gabe's friendship for Tom survive the breakup? Tune in tomorrow.

I don't mean to make the play sound like a soap. Domestic though it is, the plot is more sophisticated than Jack loves Jill and Jill loves Bill and Bill has the hots for Phil. By cutting back and forth in time, Margulies creates a mood of bittersweet nostalgia, touching on an extremely topical subject: the breakdown in sexual relationships. He also writes nice scenes for actors, and, under Daniel Sullivan's smooth direction, Matthew Arkin, Lisa Emery, Carolyn McCormick, and Kevin Kilner (reminding us a lot of his anagrammatic namesake, Kevin Kline) give sprightly performances.

Dinner with Friends appeals to audiences by turning a mirror on those audiences, prosperous baby-boomers in the throes of broken marriages and fractured friendships. Yet Margulies provides no context or explanation for the condition he observes. Since the breakdown seems to occur in a social vacuum, we end up feeling less like engaged participants than like detached voyeurs. Eugene O'Neill gives us characters harrowed by family circumstances, breaking under the weight of a discarded religious inheritance. Arthur Miller gives us characters trapped and floundering in a heartless social mechanism. David Mamet gives us characters molded by a world of avarice and greed. But Donald Margulies just gives us characters, with nothing more at stake than personal satisfaction. ■

Jed Perl on Art

Our Dadaist

While I was looking at a group of drawings in the medium-sized retrospective of Robert Gober's work that is currently at the Hirshhorn, I overheard one college-age visitor say to another: "Is this art, or are these just sketches?" The question seemed to be raised without irritation, in a tone that suggested friendly curiosity; and if Gober is in fact the rather sweet-tempered Dadaist trickster who comes across in this show, I expect he might be glad that somebody was asking. True, Gober has a darker side. His fragmented bodies—particularly a torso, half-male, half-female, that looks like an abandoned sack—will make some people want to avert their eyes. Yet even some of Gober's strongest images suggest a spirit of acceptance, even of equanimity. And in "Robert Gober: Sculpture + Drawing"—which was organized at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and will be at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art next summer—we frequently find the artist in an at-home, quietly amused frame of mind.

Gober's pencil renderings of ordinary stuff—a sink, a drainpipe, a chair—seem to just float there, in the middle of a piece of paper. The drawings have a bluntness that is both charming and belligerent. Gober's doodlings suggest a child's self-absorbed fascination with the products of his own imagination. At the same time, you can't help but know that Gober's naïveté is a carefully calibrated pose. The unplanned look of these sheets may be meant to tell us that the idea of composition is a lot of bunk. Gober is saying: "Art, sketches, it's all the same to me." And when his subject matter turns erotic (in a sheet of penises and vaginas) or kinky (in a drawing of a woman giving birth to a grown man's leg, complete with shoe and sock), he is playing the same self-absorbed fellow, only with his imagination pushed a little farther.

"Robert Gober: Sculpture + Drawing" gives only a partial view of the work of this artist, who was born in 1954 and has been exhibiting regularly since the 1980s. You do get a sense of the scope of his imagery, in sculpture as well as in drawing. The show includes a range of three-dimensional pieces: the shoes and chairs and playpens that are Gober's versions of childhood souvenirs; the legs and torsos made of wax with bits of hair attached that are disquieting, erotic daydreams; and the sinks without drains and the drainpipes that connect to nothing which are said to be his response to the scrambled universe that he and his friends have been forced to confront with the AIDS epidemic.

What visitors who are just getting to know Gober's work will be unable to grasp is the vehemence of his bigger installations, where the overbearing wall-coverings and the rows of sinks and the piles of newspapers ready for recycling can make you feel that you are being pummeled with images that are both overly familiar and annoyingly enigmatic. A couple of years ago, in an installation that he did at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, Gober provoked a protest from the city's archdiocese when he stuck a drainpipe through a statue of the Virgin Mary. That wasn't all there was to the MOCA installation, where Gober spun some delicate effects with water seen through a grate beneath the Virgin's feet. But essentially the installation was plodding, calculated, inert.

Gober's installations annoy me. They look to me like nothing more than a new generation of art-school-based protest art.

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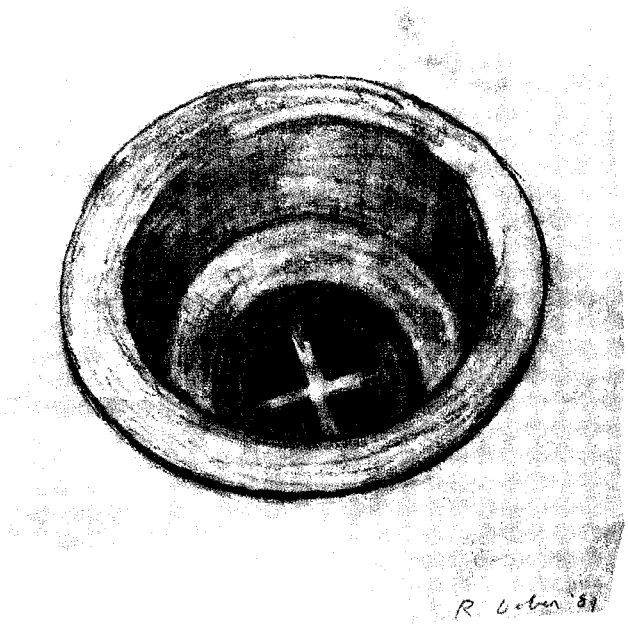
You feel the thumping anger, but you cannot necessarily say what the artist is angry about. The message is muffled by the teasing, laconic packaging. Apparently Gober is not so pissed off—about the Catholic church, or about the medical profession's initially slow response to AIDS—that he lacks the presence of mind to give his images an overlay of ambiguity and studied disengagement. In the Hirshhorn retrospective, however, Gober's teasing inventiveness feels more rooted, more like a way of coping with the world. At the Hirshhorn you get to know a man who seems both easygoing and determined, gentle but with sharp edges, too. The experience is more like spending a couple of hours with a person than it is like going to an art exhibition, but perhaps this is what Gober wants.

ALTHOUGH I AM not convinced that Gober's work has much more impact than a sneeze, I can feel the pleasure in the sneeze, and I believe that there is some kind of art involved in his being able to make me feel this. Gober comes closer than any other contemporary artist to rekindling the original spirit of the Dadaists; I suppose that a sneeze comes to mind when I think of Gober's work because his bizarre inventions remind me in some general way of Marcel Duchamp's object, *Why Not Sneeze?*, from 1921, a small metal cage filled with marble cubes. In the last fifty years, smart-alecky Dadaist gestures have become such a standard art-world marketing strategy that it can be a pleasant shock to come upon an artist such as Gober who occasionally dreams up weird stuff that really is weird.

In interviews, Gober seems to distance his work from Dada; he wants to be seen as a great man, an original. There is a limit to what I can expect from the work of an artist who shows such a lack of interest in creating a complex formal logic. What I do see in Gober, though, is some of the narcissistic inventiveness of Hugo Ball, Tristan Tzara, and the rest of the gang whose adventures began at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich in 1916.

The Dadaists stood in front of the audience at the Cabaret Voltaire and made nonsense sounds; they howled, they carried on. They were thumbing their noses at the world, but they were mostly doing it to amuse themselves. They were not so much against the establishment as they were looking out for number one. Gide, who had a measured sympathy for what he called their "venture of negation," reported that Tzara was said to be "charming." I think Gide was suggesting that there is a peculiar kind of coziness to Dadaism; and I feel this in much of Gober's work.

In Hugo Ball's remarkable diary of those years, *Flight Out of Time*, the artist is urged to "make your own existence the subject of energetic experiments." When he says that a Dadaist "cultivates the curiosity of one who feels joy even at the most questionable forms of rebellion," you feel that it is the curiosity and not the rebellion that really counts; and the curiosity is there in Gober's work. There is a lightness—a sense of pleasure and play—to the shocks in his drawings and his sculptures. In one interview Gober has said, "My dad worked in a factory; I want to entertain myself." In describing this generational divide, Gober gives a political edge to the pleasure principle.



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Robert Gober, "Untitled," 1989

Dadaism is self-reflexive, adolescent in its intense, angry, grand self-absorption, and sometimes almost pre-adolescent in its abstracted fascination with play. There is no mystery as to why the Dadaists' vague affinity with progressive ideas was so often met with skepticism by those who were actually on the Left. Dadaism was more personal than political, so that even Ball's return in 1920 to Catholicism (which has its own forms of self-absorption) made a certain kind of sense. For artists such as Picasso and Gide, who stood apart from Dada but were not uninterested in it, this view of the artist as a "childlike, Don Quixotic being" (Ball's words) may have looked like an extreme expression of the feeling that any artist has while at work.

Ball was fascinated by tattooing, which he saw as representing a kind of ultimate personalizing of art; and this puts me in mind of the buttocks tattooed with musical phrases that are an element in Gober's art. Ball also imagines poets inscribing "their poems ... into their own flesh," which he relates to "the original idea of publication as a form of self-exposure." A Dadaist object is a cartoon of a work of art. These are ultimate personal gestures, with none of the more-than-personal shape that gives a painting or a poem its largeness. So it is no wonder that callowness was the Dadaist's undoing.

Except, that is, in the work of Jean Arp, who found ways to channel this caricatured view of the catalyzing power of the imagination into a large formal achievement. This season, New York, a city where no Dadaist gesture, no matter how neo or pseudo, is ever in danger of going unsung, has been host to several remarkable exhibitions of work by Arp, who might be said to be the Dadaist who got away. He is the White Angel of Dadaism—its vindicating spirit. I do not know a single person who was not enchanted by his work in "Earthly Forms," a magnificent show at PaceWildenstein in March that brought works by Arp together with those by the younger Calder and the still younger Noguchi. And two rooms are devoted to Arp in "Making Choices," the second installment of the Museum of Modern Art's three-part, seventeen-month overview of its collections. This group of works is arranged around a rubric from Duchamp, who said "Art is Arp," acknowledging, perhaps, that he was not. Arp couldn't help himself. His compositions arranged according to that beautiful paradox that he described as the law of chance—all those bits of wood or paper, exquisitely wrought, then just dropped here and there, but dropped from *his* hand—take the old absurdist plot and give it a surprise sublime ending. Arp, one of the twentieth century's essential classicists, saw that the studio which was a playroom was also a dreamscape, and that he could retreat from the nonsense sounds of the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich to the primordial shapes of Cycladic Greece.

Classicism, which claims to get at the essence of things, can sometimes seem like an absurdist pursuit; and this is something that Arp understood. He knew that the most dazzlingly inevitable abstract shape would as often as not be a sexual double entendre, and he could not have put over the outrageousness of all his

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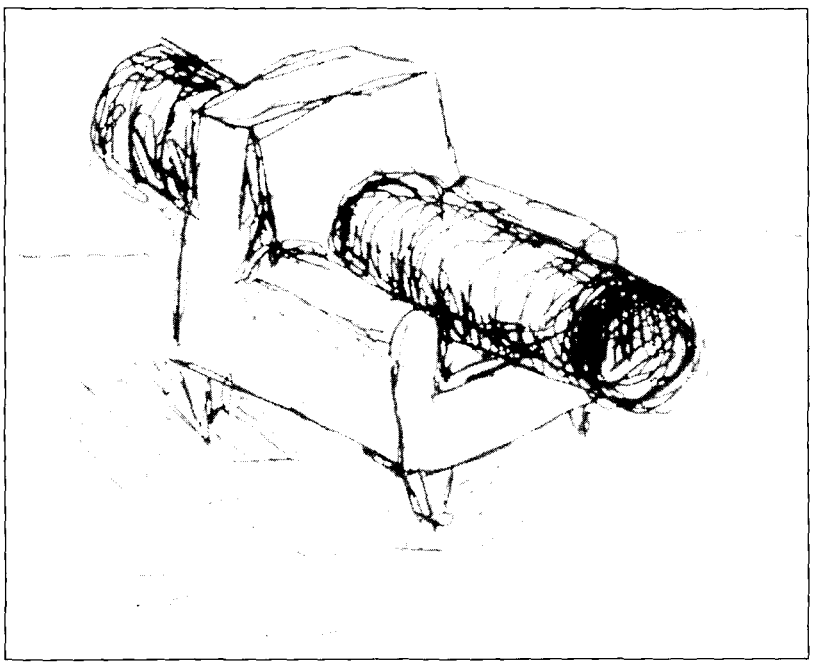
penis- and vagina- and breast-forms with such twinkling elegance if he had not been an unregenerate veteran of Dada's glory days. For Arp, Dadaist impudence was the key to an unembarrassed formalist's imagination.

For most Dadaists, however, impudence was—and remains—the only possible public avowal. Form is not so much a language as it is a howl, a grunt, a sneeze—the nonsense noises that Ball, Arp, and their pals offered at the Cabaret Voltaire. At the core of Dadaism there is an autoerotic element. The artists are mooning over their own fantasies; they are transfixed by their own cockeyed visions. When you look at a Dadaist creation, you are always a voyeur. To speak of Meret Oppenheim's *Fur-Covered Cup, Saucer and Spoon* as a work with a formal logic would be absurd. This object, which dates from 1936 and exemplifies the continuing Dadaist strain in Surrealism, is no more than a one-liner. But what a one-liner it is.

This is art without development or resolution. *The Fur-Covered Cup* is a bizarre effrontery with miraculous staying power. Meret Oppenheim comes to mind at the Hirshhorn retrospective because Gober's work sometimes achieves a related kind of oddball inevitability. The most succinctly peculiar of his works is probably the *X Playpen* from 1987, a rendition of that ubiquitous piece of childhood furniture, only with two of the four sides crisscrossed, so that there is hardly any room left for a child to play, just two cramped, triangular, non-contiguous little areas. The *X Playpen* is a three-dimensional logo for a screwed-up childhood. A thousand stories are condensed in that one image; once you have seen it, you won't forget it. And there are a couple of other works in the Hirshhorn show that have that kind of in-your-face power. I would single out especially *Untitled Candle*. This candle has a rectangular base, also made of wax, out of which sprout tiny hairs. Here Gober is giving an extra little shove to the most obvious phallic analogy. By adding those bits of hair, Gober seems to undress the candle. The effect is like some kind of primal discovery of sexuality. *Untitled Candle* is banal yet fantastical. Its effect is discombobulating.

Meret Oppenheim invented one totemic image. Gober may have created a couple of them, which is in itself an achievement. Too often, though, his attempts to fix a startling impression get bogged down in his over-elaborated execution. In an interview, Gober explains how he came to do a series of sculptures of legs. "I was in this tiny little plane sitting next to this handsome businessman, and his trousers were pulled above his socks, and I was transfixed in this moment by his leg." This story may come as a bit of a surprise to people who know Gober's sculptures of legs and feet, which are made of wax and hair and cloth and leather shoes, because the literalness of the construction trumps any erotic magic. These works have the studied banality of an avant-garde version of a display at Madame Tussaud's. Gober seems to have lost track of his erotic day-



Robert Gober, "Untitled," 1994

dream. He is just recycling Pop Art ideas as he slices off what amounts to a piece of one of Duane Hanson's figures.

At his best, Gober achieves an inscrutable directness. I would not want to live with one of his drawings, but I respect the nerdy concentration of this man who is preoccupied with a small repertory of cartoony images. As he draws one big old kitchen sink after another in the middle of his small sheets of paper, he is Mr. Neo-Dada building his dream house. There are something like a hundred drawings in the Hirshhorn show, and their abundance suggests that Gober has never drawn a line that he did not love. This is a man who can't think of anything more interesting than watching himself noodling around with a pencil.

Gober's self-infatuation has a certain fascination. Near the beginnning of the retrospective, we are invited to sit down and study the unfolding images of Gober's *Slides of a Changing Painting*. On a screen we watch as painted images fade into one another; they range from layers of brushstrokes, to crudely delineated trees, to rural landscapes, to a male torso, to a piece of pipe. In 1982 and 1983, Gober painted and repainted the same eleven- by fourteen-inch board, photographing each stage, so that what we are now seeing is a slide show of a gallery of paintings that do not exist. The result is a record of Gober's passing fancies, which doubles as a kind of encyclopedia of motifs—torsos, pipes, forests—many of which he has been reworking ever since.

Gober's attitude sometimes brings to mind the intentness of a child who will draw pictures of the same house or figure or landscape, time and again. Going through the Hirshhorn show, I began to feel that Gober wanted to be cossetted by his own oddball achievements. In this respect, he recalls Duchamp, the master Dadaist who spent much of his life mulling over his earlier work. Gober has himself invited the connection to Duchamp by exhibiting urinals and, more frequently, sinks. Duchamp and Gober are insistent recyclers of their own motifs; and both have been involved in arranging and installing exhibitions of their own and other people's work.

They are fascinated with their slenderest imaginings. When Gober produced a wax torso in the 1990s, it was an homage to the painted torso that you see in *Slides of a Changing Painting*, much as Duchamp, for his *Box in a Valise*, created pint-size versions of the Readymades of earlier decades. There is something louche about this Dadaist pedantry. Duchamp and Gober polish their vanity to the point where it acquires an erotic shimmer. Their works are monuments of self-regard. These artists heroicize each passing fancy. When Gober makes a drainpipe out of silver-plated bronze, he seems to be grooming his own thoughts.

At the Hirshhorn, Gober's outrageousness is mingled with circumspection. He offers small, piquant effects. He has a sense of humor, a touch of grace. I felt the urge to come closer, to see exactly what was going on. Yet Gober is not really

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satisfied with this kind of sneaky-creepy impact. I can accept the quirky preciosity of a prison window with a glimpse of sky that is set in a gallery wall as if it were a fragment of ancient architecture, but I think that one prison window is enough. When Gober turns his attention to room-sized installations, as he has more and more in the past decade, he aims to give his frissons an enveloping visual power, and the results are overblown.

GOBER'S LARGER WORKS are examples of routinized Dadaism. Speaking of one of his best-known installations, executed at the Dia Center for the Arts in 1992, Gober says: "I wanted the feeling of the show to be positive and mature." For an artist whose forte is the at-an-angle and the beguilingly adolescent, this is tantamount to saying "I didn't want to be myself." The Dia installation was an absurdist behemoth, with a wraparound forest rendered in a paint-by-numbers style, prison windows above, rows of sinks below, and below that piles of bundled newspapers with headlines that focus on homophobia in high places.

In his big installations, Gober bears down on us in a way that is untrue to his essentially laconic spirit. One of the interesting things about Gober, who is a Dadaist for our time, is that when he comes up with pithy images like *X Playpen* or *Untitled Candle*, we feel none of the slap-in-your-face impact of Duchamp's urinal or Oppenheim's *Fur-Covered Cup*. I think that the difference has everything to do with the hundred years that now separate us from the Victorians. There is a casual feeling about Gober's approach to erotic material. He takes it for granted that things that go on in the dining room may bring the bedroom to mind.

Sexuality has no whiff of scandal or voyeurism in Gober's work—as it still did, for example, in Warhol's work. The glimpses of male flesh in Gober's sculpture do not suggest men who spend their lives in the gym; Gober will present a relatively attractive yet by no means extraordinary body as an erotic icon. The delicate grazing of little hairs that Gober often works into these wax fragments may startle at first, but ultimately there is a pleasing ordinariness to the image. And when Gober dreams up a torso that is half-male, half-female, he is not creating a Freudian freak so much as he is saying that we are all basically the same, that too much can be made of male-female differences.

True, there is a nightmare dimension to Gober's inoperable sinks and fragmented bodies, which suggest how remote the natural order can feel to an artist who has come of age as many of his friends were being cut down by AIDS. But even Gober's nightmares are more often than not presented in the clear light of day. Gober acknowledges that he is living in a time when different kinds of sexuality and different ways of acting in the world are more and more widely discussed and accepted. He has said that he finds the Metro section of *The New York Times* "harrowingly entertaining." Among Gober's works are some cunningly altered newspapers. What at first looks like a page of marriage announcements turns out to include, among the items on heterosexual couples, a story about a child named Robert Gober drowning in a backyard pool. On one level, Gober is rejecting the comfortable social equations, as he is when he remakes a Saks Fifth Avenue ad for a wedding dress, with himself as the bride. Yet the newspaper collages also suggest that Gober is interested in the wedding couples whose stories are related on those pages. Those announcements are a window on other people's lives. And with gay marriage on the agenda in a number of states, it is easy to see that those pages are going to be changing, too.

Gober creates images of confinement—the *X Playpen*, the prison windows—but the Hirshhorn show leaves the impression of an artist who knows how to amuse himself, who feels free. Gober has let it be known that the forest walls in the Dia Center installation were based on the landscape around his house outside the city, which suggests that his country place is a sliver of paradise. Thinking about Gober's scrambled newspapers and tossed-off drawings, I imagine the artist at home on a weekday morning, maybe having another cup of coffee, going through the *Times*, doing a little sketch, wondering what he will do next. Perhaps he will turn that sketch into a three-dimensional model, then cast it in bronze, after which he might plate it in silver.

Gober's work is about a fantasy of being an artist—a fantasy in which creativity never involves immersing yourself in the overarching logic of a formal language. You just go on, year after year, dreaming up amusing or crazy stuff. As Hugo Ball put it, the artist is childlike, a Don Quixote. This Don Quixote brings a particularly American feeling for spiffy, well-lighted spaces and earnest, four-square effects to his darkest experiences. Gober manages to seem at once weirded-out and laid-back. He comes as close as any American artist ever has to stepping into the shoes of Marcel Duchamp, the ultimate art-world passive-aggressive personality. ■

The Cost of Clarity

By JAMES WOOD

The Human Stain by Philip Roth

(Houghton Mifflin, 368 pp., $26)

IF PHILIP ROTH began his career as a fine realist who combed his distinguished prose in conventional directions, it might be said that he is ending it as a coarse realist who is all bristles. His early work approached character with a sensitive sentimentality; his late work dissolves character in sentimental essayism. He has become a vulgar naturalist of the emotions, a kind of H.G. Wells of the inner life—bludgeoningly explicit, crudely emphatic, always turning the convoy of consciousness into a freight train of emotions, determined to illuminate what might better be crepuscular, to color what might better be gray, to haul into speakability the wordless.

Yet this sensationalist of the soul is also an extraordinarily intelligent novelist, one of the most intelligent of contemporary writers, and his intelligence complicates, if it does not always refine, his vulgarianism. It almost becomes the sun that burns off his impurities. If there is such a mode as highly intelligent sensationalism, then Philip Roth is now practicing it. His new novel is an example. One cannot think of any contemporary novelist except Roth who would have chanced this story, in which a seventy-one-year-old black professor of classics who has been passing for white is hounded out of his job for a remark taken to be racist and spends his newly free time having oral sex with a woman almost half his age. And one cannot think of any novelist except Roth who could save such a tale from its own rigged extremism, from its political explicitness and bent premises. His intelligence does not quite save *The Human Stain*, but cer-

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tainly makes it grotesquely alive.

NATHAN ZUCKERMAN, ROTH'S aging novelist-narrator, has come to live in seclusion in rural Massachusetts. He meets Professor Coleman Silk, who has recently been chased from his job as a classics professor at nearby Athena College. Coleman's crime was his use of a word to describe two absent students. "Do they exist or are they spooks?," Coleman asks his class. The students, of course, are black. Hell is raised, but Coleman's honest protestations that he was ignorant of the students' race, and had anyway all but forgotten that the word had derogatory connotations, are useless. As a former dean of the faculty, Coleman Silk has made enemies, and suddenly finds that he has no important friends. His Torquemada is the current dean, a French literary theorist named Delphine Roux, a woman whom Coleman hired when she was twenty-four and just out of her graduate program at Yale.

The sacking drives Coleman into a storm of bitterness, which curdles into grief when his wife of many years dies. His consolation, indeed his salvation, is found in an intensely sexual relationship with one of the college's cleaners, an illiterate thirty-four-year-old divorcée named Faunia Farley. Faunia has suffered a life of abuse, first at the hands of a stepfather and then of a husband; and her two children died in a fire while she was having sex in a car. These two victims, Faunia and Coleman, find a savage bond in their mutual unhappiness and sexual hunger. But when Coleman's torturers at Athena hear of the affair, their opinion of the despised professor is only confirmed. Delphine Roux sends him an anonymous note which reads: "Everyone knows you're sexually exploiting an abused, illiterate woman half your age."

When Zuckerman first meets Coleman, two years have passed since the Athena episode. It is the summer of 1998, and the news of Bill Clinton's sexual adventures are everywhere in America. As Zuckerman (or Roth: it is the same old game) heatedly puts it:

> It was the summer in America when the nausea returned . . . when the moral obligation to explain to one's children about adult life was abrogated in favor of maintaining in them every illusion about adult life, when the smallness of people was simply crushing, when some kind of demon had been unleashed in the nation . . . I myself dreamed of a mammoth banner, draped dadaistically like a Christo wrapping from one end of the White House to the other and bearing the legend A HUMAN BEING LIVES

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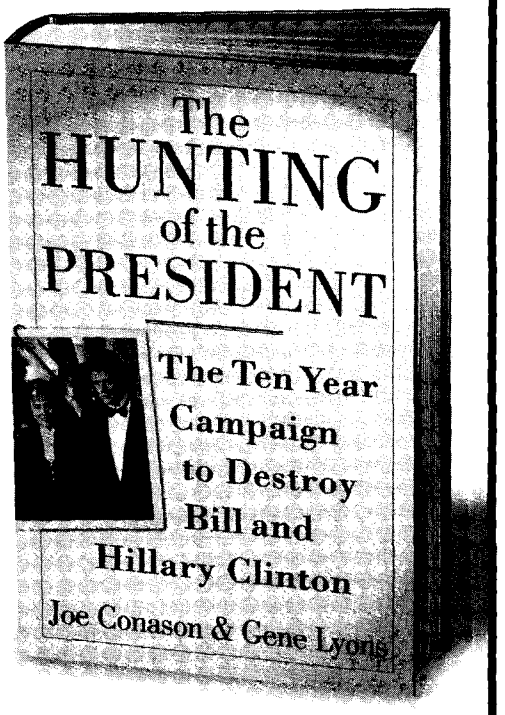

THOMAS DUNNE BOOKS St. Martin's Press

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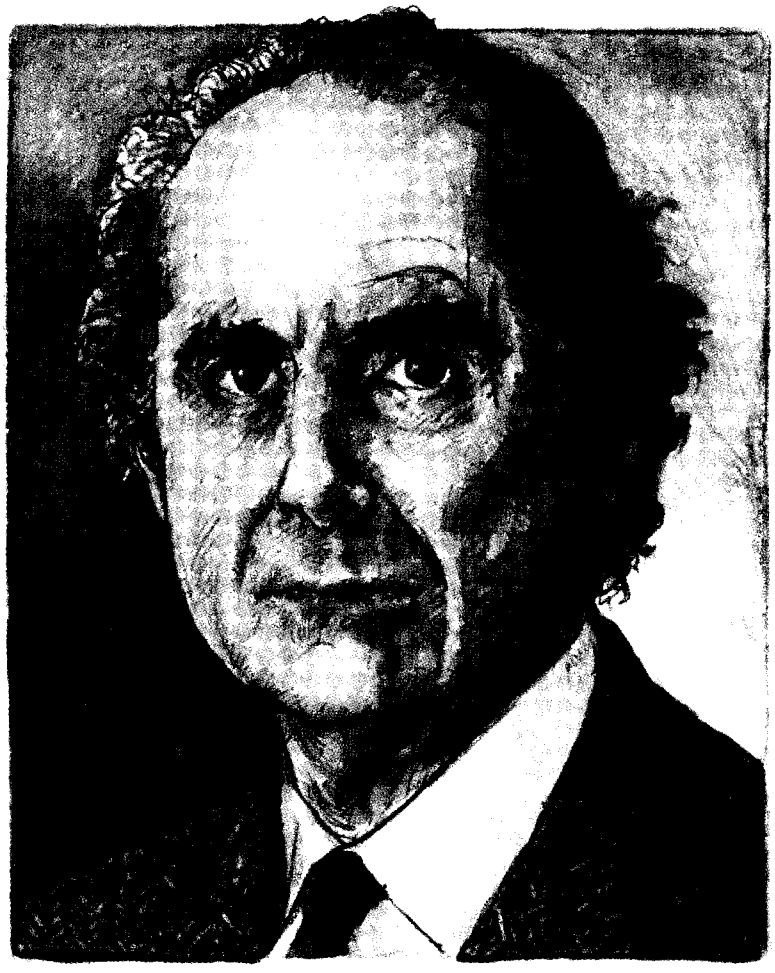
HERE. It was the summer when—for the billionth time—the jumble, the mayhem, the mess proved itself more subtle than this one's ideology and that one's morality. It was the summer when a president's penis was on everyone's mind, and life, in all its shameless impurity, once again confounded America.

Zuckerman delivers this homily on the third page of the novel, and it announces the book's theme: the apparent triumph of ideology over human mess or jumble or mayhem (Athena College over Coleman Silk, Congress over President Clinton), followed by the real triumph of human mess or jumble or mayhem over ideology. The real triumph is seen to occur, is enacted, in Zuckerman's storytelling, in this novel itself: the book's reasonable presumption is that as soon as we acquaint ourselves with the actual mess of life, then ideology and morality will wither away, like a vampire at dawn. To spend time, even novelistic time, with the human stain is ourselves to be stained by it, and to turn angrily on the clean linen of ideology, and see its righteousness for what it is. Ideology is inexperience, really; and experience is the stain.

There is nothing wrong with this premise for a novelist. Indeed, it seems fair and right, the only possible literary direction. But since it is a novelistic premise—Roth invites us, in effect, to read the story of a human mess—it requires a novelistic enactment. It requires the novelizing of human mess and jumble and mayhem so that we might finish the novel confounded by the messy stories that themselves confound ideology's simple hygiene. And this is where Roth is most vulnerable. For his sermon that life is all unknowable mess and stain has become the promotion of a message rather than its dramatization.

Roth is telling us too often about how confounding life is. When Nathan first sees Coleman's shirtless torso, he spots a small tattoo and expatiates on the unexpectedness: "A tiny symbol, if one were needed, of all the million circumstances of the other fellow's life, of that blizzard of details that constitute the confusion of a human biography—a tiny symbol to remind me why our understanding of people must always be at best slightly wrong." This is Nathan Zuckerman's anthem, of late. In *American Pastoral*, a very powerful novel, he discovered that an old childhood friend had not had the gilded life he had assumed for him. 'The fact remains," he tells the reader, "that getting people right is not what living is all about anyway. It's getting them wrong that is living, getting them wrong and wrong and wrong. That's how we know we're alive: we're wrong." Later in *The Human Stain*, Zuckerman replies in his head to Delphine Roux's note, with its charge that "everyone knows." It is a good, boiling, Rothian rant:

> Because we don't know, do we? *Everyone knows*.... How what happens the way it does? What underlies the anarchy of the train of events, the uncertainties, the mishaps, the disunity, the shocking irregularities that define human affairs? *Nobody* knows, Professor Roux. 'Everyone knows' is the invocation of the cliché and the beginning of the banalization of experience, and it's the solemnity and the sense of authority that people have in voicing the cliché that's so insufferable. What we know is that, in an unclichéd way, nobody knows anything. You *can't* know anything. The things you *know* you don't know. Intention? Motive? Consequence? Meaning? All that we don't know is astonishing. Even more astonishing is what passes for knowing.



Philip Roth by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

And again, as the book closes, Nathan announces: "There is truth and then again there is truth. For all that the world is full of people who go around believing they've got you or your neighbor figured out, there really is no bottom to what is not known. The truth about us is endless. As are the lies. Caught between, I thought."

The dangers of this hectoring are obvious. If we are only being *told*, again and again, how messy things are, we will not really experience it, and the desired vanquishing-of-ideology-via-the-experience-of-the-novel will not occur. Further, if the messiness of things is repeatedly compacted into a lecture, things will not seem messy; instead the lecture will start to seem too neat, too clean, too unmessy. If "everyone knows" is the "invocation of cliché," then "nobody knows"—and especially, "*nobody* knows," with those leaning Rothian italics—may represent no less of a cliché, rather than the beginning of wisdom. At such a point, the messiness that Roth so fervently believes in may become a dogma—even an ideology. And then the novel may merely position two angry ideologies—everybody knows and nobody knows—at each end, and let them shout themselves hoarse.

This very nearly happens in *The Human Stain*. The mayhem and the jumble of which Zuckerman speaks are inscribed not only in what we see of Coleman's lusty relationship with Faunia, but more centrally in the revelation of Coleman's great secret, that he is black and has been passing for a Jew for most of his adult life. In a long, moving second chapter, Roth narrates the story of Coleman's dissembling. We begin with his childhood in East Orange, New Jersey. The light-skinned Silks were the only black

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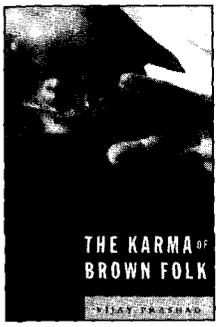
cutting EDGE

The Karma of Brown Folk

VIJAY PRASHAD



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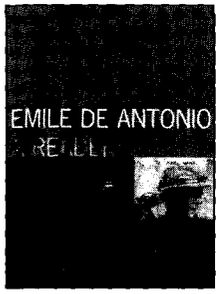

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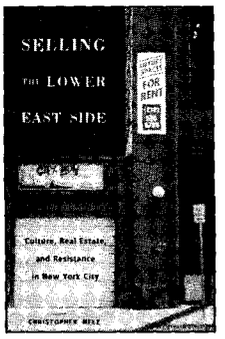

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family in the street. Coleman's father, a saloon-keeper, was a stern, upright man who guarded the standards and the language of his intelligent children. Coleman grew up extraordinarily free of any sense of race. It was only when he arrived at Howard University—his father's choice—that he discovered that he had already been defined by society.

An encounter at Woolworth's, in which he is refused a hot dog and called a nigger, sours his mind, and he determines to escape the tyranny of definitions. As Coleman remembers it, at the age of seventy-one:

> He saw the fate awaiting him, and he wasn't having it. Grasped it intuitively and recoiled spontaneously. You can't let the big they impose its bigotry on you any more than you can let the little they become a we and impose its ethics on you. Not the tyranny of the we and its we-talk and everything that the we wants to pile on your head. Never for him the tyranny of the we that is dying to suck you in, the coercive, inclusive, historical, inescapable moral *we*, with its insidious *E pluribus unum*. Neither the they of Woolworth's nor the we of Howard. Instead the raw I with all its agility. *Self*-discovery.... Singularity. The passionate struggle for singularity. The singular animal. The sliding relationship with everything. Not static but sliding. Self-knowledge but *concealed*. What is as powerful as that?

And so Coleman embarks on his impersonation of a Jewish academic, quitting Howard and enrolling at NYU. He keeps his secret even from his wife and children. Naturally, when Delphine Roux and the priests of piety attack him, they have no idea of a secret that Zuckerman only discovers after Coleman's death.

Roth is more convincing and more affecting when describing Coleman's secret swerve from his origins than when laying out the terms of his battle with the political correctors. And, in turn, he is more convincing and affecting when describing the ordinary fallible human selfishness of Coleman's decision to pass as white—the actual messiness of it—than when offering us lessons on the importance of Coleman's bold struggle against the tyranny of race. Insofar as we see that Coleman's impersonation of a Jew has about it elements of opportunism and weakness, our sympathy is stirred, and Coleman lives a little on the page. But as soon as we feel that Coleman's hidden blackness is a novelist's trick, that it is Roth's attempt to rig the argument in favor of Coleman against the politically correct inquisitors, Coleman dies on the page, and the novel loses luster.

For isn't the premise, in the end, something of a trick? The "racist" professor is not only not racist, but black to boot! And he is not only a victim of the purists of Athena College, but a kind of victim of the purists of race. Coleman is the American individualist, who knows that "you can't let the big they impose its bigotry on you any more than you can let the little they become a we and impose its ethics on you." In this way, Delphine Roux and the white redneck at Woolworth's, though separated by forty years, are ideological mates. Silk seems to think this. Does Roth? Certainly the premises of the novel are in agreement with Silk, and Roth allows the novel to confirm Silk's sense of himself at its end, when a black professor eulogizes him at his funeral, thus: "an American individualist who did not think that the weightiest things in life were the rules, an American individualist who refused to leave unexamined the orthodoxies of the customary and the established truth, an American individualist who did not always live in compliance with majority standards of decorum and taste—an American individualist *par excellence*...."

The black professor, who of course thinks that Coleman was a Jew, is praising Coleman only for his lonely struggle against the conformities of Athena College. If the professor had known that Coleman were black and had lied about it, he would probably not be standing at Coleman's funeral saying such things. Roth wants us to relish this irony. Yet he also wants us, I think, to conjoin Coleman's battle with Athena and his battle with race, and see in both "an American individualist" who has been done in by "the rules" and "the orthodoxies of the customary."

Yet difficulties crowd in on this conclusion. These are very different tyrannies, in very different epochs, and it seems a mistake to write them all into the same plaint. The tyranny of race is large; the despotism of Delphine Roux is small. And do either of these abuses have anything to do with "the rules" broken by Bill Clinton? Roth would like to aerate his novel somewhat, and blend Silk's struggles with the president's. While it might be true that Coleman defied "the orthodoxies of the customary," is it not the case that the president's behavior with Monica Lewinsky was entirely, depressingly orthodox? Though the Starr report cannot be cherished for much, it at least exposed the piddling banalities of the affair, the clichés and customary lies. It is very hard to make a case for the individualism of Monica Lewinsky's powerful lover.

But the more important objection to the picture we are offered of Coleman has to do with the the vandalism that it does to the novel itself. The more Roth praises and pities his protagonist, alternately seeing him as a victim and an individualist, the more fixed, the more foreclosed the book seems. This is what I mean by referring to this novel's story as a form of rigged extremism. The novel seems too confirming of Coleman's victimhood, as if the questions that the novel raises had been answered before the novel began, and answered *by the very story that the novel tells*. That is the definition of a parable: a tale whose form is the answer to its own questions. But a parable is in many ways the opposite of a novel. A parable cannot finally tolerate or explore a mess and a jumble. The parabolic form tampers with proper novelistic delicacy, with the sense that genuine surprise might confront and contradict our expectations.

How much stronger this novel might be as a novel, as a drama, if Coleman *were* merely a Jewish professor, even a rather bigoted and racist one. Or if Coleman's decision to hide his true race were shown to be itself somewhat racist, somewhat self-hating. In both cases, one feels, the novelist would have real work to do, and the battle between Delphine Roux and Coleman Silk would be a novelistically equal one. Imagine the novelistic task of showing that an unpleasant old racist, an aging bigot, had become the victim of political correctness, and was a rule-defying American individualist. Bigotry as the purest American individualism! That would be a novel to savor.

Of course, Roth has already written it. It is *Sabbath's Theater*, the story of an unsavory nihilist (sexist, racist, brutalist) whose battle-cry is "fuck the laudable ideologies." Mickey Sabbath is an enthralling creation, in part because, in order to make a convincing case for him, Roth has to animate Sabbath. Sabbath has to live on the page, or the novel would be only repulsive. Coleman, by contrast, is too easy for Roth, since he is clearly something of an American hero to Roth: an aging, sexed-up, virile academic who has defied the rules and has been punished for it.

What was powerful about Mickey Sabbath is that he was entirely his own victim, so that his self-pity had a curious dramatic power, and as a character he had true freedom. The novel, as it were, did not agree with his own self-assessment, which made it more powerful. The reader provided the sympathy for Sabbath that the novel did not always give. Coleman Silk, by contrast, is the victim of others, and he is the novel's pet case. This novel is in too great an agreement with him, and the reader, sensing a "palpable design" on himself, feels inclined to withhold somewhat his sym-

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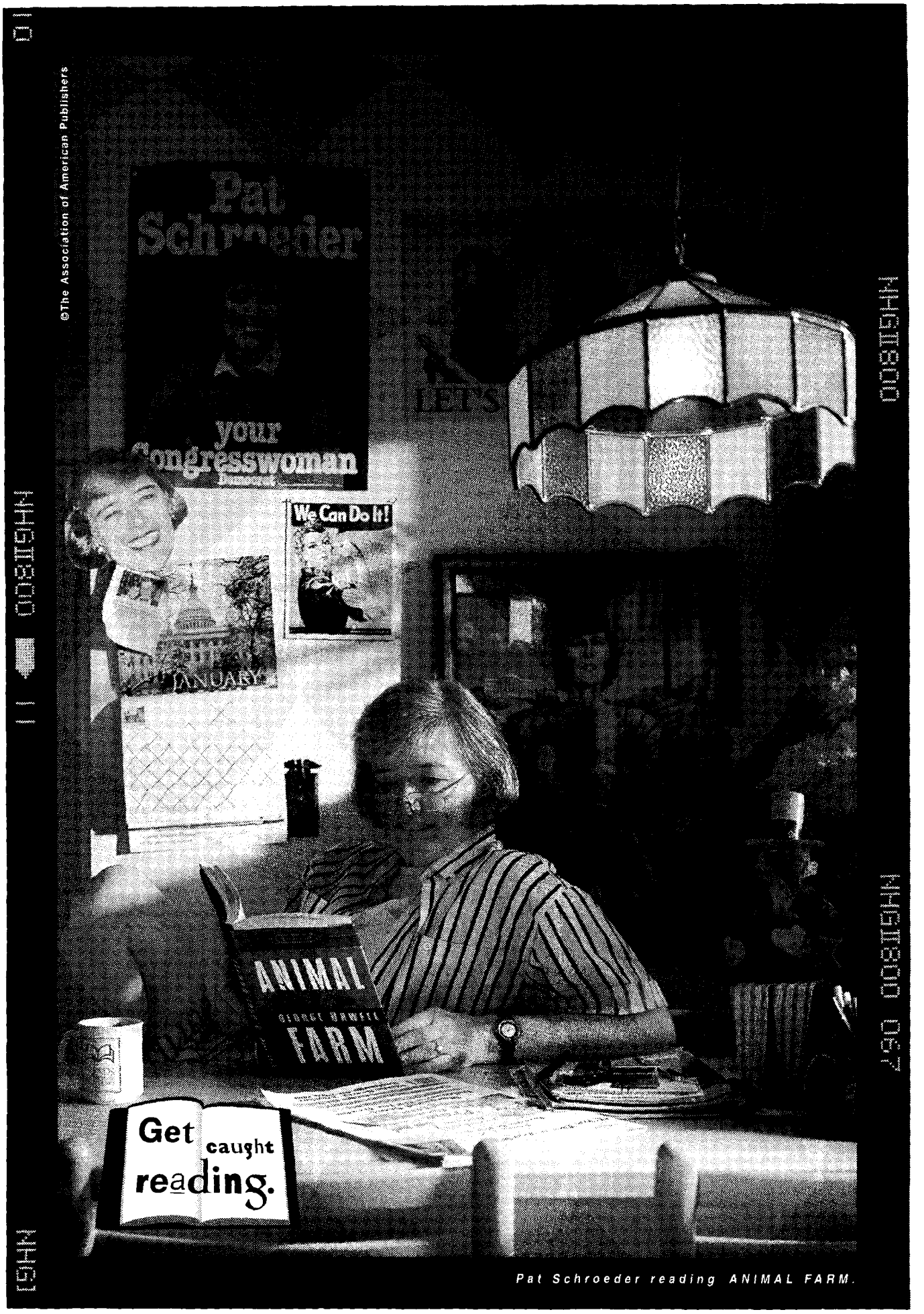

Pat Schroeder reading ANIMAL FARM.

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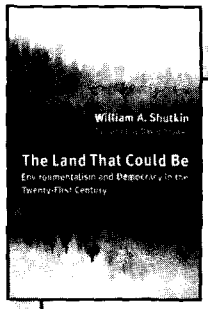

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foreword by David Brower

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pathy from such a pampered prisoner.

It is hard for Roth to convince us of the unideological messiness of Coleman's life when the reader feels, in protest, that too many of the details of that life have been neatly chosen by Roth to make a case. For *The Human Stain* is an immensely paradoxical work, not least in that it is messy without being free. Roth certainly provides his characters with full and lively histories; he is such a vivid, intelligent, lucid writer that he hardly ever fails at the rudiments that fell lesser novelists. His creations simmer nicely in the broth of the atmospheres with which he furnishes them.

Roth's historical and biographical details are not merely piped in from his historical sources, they are also channeled into genuine currents of life. Coleman, for instance, is not merely an exercise in writing, as he might be in countless other books. The reader comes very close to experiencing his childhood, and very close to tasting the complexity of his decision to hide his color. Similarly, Roth does not leave Roux as nothing more than a bloodless enforcer of the impeccable. In a wonderful passage, he fills in a more complicated reality, a messier reality, in which Delphine admits to herself that some of her rectitude, and a good deal of her Yale-fed jargon, are not native to her Parisian sensuality, but American additions, found to be useful in the academic market.

Still, the reader is not allowed to get *quite* close enough to the potential mess of these realities, and the reason is that none of Roth's characters in this book is ever freed from the writer's controlling and fiercely comprehending grasp. None is quite free, and thus none is quite a reality. To begin with, all without exception sound like each other, and all sound like Roth (or Zuckerman). All of them engage in exactly the same kind of boiling monologue, whether speaking aloud or internally: the same beseeching italics, the same dunning repetitions, the same one-word sentences. One quickly wearies of a prose that is always yammering or orating like this, that is always going into cardiac arrest. The horror of a prose like this. The idiocy. The imprisonment. The imprisonment that is also the idiocy! The great scandal of a prose like this! The great fucking scandal of it! How it seems *careless*. How it may in fact be the utmost carefulness. But still a form of *condescension*, really. Because we must be stupid if we need to be told everything so *explicitly*.

The effect is that of a novel without internal borders; everyone partakes of everyone else's reality. The novel thus becomes a single, undifferentiated canton of anger, in which, very strangely, each character is shouting at his own soul in exactly the same way. (*Sabbath's Theater* bypassed this basic Rothian deficiency by dispensing with other characters, and sharpening itself around the whetted blade of its protagonist.)

Here, for instance, is Coleman, reflecting on the freedom he felt once his father was dead, and the freedom of his great secret: "Free on a scale unimaginable to his father. As free as his father had been unfree. Free now not only of his father but of all that his father had ever had to endure. The impositions. The humiliations. The obstructions. The wounds and the pain and the posturing and the shame—all the inward agonies of failure and defeat. Free instead on the big stage. Free to go ahead and be stupendous." This curious self-chorus, so thirsty for an irrigating comma, is boring to read.

One also feels it might go on forever. Why not a thousand more sentences beginning with the word "free"? It is a piece of tape spliced from a larger, possibly endless reel. That it might never end tells us that it has no *literary* form; the only form that it has is the open-ended and reiterative form of anger. Coleman is exultant at this moment, but his mode of expression—its repetitions, its orphaned one-word sentences, its vascular pressure—has the form of anger, which is the form of almost all the prose in this book. And just as, late at night, a domestic argument can lazily yet bitterly carry on for hours without any obvious formal stop, so Roth's monologues, whatever the emotion being expressed, have the same roiling limitlessness.

Later in the novel, by comparison, three men are overheard by Coleman talking about Clinton and Lewinsky. They are supposed to be professors at Athena, but again they sound like Coleman, who sounds like Roth: "She's part of that dopey culture. Yap, yap, yap. Part of this generation that is proud of its shallowness. The sincere performance is everything. Sincere and empty. Totally empty. The sincerity that goes in all directions. The sincerity that is worse than falseness, and the innocence that is worse than corruption. All the rapacity hidden under the sincerity." And later still, Faunia Farley, in a highly improbable monologue, tells Coleman what a victim he is, and confirms the novel's over-generous vision of its hero. Faunia, of course, also sounds like Philip Roth.

> You didn't deserve that hand, Coleman. That's what I see. I see that you're furious. And that's the way it's going to end. As a furious old man. And it shouldn't have been. That's what I see: your fury. I see the anger and the shame. I see that you understand as an old man what time is.

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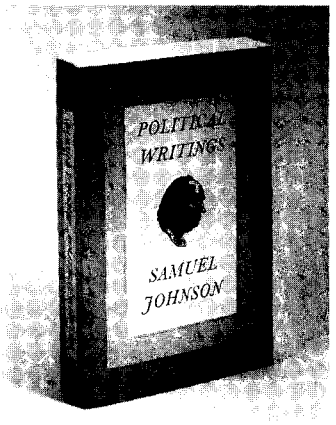

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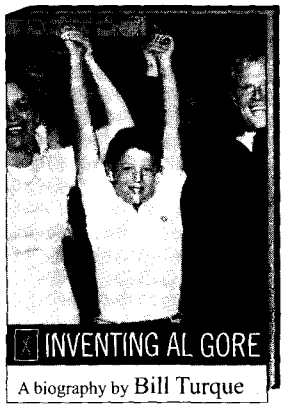

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> You don't understand that till near the end. But now you do. And it's frightening. Because you can't do it again. You can't be twenty again. It's not going to come back. And this is how it ended. And what's worse even than the dying, what's worse even than the being dead, are the fucking bastards who did this to you. Took it all away from you. I see that in you, Coleman. I see it because it's something I know about. The fucking bastards who changed everything within the blink of an eye. Took your life and threw it away. Took *your* life, and *they* decided they were going to throw it away.... They decide what is garbage, and they decided *you're* garbage. Humiliated and humbled and destroyed a man over an issue everyone knew was bullshit. A pissy little word that meant nothing to them, absolutely nothing at all.

This is certainly "messy." But because none of these characters has his own individual mess, the mess is all the author's, and it comes to function as a chorus, rather than as a series of differently bestowed melodies. And the chorus is rather as if Roth were standing on a street-corner inside a sandwich board that reads: LISTEN TO ME! LIFE IS A BIG SURPRISING MESS. HUMAN BEINGS LIVE HERE.

ROTH'S FICTION IS now a very curious set of vessels. The characters all resemble their maker, yet each is socially differentiated, often densely so. Roth sleeves his characters in thick coverings of social history, taking great care with detail. He is now a kind of positivist in his fiction, anxious to get it right. Sociologically, his creations are intensely distinct: Roth has become an archivist, a kind of brilliant parish historian of Newark and its New Jersey environs. As souls, however, none of these people has enough distinction, and all shout like each other. Their differences with each other are too much a matter of externalities. They are not quite real, as a result; yet, and it is an important proviso, they are never dead either, for each is animated by Roth's own powerful, intelligent vivacity. In this they resemble Céline's characters, perhaps (and Céline is one of Roth's avowed influences), or Lawrence's. Insofar as they have life, the life is syringed from the bleeding writer.

This perhaps explains why Roth's characters are forever reprising the situation of the novel thus far, in long monologues of the kind that Faunia Farley speaks to Coleman. They are reprising the emotional facts of the case; and in the absence of real animation, *this* is their animation. Yet precisely because they lack real animation, they are made to undergo this forced animation, and to shout at us in an impersonation of vividness. They are involved in a kind of picaresque of anger, in which they move from one mind-storm to the next. Yet these *picaros* are really moving in the same place, from foot to foot. They are repeating themselves.

It might be fairly argued that Roth's noisy way with his characters is a legitimate response to the crisis of character in contemporary fiction, a crisis of literary representation. After all, his early work does not suggest that he is incapable of the reality of personalities other than himself. Perhaps such people are the best way for Roth at the moment to write the kind of essayistic fiction that he now writes, while retaining enough reality for the novelistic, the dramatic, to survive? This would link Roth with Beckett and Bernhard, and more generally with the kind of novelist who forcefully *uses* his characters within a philosophical or essayistic medium.

There is some justice to this. With writers such as Beckett and Bernhard, however, the impression offered is that nihilism has corroded the souls of their characters so that they have in effect disappeared from the text. The negative has deformed them out of reality. Roth has powerful reserves of nihilism, as one saw in *Sabbath's Theater*, a book with a large deformation at its center. But *The Human Stain*, like its predecessor, *I Married a Communist*, does not deal in nihilism, or in anything as deep or uncontrollable. Indeed, despite the apparent corrosions of Roth's anger, this novel has an optimism, a sentimentality at its heart—which is that we are gloriously unfathomable, or, as Nathan has it, that "there really is no bottom to what is not known. The truth about us is endless."

Might be something almost complacent about Roth's assertion of the endlessness of human truth? Where Beckett and Bernhard see obscure damage, Roth sees an occluded healthiness, a kind of virility of the soul, that needs only to be uncovered for its bottomless confusions to shine. Roth tells us how bottomless we all are, but he is contradictorily engaged in the creation of characters who are entirely controlled and voiced by Roth, and who thus seem the opposite of bottomless. He never seems to hit a real obstacle to his impressive lucidity. This is a late trap for late Roth: an anger that is in fact a sentimentality, a pessimism that is really an optimism, and a commitment to the bottomlessness of people and situations that is shallower than it wants to be. And running through it all is Roth's grinding, unappeasable intelligence, which in this novel is perhaps too easily appeased. ■

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Uglification

By BERNARD KNOX

Aeschylus: The Oresteia
A new translation by Ted Hughes

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 256 pp., $24)

Euripides: Alcestis
translated and adapted by Ted Hughes

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 128 pp., $20)

I.

IN THE LAST few years of his life—he died in 1998—Ted Hughes produced not only a major work of poetry, his controversial *Birthday Letters*, but also a volume called *Tales from Ovid*, a translation of some of the best-known tales from Ovid's epic *Metamorphoses*. The book was highly praised by many critics, and in the time left to him Hughes turned to the ancient classics again, translating two masterpieces of the ancient Athenian theater, the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus (commissioned by the Royal National Theater for performance in the fall of 1999) and the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

The translation of Ovid deserved much of the praise that it received, but it had some serious defects. For one thing, the twenty-four stories that Hughes selected from Ovid's total of some 250 are presented as separate items, an arrangement that deprives the reader of one of the main pleasures of Ovid's poem: the ingenuity and the wit of his transitions from one story of changed shapes to another. More seriously, there are also portions of Hughes's text that suggest a lack of self-control; speeches and actions that have no basis in the original; and passages that betray a penchant for language of a crudity that is utterly foreign to the elegance of Ovid's style.

Unfortunately, what were occasional aberrations in Hughes's *Tales from Ovid* have become salient features of his method in his versions of the *Oresteia* and the *Alcestis*. These versions, offered in the first case as a "new translation" and in the second as "translated and adapted," are flying false colors. They are not translations at all. They are versions disfigured by the frequent and substantial interpolation of freely invented matter, by the omission of significant passages of the original, by bathetic sentimentalization, and—to borrow a term from a critic's description of a regular feature of Hughes's poetry—by uglification.

To document the last charge first, here is a selection from a long list of words used by Hughes in his *Oresteia* that have no foundation or equivalent in Aeschylus: belch, bowels, cockroaches, dregs, dysentery, embryo, face-eating ants, filth, gangrene, gobbets, goose-pimpled, indigestion, maggots, muck-heap, offal, ordure, putrescence, rats, reek, retching, revolutionary chickens, snooze, spews, spittle, stench, stinking, urine, vomit. Hughes never passes up an opportunity to feature the less elegant of the body's functions; and sometimes this obsession produces strangely puzzling images, as in his wildly exaggerated and interpolated version of the herald's account of the suffering of the Greeks on board ship and before the walls of Troy.

Here is Richmond Lattimore's accurate and sensitive translation:

> Were I to tell you of the hard work done,
> the nights
> exposed, the cramped sea-quarters,
> the foul beds—what part
> of day's disposal did we not cry out loud?
> Ashore, the horror stayed with us
> and grew. We lay
> against the ramparts of our enemies,
> and from
> the sky, and from the ground,
> the meadow dews came out
> to soak our clothes and fill our hair
> with lice.

And here is Hughes's version of exactly the same eight iambic lines of Aeschylus:

> We suffered in the ships, tortured by
> boredom and lice,
> By the stench, sodden with sweat, vomit,
> urine—
> Sleep a cramp of agony, tumbled in
> storms—
> And on land the dog-holes were worse.
> The stench, the rats, the cockroaches,
> worse.
> Filthy with flies and dysentery,
> Crutches raw and bleeding, we dug in
> Under the enemy's wall. We lived there
> Pelted with their ordure,
> Or made our beds in the salt marsh
> With the crabs and mosquitoes.
> Our finger-joints clubbed with
> rheumatism,
> Icy or streaming with fever.
> In every ten men, nine were trembling.

As if the piling on of spurious and unsavory detail were not enough to raise misgivings, there is that mysterious phrase "pelted with their ordure." What does Hughes mean? Did the Trojans perhaps have free-fall toilets perched on the outside of the walls, like those on the north face of the monastery of Simopetra on Mount Athos? Or did the Trojans perhaps come out at night to empty their chamber pots on the Greeks below?

THIS PASSAGE IS typical not only of Hughes's uglification, but also of the unscrupulous and massive interpolation that confronts the reader at every turn. My copy of Hughes's version of the play is marked with pencil lines crossing out foreign matter: there are nine lines on page 1, six lines on page 2, ten lines on page 7, fourteen lines on page 12, eighteen lines on page 13, and so on. At a rough count, a good half of what the reader gets is nothing that Aeschylus ever wrote, but pure Hughes.

And Hughes does not confine himself to adding. He also subtracts. In the splendid opening choral ode of the *Agamemnon*, for example, the old men of Argos, unable to face the horror of Agamemnon's ritual sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia, call on Zeus for help in understanding. They go on to recall the fact that Zeus himself is no stranger to violence, referring allusively to a mythic history well-known to the audience: the reign of the primal god Ouranos, who was overthrown and castrated by his son Kronos, who, fearing that his sons might follow his example, ate them one by one as they issued from the womb of the goddess Rhea—all except Zeus, whom Rhea saved by a trick and who later, with the help of a younger generation of gods, overthrew Kronos and his Titans and established a new and just order.

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This passage is important. It provides a divine parallel to what we shall see on stage on the human level: two acts of violence involving two generations—the murder of Agamemnon by his wife and the murder of Clytemnestra by her son—followed by the establishment of a just order and the end of chaos. This passage is also a difficult problem for the translator. Aeschylus's chorus was singing to an audience that knew the whole strange story; but the overwhelming majority of modern readers does not know it. Lattimore translates accurately, which leaves most readers without a clue to the importance of the passage. Robert Fagles, using a metrical pattern that resembles the Greek original, tries to provide more background without naming names:

He who was so mighty once,
storming for the wars
of heaven,
he has had his day.

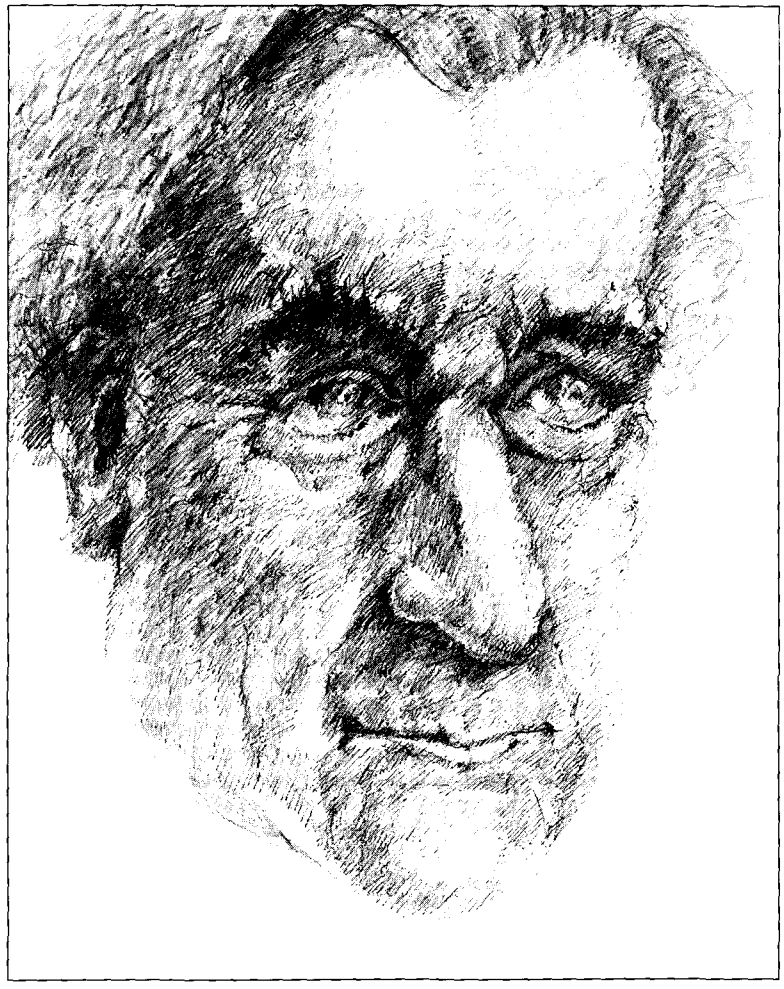
And then his son who
came to power
met his match in the
third fall
and he is gone. Zeus, Zeus—

raise your songs and call him
Zeus the Victor!
You will reach the truth.

This hardly answers all the untutored reader's questions, but it does at least establish the vital core: the pattern of repetitive violence ending in settlement. But Hughes makes no attempt at all; he simply omits the whole passage, thus destroying another of the many thematic links that bind the three plays into a majestic unity. For in the last play, the *Eumenides*, the Furies cite Zeus's overthrow of his father to counter—and to counter effectively—Apollo's argument that Zeus stands as champion of the father's right against the mother's.

Hughes's *Eumenides* provides an even more damaging omission that shows an intent on his part to censor what he presumably feels is a moral failing on the part of Aeschylus. In the speech in which Athena tries to conciliate the defeated and vengeful Furies by offering them a home and a place of honor in Athens, she urges them not to incite her citizens to internal strife and civil war. She then continues, in Fagles's version: "Let our wars/rage on abroad, with all their force, to satisfy/our powerful lust for fame."

In 458 B.C.E., when the *Oresteia* was staged in the theater of Dionysus, Athens was at war—not only the continuing war with the Persian empire, which had invaded Greek soil twice in the first quarter of the fifth century, but also with many of the Greek states that had joined Athens against the Persians. Athens was a great imperial sea power, head of what had started as a league of independent cities against Persia but was now an empire



Ted Hughes by David Schorr for The New Republic

ruled by Athens. In the Louvre there is a slab of marble, broken off at the bottom, which was a war memorial. Like the Vietnam memorial in Washington, it is simply a list of names of the dead, in this case the dead of one of the ten tribal regiments in which Athenian citizens were enrolled. It contains over 170 names and the heading "These men died in the war—on Cyprus, in Egypt, in Phoenicia, at Halieis, Aegina and Megara in the same year."

That year was either 460 or 459 B.C.E., one or two years before the *Oresteia* was produced. Athens's wars did indeed "rage on abroad." Yet Hughes omits these lines, presenting a sentimental picture of Athens as a peace-loving city, a false picture that he maintains by still more surgery a little later. Athena tells the now-reconciled Furies what benefits they can confer on Athens and what her own contribution will be. In Fagles's translation, these verses run:

And I,
in the trials of war where fighters burn
for fame,
will never endure the overthrow of
Athens—
all will praise her, victor city,
pride of man.

But here is Hughes:

Then leave it to me to make
the name of Athens
Resound throughout the
world, and throughout
all time.

THERE IS ONE passage in which all of Hughes's faults—inventive interpolation, *suppression*, vulgarization, and sentimentalism—are highlighted. It is the famous and beautiful passage in which Agamemnon, faced with his captains' call for the sacrifice of his daughter, debates the courses open to him, and finally gives the order for her death. Here is Lattimore's version:

My fate is angry if I disobey
these,
but angry if I slaughter
this child, the beauty of my
house,
with maiden blood shed
staining
these father's hands beside
the altar.

And here is Hughes's expanded version:

If I obey the goddess my own daughter
Has to die.
If I deny the goddess, this whole army
Has to dissolve.

If I obey the goddess, and kill my
daughter—
What do I become?
A monster to myself, to the whole world,
And to all future time, a monster—
Wearing my daughter's bloody dress
Like a turban. The king of cruelty
Painting my royal palace afresh

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With her blood, the blood of Iphigenia.
Perfuming my bath, after the battle,
With the blood of Iphigenia.
That is how I shall live on in mens'
minds.

Aeschylus (still in Lattimore's translation) goes on:

What of these things goes now without
disaster?
How shall I fail my ships
and lose my faith of battle?

And Hughes too goes on—and on and on:

But if I deny the goddess, then what
happens?
Will it be worse?
An utter defeat
For us all. And for me—
Disaster. As if I deserted this army,
Disguised, a traitor to my oath,
Shorn of honour,
Shunning men, shunned by men,
And wherever men gossip together
A term of contempt, an outcast on the
earth.
The rest of my life skulking in corners,
Afraid of my own name.

This is followed by nine more lines of pure Hughes (which contains a maudlin attempt at self-exoneration on Agamemnon's part—that he is sacrificing himself as well as Iphigenia). But Hughes omits the vital lines that Aeschylus gives to Agamemnon in which he recognizes the army's right to insist on the sacrifice. Here they are, in Lattimore's translation:

For them to urge such sacrifice of
innocent blood
angrily, for their wrath is great—
it is right.
May all be well yet.

These lines are nowhere in Hughes, so he is off to a bad start; but things get much worse when he deals with the sacrifice itself. Here is Lattimore again:

Her supplications and her cries of father
were nothing, nor the child's
lamentation
to kings passioned for battle.
The father prayed, called to his men to
lift her
with strength of hand swept in her robes
aloft
and prone above the altar, as you might
lift
a goat for sacrifice, with guards
against the lips' sweet edge , to check
the curse cried on the house of Atreus
by force of bit and speech drowned in
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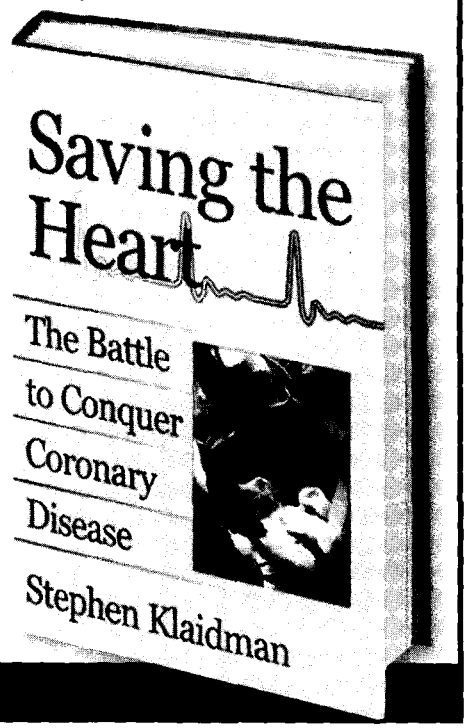

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Pouring then to the ground her saffron
mantle ....

And here (when he finally gets there, after another nineteen lines of invented matter), is Hughes:

The prayers go up. Her father
Gives the signal. Iphigenia
Is hoisted off her feet by attendants—
They hold her over the improvised altar
Like a struggling calf.
The wind presses her long dress to her body
And flutters the skirt, and tugs at her tangled hair—
'Daddy!' she screams, 'Daddy!'—
Her voice is snatched away by the boom of the surf.
The father turns aside, with a word
She cannot hear. She chokes—
Hands are cramming a gag into her mouth. They bind it there with cord, like a horse's bit.
Her lovely lips writhe at the curb.
So the cry that by chance
Might have cursed the house of Atreus
Is trapped inside her body,
Heaving her breasts.

The final line of the Lattimore translation quoted above—"Pouring then to the ground her saffron mantle"—was taken by the great German scholar Eduard Fraenkel to mean that Iphigenia disrobed for the sacrifice. It is a suggestion that found favor with many scholars, but it depends for its plausibility on Fraenkel's mandate that "we have to infer" that Iphigenia "has in the meantime freed herself from the arms that were holding her ... and lets her robe slip to the ground." As Hugh Lloyd Jones pointed out in 1952, however, the following lines make it clear that Iphigenia was still gagged, and if she was still gagged, then she was also bound and held over the altar. The line about the saffron mantle simply means that her dress flowed downwards.

Hughes presumably knew this, but he was determined to have her naked anyway. He does not resort to inferences from the text; he has her stripped by the attendants. "Now rough hands rip off her silks / And the wind waltzes with them / Down across the beach, and over the surf." And a few lines later, he adds some more details from his own feverish imagination: "They stare at a masterpiece of perfect skin/ Goose-pimpled in the cold." This is the final touch of vulgar sensationalism in this trashing of a poetic masterpiece. It is fully on a par with the utter tawdriness of the repeated cry of "Daddy!" earlier in the ode. What on earth made Hughes introduce babytalk at this point? Is it perhaps an unconscious echo of the sinister repetition of the word in the disturbing poem that his first wife addressed to her father?

II.

Hughes's version of the *Oresteia* is a travesty of the great original. One can only wonder at the effrontery (or the total ignorance of the Greek original) of whoever wrote for the jacket of this book that "Hughes's *Oresteia* deserves to become the standard edition for English-language readers." Yet the damage he has done to the great Aeschylean trilogy seems minor when compared to the shambles that he has made of one of the most elegant and subtle masterpieces of what little remains of the Athenian theater, the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

It is a play unique in many respects, not least in the uncertainty of its genre. It was produced in 438 B.C.E. as the fourth of Euripides's entries in the competition for first, second, and third prizes. (He came in second, after Sophocles.) The fourth play offered by the competing dramatist, in all the other cases of which we know, was a satyr play; its dancing and singing chorus, clad only in a loincloth from which hung a long leather phallos, played satyrs, the half-bestial companions of the god Dionysos, creatures with foreheads villainous low whose salient characteristics were lechery, greed, and cowardice. But the *Alcestis* is different in this regard. Performed after three tragedies of

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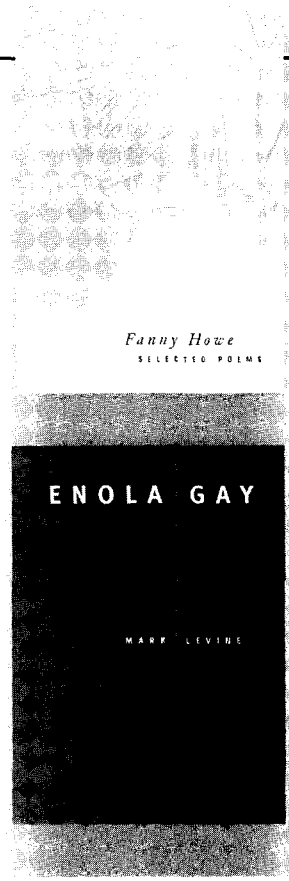

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which we have only fragments, it has a chorus of male citizens of the kingdom of Admetus in Thessaly, and the only element in the play that might qualify as satyric is a short scene in which the hero Heracles comes on stage tipsy (though he soon sobers up) Like satyr plays, the play has a happy ending, but then, as Aristotle pointed out, so do some tragedies. In any case, the happy ending of the *Alcestis* comes as closure to a play that, as its strange plot develops, raises disturbing questions in the minds of audience members.

The ancient legend on which it is based, mentioned in the *Oresteia* in an allusive phrase that takes the audience's familiarity with the legend for granted, is a celebration of archaic male values, especially the bond between god and man created by mutual hospitality and protection—an institution that was vital for travelers in a world of small independent antagonistic city-states. Admetus is celebrated for his generous adherence to this male code; and he has in fact created just such links with the god Apollo, who is in his debt for hospitality and with the hero Heracles, to whom he owes return for hospitality in what he calls "thirsty Argos."

At the beginning of the play, Apollo comes on stage. He has repaid his debt to Admetus for shelter and protection when he was exiled from Olympus because of an affront to Zeus. Long since restored to divine status, he has secured for Admetus a release from the premature death that was to be his fate, on condition that he can find a substitute to die in his place. Admetus asked his father and mother, but they refused to make the sacrifice; and Admetus's young wife Alcestis, the mother of his children, has offered herself, and now lies near death in the palace. At this point, appropriately enough, Death himself comes on stage to claim his victim. Apollo pleads with him to spare her, and argues with him; but Death, like many other Euripidean characters, seems to have studied at the rhetorical schools of the Sophists, and rebuts his arguments. As Death enters the palace, Apollo, departing, tells him that a hero is coming who will rob him of his prey.

A maid now comes on stage and describes Alcestis's farewell to her home, and then Alcestis herself appears, accompanied by her husband and young son and daughter. She is delirious at first, but before she dies she reminds Admetus of how much he owes her, and makes him promise that he will not remarry, nor bring another woman into the house to be a stepmother to her children. He promises, and Alcestis calls her children to witness as she dies.

This situation, a wife who gives her own life to save her husband's life, a purely mythical transaction for the original audience, has a grim resonance for audiences in the age of organ transplants. Such an exchange is now medically possible, and it raises the disturbing thought: if you were in the situation of Admetus and your wife lay dying, what would you say to her? You cannot in good conscience say any of the things that you might say if the situation were normal: appeals to her to fight for her life—"rage, rage against the dying of the light"—or cries of "Do not leave me! Do not abandon your children!" But Admetus says them all. He even says "Take me with you!" (To which Alcestis replies: "It is enough that I die in place of you.")

Admetus proclaims a year of mourning for the whole kingdom, no sound of flute or lyre, shorn hair and mourning garb. And at this point Heracles, on his way to Thrace and his eighth labor, comes to stay with his old friend. Welcomed by Admetus, he inquires about the black dress and the shorn hair, but is told it is for a woman who is no relation. Reluctant even so to spend the night in a house of mourning, he is overruled by Admetus, who sends him off to his quarters with a servant who has orders to see that he is properly entertained. The leader of the chorus is appalled. "Are you out of your mind?" he asks. But Admetus cites his obligation to return hospitality, and the

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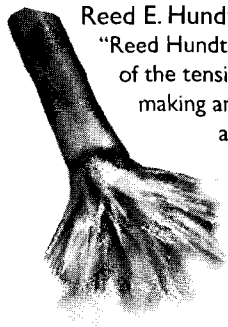

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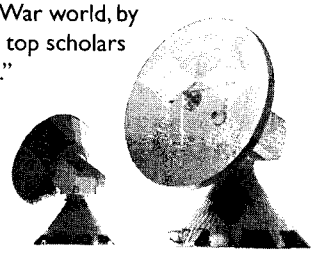

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chorus sings in celebration of Admetus's greatness in this aristocratic virtue and praises his wisdom.

Yet the arrival of Admetus's father Pheres for the funeral of Alcestis provokes a bitter denunciation from his son: accusations of cowardice and selfishness leveled at both parents, and a declaration that he no longer regards himself as their son. But Pheres retorts in kind, and with greater effectiveness: he accuses his son of struggling shamelessly to escape death, of killing his wife so that he can go on living, and he taunts him with the prospect that he can live forever by marrying one wife after another and getting them to die in his place. The father sums up his case in a caustic line: "You enjoy seeing daylight. Do you think your father doesn't?" That pointed question became a byword in fifth-century Athens. Many years later, in 423, Aristophanes, knowing that the audience would recognize the source, produced a hilarious parody of it in his comedy *The Clouds*, and he used it again ten years later in *Thesmophoriazousae*.

As the funeral procession moves offstage, a servant comes out of the palace and complains about the conduct of their guest, drinking deep and singing loudly; and his complaints are interrupted as Heracles himself, obviously more than a little drunk, comes in to complain in his turn of reluctant service and bad-tempered looks. Why all this fuss about the death of a woman who is not even a family member? We all have to die, so why not enjoy life while we have it? Why not eat, drink, and be merry? The servant can take no more, and he tells Heracles the truth. Heracles comes to his senses and announces he will go and rescue Alcestis.

In the following scene, Admetus, perhaps as a result of his father's reply to his outburst, has begun to grasp his situation, and what other people will think of him. But Heracles arrives with a veiled woman. He claims he won her in a wrestling match, and proposes to leave her with Admetus while he goes off on his eighth labor. Admetus refuses, but Heracles insists, and in the end Admetus breaks his promise to Alcestis and takes another woman into the house. In fact, at Heracles's urging, he actually takes her by the hand to lead her in. Yet all is well. Heracles reveals her identity, but he announces that, back from the dead, she will not be able to speak for three days. It is a happy ending; but one cannot help wondering, among other things, what Alcestis had to say after she recovered the power of speech.

THIS STRANGE PLAY, with its fairy-tale heroic surface and its ironic undercurrents, obviously needs sensitive treatment at the hands of a translator. But even before turning to the text of the play, the readers of Hughes's version (here, at least, he had the grace—or was it his publisher?—to describe his book as "translated and adapted") will be immediately warned that something has gone badly wrong by the list of dramatis personae. In addition to the eight characters who appear in the play that Euripides wrote, Hughes's version contains five more: Iolaus, Lichas, Prometheus, Vulture, and God. Adaptation evidently authorizes expansion on a large scale. And not only of characters, but also of text: the whole of the first page is pure Hughes, and so is the next page, except for five lines at the bottom, and so is half of the next page and the whole of the following five pages. After page 15, some bits and pieces of Euripides begin to turn up, but they never comprise more than half a page. At page 33, I gave up counting; but it is clear that more than half of the text of this book is spurious.

In addition to this staggering amount of interpolation, the text suffers from Hughes's usual degradation of the language. Here are some of Hughes's additions to the Euripidean vocabulary, selected from a list of more than 150 items: shite hawks, dung, excrement, ordure, cesspit, lavatory, droppings, birdshit, manure, trash, refuse, stench, goulash, burp, entrails, belch, spittle, hag, venom, spewing, guzzling, spitting, carcasses, hypodermic syringes, morphine, nuclear

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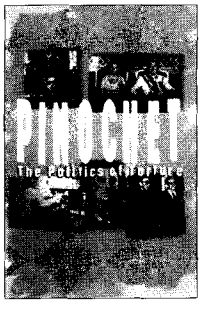

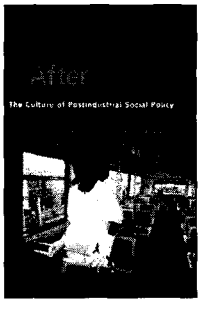

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bomb, asbestos, ego, gunpowder, half-corpse, stinking mouth, double nelsons.

And even worse than all these atrocities is what Hughes does to the short scene in the original—thirty iambic lines—in which Heracles develops his philosophy of eat, drink, and be merry. Hughes begins with a stage direction: Heracles, his men Iolaus and Lichas, and all the servants, maids, and the rest burst in. Heracles is drunk, and draped with flower garlands. This is what Hughes has him say:

> Iolaus, you are the lion.
> No weapon can kill you.
> Roar, as my arrows bounce off you.
> Roar. Louder. The Nemean lion was mean.
> Louder. No. Listen. I am the lion.
> [Heracles roars and leaps.]
> You be Heracles. Hit me with your club.
> [Heracles roars, chases Iolaus. Maids scream as he chases everybody.]
> No, Iolaus—you're the lion and I am me. And this is how I killed you.

The killing of the lion of Nemea was the first of the twelve labors imposed on Heracles as expiation for his murder of his wife and sons in a fit of madness. And now this bunch of drunken clowns proceed to act out the rest of the labors one by one: the Hydra (played by the servants crushed together to make a many-headed monster), the Erymanthian boar, the hind of Ceryneia (Hughes gets these two in the wrong order, as well as the following two), the Stymphalian birds, the Augean stables (Hughes is in his element here), the Cretan bull, the horses of Diomedes (the labor to which Heracles is on his way and in which he foresees success). Still to come, but nevertheless acted out here, are the girdle of Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons (Heracles exults in the memory of having bedded her), the apples of the Hesperides, and the descent to the lower world to bring back Cerberus, the three-headed dog.

Heracles now has a terrifying vision of his killing of his wife and children, but Iolaus tells him that he is remembering the play about that event (written by Euripides and produced many years after the *Alcestis*). Iolaus goes on to remind him of something more cheerful: on the way to the garden of the Hesperides, he came across Prometheus chained to his rock in the Caucasus, and saved him from the vulture sent by Zeus that comes every day to feed on his liver. And now we see Prometheus on his rock (this play is going to have its producer scratching his head in desperation) and we hear him argue with God in favor of human freedom and progress.

The vulture appears, but as it announces that it is about to take its meal Heracles shoots it with an arrow, and it bursts into flames. Later it comes back again—"reeking with smoke, feathers scorched to stumps, the arrow pulsing in her chest like a strobe light"—and Heracles gives it another arrow, whereupon it again bursts into flames. Heracles recovers from his drunken hallucinatory fit to get the news that the dead woman for whom Admetus is in mourning is Alcestis, and at last Hughes's seventeen-page low-life circus is over; and the play gets back on track to assume some faint resemblance to the original for the few pages that remain.

The publishers announce, on the jacket of this appalling book, that "as translated by Hughes, the story has a distinctly modern sensibility while retaining the spirit of antiquity." That final phrase covers a multitude of sins, for in this case the modern sensibility has annihilated any trace of the spirit of antiquity. Ted Hughes's version is a desecration, the literary equivalent of spray-painting a moustache on the *Mona Lisa*. ■

Cold Brave Heart

By Istvan Deak

I Will Bear Witness: A Diary of Nazi Years, 1942–1945 by Victor Klemperer translated from the German by Martin Chalmers

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On February 13 and 14, 1945, the baroque city of Dresden went up in flames under the impact of massive British and American air raids. Among the thousands scrambling over the ruins in an attempt to escape the firestorm was an elderly couple; he with a star of David on his chest, she without. At first Victor Klemperer and his wife Eva lost sight of one another and, to make matters worse, he was nearly blinded by the flying debris. When they met again, Eva, on the advice of a Jewish friend, tore off the star that her husband had been wearing for three and a half years.

From that moment on, he was no longer a Jew precariously protected from deportation by his marriage to an "Aryan." They were now homeless refugees, two among millions of other Germans, prisoners of war, foreign laborers, and the East European allies of the Nazis fleeing from the Red Army. Although he was worried that he would be unmasked as a Jew, Klemperer had in reality little to fear, because the Gestapo building had been destroyed in the air raid, together with the documentation on the few Jews who were still in Dresden. In any case, people had more important things to worry about than whether there was a Jew among those eating the soup that was ladled out by young women of the National Socialist Welfare.

Victor Klemperer, born a Jew, had converted to Protestantism more than three decades earlier. Although Hitler now remade him a Jew, he felt no loyalty to Jewishness or to the Jewish tradition. He had been a German before the persecution began and now he was a German again—not a fanatical one, but a German humanist in the cosmopolitan tradition of Lessing and Goethe. Since 1920, Klemperer had been a professor of Romance literature at the Dresden Technical Academy, and although he was sent into retirement in 1935, he received his state pension almost to the end of the Nazi regime. A few months after the end of the war, he would again be teaching at the Academy, and when he finally retired, in 1954, he would do so as a respected university professor in East Berlin. During this long career, Klemperer left his homeland only for professional reasons and brief vacations; he never seriously contemplated emigration.

We, too, must regard Klemperer as a German whom Nazi perversity condemned to a pariah existence for a few years. It is true that, unlike his own brothers, he had never tried to "pass;" nor did he

Istvan Deak is Seth Low Professor Emeritus at Columbia University.

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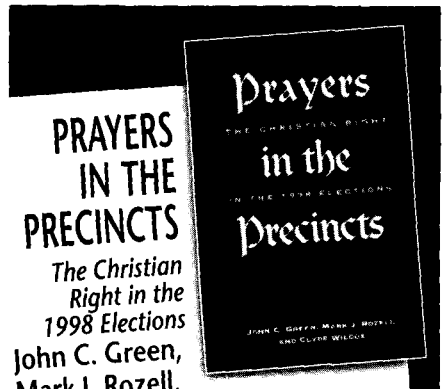

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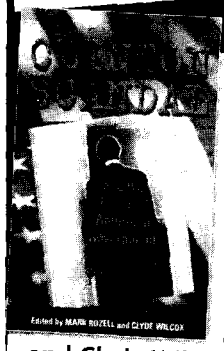

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feel, like many assimilated Jews, that fate was treating him unfairly. In his reckoning, he was not really one of "them." Klemperer was both a victim and a cool observer; an individualist with a critical view of himself and of those around him. It is these qualities that make his diaries of such immense value: they present an unprejudiced picture of everyday life in Germany, of Jews and non-Jews.

Klemperer's massive journals encompass the years between 1918 and 1959. They were first published, in German, between 1994 and 1999, on several thousand pages. All the volumes are abbreviated versions of the handwritten or typed manuscript. An English version covering the years 1933-1941 appeared in 1998; the present volume covers the years 1942-1945. They can be complemented by two other works, produced while Klemperer was writing his diaries: *Curriculum Vitae*, the reminiscences of his younger years, and *LTI*, or *Lingua Tertii Imperii*, which analyzes the Third Reich's perversion of the German language.

LTI was published in 1947 in East Germany, and since then it has appeared in many new editions, even an edition enriched with copious notes in English. Most of *LTI*'s contents had originally formed a part of Klemperer's diaries; these sections are understandably missing from the diaries' English translation. *LTI* explains, often brilliantly, the Nazis' use of the German language as well as their invention of archaic-sounding terms, all with an aggressive, combative content. The title is itself a spoof of the Nazi bureaucratic and military predilection for anagrams. Among many other things, the book successfully explains the effect that totalitarian ideology had on language, as well as on language's unique power to determine the behavior of individuals and the moral norms of society.

Unlike *LTI*, Klemperer's diaries did not see print until long after his death in 1960, and only after the collapse of the German Democratic Republic. The GDR made him a university professor, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a deputy in its rubber-stamp parliament; but it would not publish the diaries, presumably because of the drastic hostility of the pre-1945 text to Marxism and communism, and the barely concealed contempt for East German Communist practices expressed in the post-1945 diaries. (This, despite the fact that Klemperer had been a Party member since 1945.)

Why did Klemperer keep on writing his diaries, in that minuscule handwriting of his, when even the possession of a few sheets of blank writing paper could have landed him in a concentration camp? He himself did not expect to survive Nazi rule; and his wife, as well as Annemarie, their brave German friend (of whom more in a moment), exposed themselves to mortal danger by transporting and hiding Klemperer's outpourings on paper. In the early 1940s, Klemperer made clear that he was writing not merely in order to have something to do; and not even because "it is my duty to write. . . it is my life's task, my calling," as he noted on February 8, 1942. He was writing because he wanted the diaries to appear in print.

Klemperer hoped to become famous by his chronicling of extraordinary events, and he also wanted to make those around him famous, for instance the others in the "Jew-House" he inhabited. But if this was the case, and if he was writing for the public, then why did he not attempt, at least minimally, to put the best foot forward? He had scarcely a good word to say about his brother George, a professor of medicine at Harvard, whose money transfers helped to keep the couple alive. Nor did he show much respect for his relatives and colleagues, whether Jewish or non-Jewish. He did esteem the Aryan Helmut Richter, the real-estate agent, who acted as the trustee of their house and protected it from confiscation. Richter, a dedicated anti-Nazi, provided Klemperer with money, bread coupons, and razor blades; he even offered to hide Klemperer when the massacre of Jews threatened, and himself ended up disappearing forever into a Nazi concentration camp. Yet once Richter was gone, the diaries barely mention his name.

Then there was Dr. Annemarie Köhler, a surgeon in Pirna, near Dresden, who was co-director of a private clinic. Annemarie was an old friend; she undertook the risky task of hiding Klemperer's journals and other manuscripts, as well as the couple's furniture, silver, stamp collection, and everything else of value. She sent Klemperer books, cigars, meat, and bread ration coupons. Annemarie and her entire family were religious Christians and outspoken anti-Nazis. Political conversations with her brought enormous relief to Klemperer; he was angry when he did not hear from her. Yet the diaries show no affection or gratitude to her.

If the diaries were meant for publication, why did Klemperer admit on its pages that he regularly stole bits of food from a fellow-tenant in the Jewish house? Why did he compare Theodor Herzl and the Zionists to Hitler and the Nazis? And why the innumerable obscure, abbreviated entries, mixed with frequent insights

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and exciting information? Here is an unusual diarist who was both passionate and indifferent to the outcome of his outpourings. The telling was all.

VICTOR KLEMPERER WAS born, in 1881, in a small country place. He grew up in Berlin, the younger son of a well-known reform rabbi. For a while he alternated between university study and an attempt at a career as a journalist and a writer. As a result, only in 1913 did he receive his doctoral degree, and in the following year he garnered his *Habilitation*, the second doctorate that is indispensable for teaching at a German university. Meanwhile he married Eva Schlemmer, a pianist and a musicologist from a Christian family. The subject of his *Habilitationsschrift* was Montesquieu; Klemperer remained forever an admirer of Montesquieu, Corneille, and Voltaire. He published widely on French literary figures and cultural developments of the early modern period.

There is hardly a page in his diaries on which Klemperer does not mention his wife. They had no children. Both of them were cantankerous, incurable hypochondriacs, and chain smokers. (The Nazi ban on Jewish smoking during the war may ironically have prolonged Klemperer's life.) He complained endlessly about Eva's migraines and hysteria, about having to do the household chores while she was in bed. Yet hidden behind the bickering and the bitter remarks are expressions of genuine devotion: "And Eva's nerves are deteriorating very badly. But it was a great joy to come home and to love each other very much," he wrote on October 18, 1936. Their main delight was his reading aloud to her. In any case, the complaints diminished after 1941. After World War II, when Eva was nearing death, he once wrote that his greatest happiness was to see her feeling somewhat better. Judging from the diaries, Eva was the only person close to Klemperer's heart.

In 1915, Klemperer volunteered for the war, and served in a Bavarian artillery unit, and for a short period saw action on the Western front. This guaranteed that he was not fired immediately from his academic post after 1933. At the technical academy where he was teaching, Romance literature was of secondary importance. When his position was abolished in 1935, he could not be sure whether it was an economic measure (he had attracted very few students) or whether it was directed at him as a Jew.

The diaries for the years 1933-1941 recount how the Klemperers at first improved their style of life under Nazi rule. They bought an expensive car and built a comfortable villa in Dolzschen, a suburb of Dresden. All this gave him little pleasure, for he expected his imminent demise from an imagined heart condition or his eventual demise at the hands of the Nazis.

COURTESY RANDOM HOUSE

Eva and Victor Klemperer, c. 1940

The diaries note the growing terror of anti-Semitic demonstrations and governmental repression, yet often they make also for nearly comic reading. Klemperer was hopelessly clumsy; he had great trouble learning how to drive, and he wrecked the car before it could have been confiscated as an anti-Semitic measure. He refused to learn English, in part because he disliked the British and the Americans. He so worried about his spoken and written French that he never seriously tried to find a teaching position in that country. Although also a professor of Italian literature, he spoke no Italian. In any case, the door to emigration closed soon after the outbreak of the war.

By January 1942, when the second volume of the diaries opens, Klemperer had long lost the right to use the university library, and sometime after that any library at all. The pair had been forced to give up their cleaning woman, even though she was over 45 and thus past the age when her blood could have been polluted. He now had to sign his name as Victor Israel, and he and his wife had been obliged to sublet their house and to move into a so-called Jew-House, in which they rented two large rooms. They had given up their telephone before it could be confiscated. After September 19, 1941, Klemperer had been obliged to wear a canary-yellow Jewish Star; this was, without any doubt, the most humiliating experience of his life. For a long time he would not go into the street, and later only after dark. But there were even worse things to face in 1942, the nadir of their Nazi experience.

Neither historiography nor the Klemperer diaries explain why 1942 was such a nightmarish year, or why the harrassment of those Jews who had been permitted to remain in Germany eased thereafter. While the deportation and the extermination of the German Jews proceeded apace, two categories of Jews were allowed to stay behind. The first category were men married to Aryan women; the plan to deport them had been dropped following the famous protest of their Aryan wives, in March 1943, in front of Gestapo headquarters on the Rosenstrasse in Berlin. But Jewish husbands, such as Klemperer, had to wear the star. The second category comprised the so-called privileged: Jewish women married to Christians; Jewish men whose wives and children were Christian; those who had earned the Iron Cross First Class during World War I; and a few others. The privileged did not have to wear the star, and they could theoretically live a relatively free life. Yet neither group was really safe. The slightest infringement of mostly unannounced Nazi regulations could land one in a concentration camp.

In January 1942, Klemperer was arrested by a Gestapo man for using the streetcar, even though such a thing was not yet forbidden to Jews. To be sure, he was released on the same day. In Feb-

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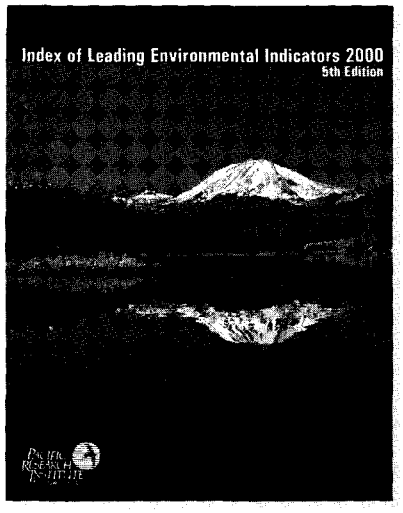

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ruary, the searches of Jew-Houses began, accompanied by increasingly brutal beatings, the confiscation of the meager food reserves, and general devastation. In the same month, Klemperer was put to work shoveling snow, along with other older Jews. In March, Jews were forbidden by law to buy flowers, and their food allotment was reduced, more so even than that of the Aryan population. In May, the Klemperers were ordered to kill their cat, which had been the main consolation of Eva's life.

THEN THE GESTAPO came after them: two young men beat him up at their home and spat in Eva's face, calling her a "Jew's whore." (This is recorded on May 23, 1942.) Another time, when he was plowing through Alfred Rosenberg's tedious *The Myth of The Twentieth Century*, a Gestapo officer entered his room, and slammed the book on his head. Eva now had to take the finished manuscript to Annemarie almost page by page. He wrote, on May 27, 1942: "I shall go on writing. That is my heroism. I will bear witness, precise witness!"

By now Jews had no more radios; they had been barred from the theaters, the cinemas, the concert halls, the restaurants, and all but the local shops. They were allowed no smoking materials, woollen blankets, shaving soap, deck chairs, chocolate, fruit, milk, hair clippers, unused hair scissors, and combs. In the summer heat, old Jews were paraded around in their winter coats and were publicly beaten by Gestapo men. Two brutes appeared again and again in Klemperer's diaries hurling epithets: "pig," "Jewish pig," "sow," "piece of dung." His ears were boxed; the Gestapo men spat between his eyes. On June 11, 1942, Klemperer records that Eva, too, was kicked around viciously: "You, traitor to your race!"

But Klemperer went on reading and writing, with the manuscript pages being hidden, before transportation, in his Greek dictionary. He received his pension and his money from his brother's blocked account, as well as food packets from a friend in Sweden. Once the tax office returned some money to him. In the waiting room of Dr. Katz, a "privileged" Jewish physician and the only doctor whom the Jews were allowed to see, there hung World War I photographs of Katz: a dashing officer on horseback, sporting a monocle, and on his chest, the Iron Cross First Class. On July 5, 1942, Klemperer noted in his diary that Dr. Katz "attributes much of the blame—and here we are in agreement—to Zionism; much blame also to the unchecked influx of the money-hungry eastern Jews." And yet Katz vehemently opposed baptism.

Actually, the Jews were not the worst off in the city. At the Zeiss-Ikon optical factory, where many of the remaining Jews were employed, Russian women were forced laborers, and the starving women raided the garbage cans and were secretly fed by Jews. Klemperer noticed Soviet POWs rummaging through the Jewish community center's rubbish bins. 1942 was a bad year, in fact, for all Dresdeners; the Klemperers were near-starving, but Christians also suffered grave hardships. Eva tried to eat in restaurants, but there was next to nothing to eat there, either. So she begged for food from friends. (We tend to think of the Germans as well-supplied with food and goods from the loot in occupied countries.) In 1943, the food situation improved for all, and it continued improving for a while thereafter.

In September 1942, Victor and Eva were forced to move again—incredibly, to more agreeable and more elegant quarters. Eva's piano went with them as a matter of course. In December, Eva attended a tango concert and even danced afterwards. The insane contradictions of their lives thus continued. In the first half of 1943, the majority of the remaining Jews were taken away either to be shot in the Baltics or to the model ghetto in Theresienstadt, in Bohemia. From there the majority of them were shipped to Auschwitz.

From April 1943 to June 1944, Klemperer was on labor duty, first in a plant where his job was to pour herbs into tea bags with a tin scoop, and later in a place where he had to fold envelopes. He was paid the wages of an unskilled laborer, but such work bored him to desperation. Since he worried about not having enough time for his diaries, he prevailed on Dr. Katz to release him from service. He later mused: "Aryans and Jews with serious heart problems are doing labor duty ... why was I let go? Does he [Katz] consider me at death's door, am I at death's door?" He had no more duties until early in February 1945, when he was ordered to deliver letters calling up all the remaining able-bodied Jews for labor service outside the city. He felt that he was delivering death sentences, but he himself had still not been called up. In any case, the Allied bombers put an end to the new labor project.

ONE OF THE most fascinating questions posed by the Klemperer diaries is how the German people behaved toward the Jews. The journal entries for the years 1933-1941 make clear that more were sympathetic than hostile. The trend continued in 1942:

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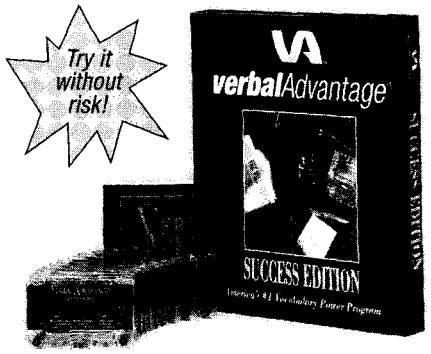

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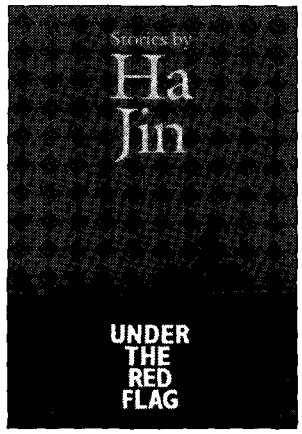

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expressions of sympathy became more and more frequent. From time to time strangers walked up, smiled, and shook Klemperer's hands: "You know why!" When he was shoveling snow, passersby complained aloud about the indignity of old and meritorious people having to do such backbreaking work. Klemperer records in February 1942 that the foremen of the snow-shoveling detail were invariably friendly: "You must not overexert yourself, the state does not require it." And a few days later: "Look, I can't tell you, 'Work more slowly,' you have to know that yourself."

Klemperer states repeatedly that in neither of the two factories was he experiencing even a flicker of anti-Semitism. The foreman at the second factory occasionally yelled at him, but only because he was so clumsy and slow. Christian fellow-workers voluntarily made up his quota. Workers in the plants were forbidden to talk to Jews; but they did so nevertheless. On June 4, 1943, he notes: "Again and again I observe the comradely, easygoing, often really warm behavior of the male and female workers toward the Jews." Shopkeepers secretly passed forbidden food to him; an old lady tried to pay his bill in the shop; Christian acquaintances brought them food and other gifts.

In 1943, as news from the front was getting worse—or getting better, from the victims' point of view—Klemperer heard more and more often from Christian strangers: "Chin up, it won't last... they can't last another winter in Russia." On April 12, 1944, an optician with a Nazi Party badge in his lapel: "Have you heard anything from Arndt, the jeweler, in [the ghetto of] Theresienstadt?.. The swine! ... But it can't last much longer." And in August, again: "Chin up! The scoundrels will soon be finished!" No doubt, these were individual incidents that Klemperer fastidiously recorded; but he recorded the nasty events as well. There was the older worker who called from his bicycle: "You damned Jew!" (April 28, 1942), and the blond young man in a sports cars who said, "You wretch, why are you still alive?" (April 18, 1942). Still, the city policemen were invariably courteous and addressed him as "Herr," or "Herr Professor," in clear violation of their instructions.

In 1943, the Gestapo raids ceased, or became perfunctory. When called in to the Gestapo, on what turned out to be a minor matter, Klemperer was correctly treated. In October 1944, the Gestapo allowed a Dresden Jew with intestinal cancer to travel to Berlin for an operation in the Jewish hospital. Meanwhile Dr. Katz was not allowed to take care of the gravely ill Frau Cohn, because she was an Aryan; but Aryan doctors were even harder to find. It is perfectly possible that some of the compassionate people whom Klemperer met committed or would soon commit horrible crimes as soldiers and policemen in the East. Somebody, after all, had to do the killing of millions of Jews, Poles, Russians, and others. But in Dresden, in their hometown, "ordinary" Germans tended to behave decently toward the frail, bent, old professor. Klemperer had become a local curiosity, one of the less than a hundred star-wearers left in the city in a population of 600,000. Unlike the minority of radical anti-Semites, the majority of Europeans did not want all Jews to disappear from their midst; they wanted only that there should be fewer Jews. Klemperer and his fellows would probably have been welcome to stay.

WHO, THEN, WAS the enemy? The Gestapo thugs, the authorities, the Party bosses, and the venom-spitting Nazi journalists. Klemperer alternated between the belief that the Germans were generally good people and that he alone was a decent German. The diaries make clear, however, that ordinary Germans also lived under severe terror.

Klemperer was amazingly well-informed about international and national events. He learned of the death camps soon after they had been set up, and on October 24, 1944, he wrote that "six to seven million Jews ... have been slaughtered (more exactly shot and gassed)." Yet his correct information was often complemented by false news and wishful thinking. He hesitated between expecting an immediate German collapse and the realization that the regime would last for quite a while.

As refugees from the destruction of Dresden, Eva and Victor traveled by train, on foot, or in horse-drawn wagon from Dresden to Bavaria. Like other refugees, they were sustained on the way by acquaintances and the local authorities. Their liberation in Bavaria, early in May, was nearly unnoticeable. In the small village where they were staying, one heard about the Americans being in the neighborhood. Having been freed from the Nazi yoke, Klemperer expressed no elation whatsoever. Instead, he took up his lamentations about everyday problems. Soon he decided that the Americans were arrogant, uncultured, and unruly, and that the situation was unacceptably messy. The Americans, he observed on May 22, 1945,

> drive quickly and nonchalantly, and the Germans run along humbly on foot, the victors spit out the abundance of their

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> cigarette stubs everywhere, and the Germans pick up the stubs. The Germans? We, the liberated, creep along on foot, we stoop down for cigarette ends, we, who only yesterday were the oppressed, and who today are called the liberated, are ultimately likewise imprisoned and humiliated. . . .I find it dreadful now to see the victors and avengers racing through the city [Munich], which they have so hellishly wrecked.

At that moment, though, the Klemperers profited from his Jewish origins, for otherwise they would not have been able to travel home, so quickly, from the American to the Soviet zone. Their return journey, again partly on foot, proved their inner strength, courage, and determination. On June 10, they arrived in Dresden. The crisp diary entry, "In the late afternoon we walked up to Dolzschen," concludes the book.

THE SAME AUFBAU-VERLAG in Berlin that published Klemperer's diaries up to the end of World War II printed his post-war diaries in 1999, which came to about 1,800 pages. According to these later journals, Klemperer was extremely busy during the last fifteen years of his life, teaching, lecturing, serving on committees, meeting important people, traveling, writing books, articles, and his diary. Specialists in German politics, history, and culture can find many a golden nugget here; but unlike the highly readable and exciting diaries written in Nazi times, these pages are much too crowded with obscure references, names, and data.

The post-1945 diaries are politically and morally disappointing. The undaunted resister, who had daily defied the Nazis with his writings, left the Protestant church soon after the liberation, and in November, 1945 he joined the Communist Party. This allowed him to take back his house and to get rid of the tenant, while keeping the tenant's furniture and other belongings. Thanks to the Party, he regained his post at the technical academy and was given a chair professorship, successively at Greifswald, Halle, and Berlin.

All this would be nearly normal had Klemperer not railed, in Nazi times, against the opportunism of his colleagues. Before 1945, Klemperer unhappily noted the promotion of mediocrities in his field and the concessions that his colleagues were making to those in power. One reason why he joined the KPD in 1945, he claimed, was to enable him to seek punishment for the academic prostitutes who, in his opinion, should be hanged even higher than others. But when former Nazi colleagues were allowed to return to their

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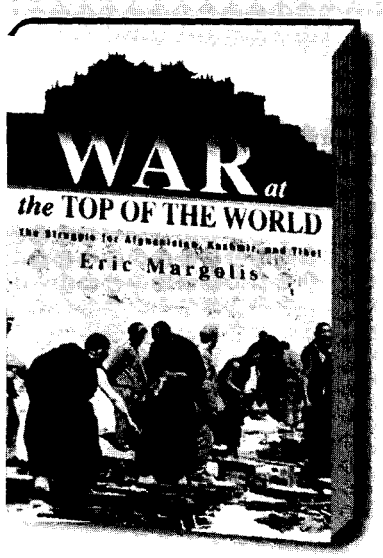

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posts as though nothing had happened, Klemperer kept quiet.

Klemperer had once converted to Protestantism because this was likely to help him in his career; and for the same reason he now became a Communist. No doubt he bore both religious affiliations lightly: his post-1945 diaries are replete with scathing criticism of Soviet barbarism and the stupidity of the German party leadership. At one point he planned to write a "Language of the Fourth Reich," analyzing the Nazi-sounding vocabulary of the Communist regime. But unlike in the years before 1945, when Klemperer's critical voice about his totalitarian surroundings stayed sharp, his criticism of communism did not go very deep. The Soviet tanks were, after all, the guarantors of peace and of his own safety.

Dreams of genuine liberalism and democracy had to yield to practical considerations. Klemperer did not even try to learn the rudiments of dialectical materialism; but then this was not really expected from him in the political examination for his Berlin post in 1951. At no time did he contemplate moving to West Germany, which he disliked, as he did the Americans whom he considered worse than the Soviets. He wrote in his diaries that he was sitting on a bench between two stools. But it was a comfortable bench indeed.

ADJUSTMENT TO CHANGING times was quite natural; one had to make a living, and in any case Klemperer was the first to confess to his egoism. What is disturbing is his indifference—more, his callousness—toward those who had risked their lives for him and for his writings. He did remain loyal to the wife who had risked and suffered so much for him. When Eva died in 1951, he confessed to feeling a terrible loneliness. He was fortunate to have a student, Hadwig Kirchner, fall in love with him shortly thereafter. The two married within a year, when he was 71 and she 26. Hadwig came from a religious family and was herself a believing Catholic. While both disliked the communist system, both dutifully participated in communist activities.

But then there is Annemarie Köhler. Like Helmut Richter, she remains barely identified in the English translation of the pre-1945 diaries, even though Klemperer wrote about her many times. The inadequacy of the book's notes is, in fact, the great weakness of Martin Chalmers's superb translation. Historical events are identified, but many people who played an important role in Klemperer's life are not given the attention that they deserve. One must turn to the endnotes of the German edition of the post-war diaries to learn the

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facts about Dr. Köhler.

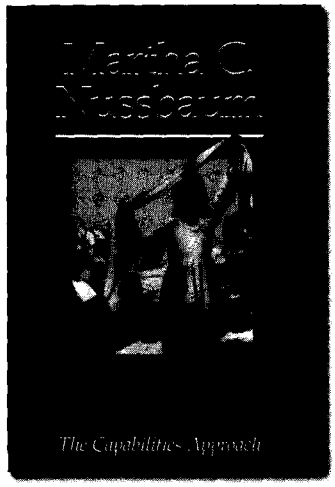
Annemarie was born in 1892 and died in 1948. She kept Klemperer's diaries hidden in a suitcase at the clinic. After the war, she returned everything to the Klemperers, even the suitcases that Red Army soldiers used for target practice. Yet Klemperer now treated Annemarie very poorly. While he was rising in the social and political hierarchy, Annemarie felt isolated and again in opposition.

Klemperer was decent enough to write a *Persilschein*, an affidavit testifying that Dr. Dressler, Annemarie's partner at the clinic, had helped him during the war at the risk of his life. But he does not seem to have lifted a finger on behalf of Annemarie's brother, who had been a member of the conservative nationalist Stahlhelm but also (according to Klemperer himself) a dedicated anti-Nazi. The brother was thrown into an East German communist concentration camp, from which he never returned.

Embittered, starving, and mortally ill, Annemarie complained that it was now Klemperer's turn to be "the PG" (*Parteigenosse*, or Party member), and that he and his fellows "were now acting as once the Nazis had acted." On November 6, 1946, Klemperer noted that in Pirna he was now "among political enemies"; and when Annemarie died, of lung cancer in 1948, he wrote in his diary, on September 23, that "for us, she had long been ossified and actually quite dead." Somehow I cannot forgive Klemperer for this bit of brutal honesty.

KLEMPERER'S INDIFFERENCE toward the dying Annemarie was just one instance of his continuous disregard for the interests, and even the lives, of others. No reviewer seems to have raised the vexing question of why Klemperer identified in the diaries all those who were making anti-Nazi statements or engage in anti-Nazi activities. Consider only the cases of Annemarie Köhler and Helmut Richter.

On April 15, 1937, Klemperer wrote that "Dr. Dressel [Annemarie's medical partner] practices passive resistance and Annemarie active resistance"; on February 8, 1941, that "her welcome was very friendly... her conversation was very anti-Nazi and very defeatist," and on June 24, 1942, that "this afternoon ... these pages go to Pirna [Annemarie's clinic]. My latest fear is that they are not absolutely safe there either. Annemarie is notorious after all." Annemarie Köhler must have known that she was hiding diary pages, but one wonders whether she ever looked into any of them, and if she did, whether she read the following entry for February 14, 1943: "Eva must take the diary to Annemarie



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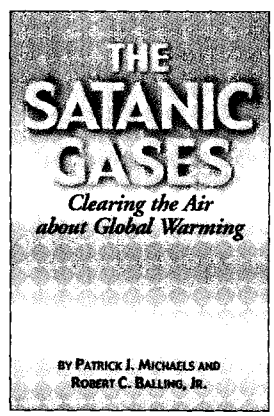

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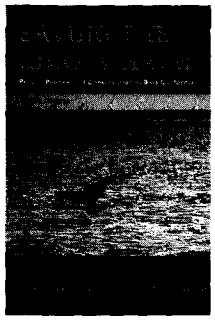

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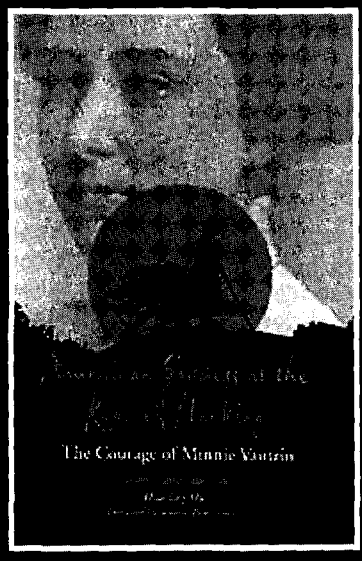

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soon again. The guillotine at Münchner Platz goes to work for less cause."

The Gestapo tolerated a great deal of grumbling in Germany, especially if it was done by members of the social and cultural elite. While lower-class people often landed in prison for a few drunken remarks about the Führer, the upper classes could take many more liberties. Perhaps Klemperer assumed that Annemarie Köhler would enjoy the benefit of this consideration. But how is one to interpret his entries on Helmut Richter, the protector of their house in Dolzschen? Klemperer understood that Richter was engaged in conspiratorial anti-Nazi activities, and yet he wrote on February 14, 1943: "The man's whole behavior made it obvious to me that he knew *more* than just a rumor, that something *must* [both Klemperer's italics] be underway involving the moderate working class, the bourgeoisie, and the army." And on May 1, 1943, Klemperer added: "He [Richter] was fairly optimistic.... He had heard from two reliable and informed sources that a military coup was anticipated as early as mid-May."

A few weeks later Richter was arrested. Here are Klemperer's comments of June 27, 1943:

> My very first reaction [to Richter's arrest] was to be almost quietly pleased or amused, that my protector and guardian was now worse off than myself, that Aryans, too, were personally experiencing the hand of the tyranny.... But then I was tormented by what his arrest meant for us. Loss of bread coupons, loss of extra money.... the house in great danger, for who will be the next trustee? On top of that the overlapping anxiety: If they were to arrest Annemarie and carry out a house search!

Richter was held first in a prison and then disappeared into the Buchenwald concentration camp. Klemperer wrote on September 27, 1944:

> My diaries and notes! I tell myself again and again: They will not only cost my life, if they are discovered, but also Eva's and that of several others, whom I have mentioned by name, had to mention, if I wanted them to have documentary worth. Am I entitled, perhaps even obliged to do so, or is it criminal vanity?

Klemperer's arguments do not persuade. The diary's documentary worth would not have suffered had he chosen to use pseudonyms in the riskiest cases. Why spell out precise and revealing details even in the year 1942, when the Gestapo repeatedly turned all things upside-down in the house so that, afterwards, it took the

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Klemperers many days to clean up the mess? I cannot explain Klemperer's behavior, but I am certain that Annemarie Köhler and Helmut Richter amply deserve to be honored as "Righteous Gentiles" at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem.

During the last several decades of his life, Klemperer repeatedly predicted a fatal heart attack; and in 1960, when he was 78, his heart finally succumbed. His new wife remained with him to the end, and later she undertook the arduous task of deciphering and typing the diaries for publication. Some critics believe that Victor Klemperer was a hero and a great man. I cannot share such a view. He was courageous, to be sure; but he was also cynical, and selfish, and an opportunist. What makes his diaries valuable is his faltering, neurotic, non-ideological voice.

The picture that Klemperer draws of the German people does not fit the images that we all carry in our minds: Germans throwing themselves at the feet of the Führer; Germans supremely confident of victory; Germans hounding Jews out of German towns and villages without waiting for orders; Germans massacring Jews and others in the East. Those are all true pictures, of course; but there were millions of other Germans as well, along with changing situations that turned beasts into decent human beings, or decent human beings into beasts. Not once between 1933 and 1945 did Klemperer describe surging masses in the thralls of pro-Hitler hysteria; and not once did he report on spontaneous anti-Jewish mass action.

Still, he wrote about individual Germans who hated Jews, and about Germans who were not anti-Semitic but were confirmed National Socialists, and about those who hated Hitler but hoped for a German military victory, and about Germans who were anti-Hitler and hoped for their own country's defeat. When reading Klemperer's diaries, one is tempted to conclude that there were proportionally no more "willing executioners" among the Germans than there would be among other peoples, Americans included. But this cannot be the end of the matter. The raw fact is that Germans systematically murdered millions of people. So do the Klemperer diaries help us to pierce the incomprehensibility of this demonic turn of events? Not really. ■

Logical Humanism

By SIMON BLACKBURN

The Threefold Cord: Mind, Body, and World by Hilary Putnam

(Columbia University Press, 256 pp., $27.50)

I.

HILARY PUTNAM IS one of the most distinguished living philosophers, whose brilliant and fertile writings now span half a century. His range is enormous: it is difficult to think of an aspect of philosophy that he has not touched, from formal logic to the philosophy of religion, from quantum theory to ethics. He has been constantly at the center of debates in the philosophy of mind and language, where positions that he was the first to articulate have become landmarks in the field. He is a "big picture" thinker, yet he is capable of deploying the most technical arguments. Indeed, Putnam has invented some of the most discussed arguments in recent philosophy. This combination of intellectual enthusiasm and dialectical ingenuity can lead to a certain suspicion on the part of readers; but even when Putnam's arguments need interpretation they always command respect, and they broach the profound points.

Distinction in philosophy often has a monolithic and therefore static air about it. The great philosopher stands for something that he, or she, first gave to the world, or at least gave to the world in a better form than anybody else. This is then *their* position or *their* system—preferably with a one-word label—with which the rest of the world must work, however it can. There is something, some one thing, that Plato or Leibniz or Locke, or Hume, or Kant, or James, or Wittgenstein stood for, and we like to believe that we know what it is. (Wittgenstein was allowed to change his mind once, being at one time "earlier" and at another time "later," but that is all.)

And so it disconcerts us a little when somebody like Russell turns up, who is clearly gifted far beyond the ordinary, but who keeps changing his mind. Like Russell, Putnam is neither monolithic nor static. No one word and no one idea exactly sums him up, even at one time. There was a period of about a decade during the 1980s when he was supposed to hold a position that was described as "internal realism," but the label rapidly proved useless as the doctrine swirled and metamorphosed and finally vanished altogether. Instead, Putnam has conducted a long intellectual journey in which the presuppositions of one time have been discarded at later times.

Still, the journey has a direction. Putnam's thought aims at the celebration of a kind of pluralistic humanism. Above all Putnam dislikes the idea that bald scientific truth is all the truth that there is. When he has advanced philosophy by deploying results from science, it is usually to reject the scientism later. So, for example, Putnam was the first major philosopher to understand and to develop the full analogy between computational systems and the mind, but he was also one of the first to criticize and to discard the analogy. Putnam shows no remorse about this. He directs our attention to places where his previous selves went wrong as openly as to places where his colleagues go wrong. It is a charming feature of his work that new doctrines and arguments are presented as forcefully and enthusiastically as the discarded ones once were.

INSOFAR AS THERE is a center to Putnam's thought, it is the relationship between mind or language, and between the world or things. He has written five books or collections with the words "realism" or "reality" in the title, (*Mind, Language and Reality*, *Realism and Reason*, *The Many Faces of Realism*, *Representation and Reality*, *Realism with a Human Face*.) And he has written at least as many more on the same themes. His new book must be counted in the company of Putnam's "real" books. It defends a kind of common-sense realism.

The lectures that are collected in this volume, from 1994 and 1997, are philosophers' philosophy. They cannot well be read without a grounding in metaphysics and logic. One of Putnam's trademarks, again, is that he is capable of deploying formidable technical weaponry, seemingly out of nowhere, in order to buttress

SIMON BLACKBURN is the author most recently of *Think: A Compelling Introduction to Philosophy*.

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a point. Yet the big pluralistic picture towards which he is working is fascinating, and in broad outline it is accessible.

II.

THE PROBLEM OF realism in the modern period is often blamed on Descartes, although contemporaries such as Galileo are just as implicated in it. It arose simultaneously with the scientific worldview. According to that worldview, there is the world of physics and there is the world of the mind. The world of physics is the world of inanimate, spatially extended matter, which is subject to quantifiable forces. Everything in space is composed of the same kinds of atoms and molecules, or yet smaller parcels of stuff, or waves, or packets of energy. But in addition to this there is, at least in the case of the human animal, the mind, which is the seat of thought, understanding, and sensation. Some features that might at first sight seem to be features of the physical world—notably colors, sounds, tastes, smells, and noises—in fact "hold their residence" in the mind. They are the effects of physical nature, but they are not part of it. Mentally, it is as if we occupy an inner theater or sensorium, a smelly, colored interface between us and the real world, which is the colorless world of physics.

It did not take long for this picture to cause trouble. Descartes himself drew the conclusion that sense experience is a poor guide to the nature of reality. But the trouble is greater than he knew. For it can be easily argued that, on the Cartesian picture, sense experience is no guide to reality at all, since all we are given in the mind or the inner theater is what Berkeley condemned as a "false imaginary glare." And so the stage is set for a variety of reactions to Cartesian dualism: skepticism, or the view that the inner theater is no guide to the show going on outside; idealism, or the view that the show in the inner theater is the only one there is; and realism, or the view that heroically attempts to bridge the gap.

The twentieth century saw a lot of sophistications, and two of them set the stage for Putnam's new book. The first was the general linguistic turn, which was a drift away from a purely sensory conception of the contents of the mind. Instead, as for Kant, the mind was seen more as the locus of thoughts or "representations" rather than sensations, and these were regarded as bits of language. Secondly, the split between mind and physical world was repaired by a variety of theories that identified the presence of a representation with a neural situation or a state of the brain. The net effect was that the mind became a kind of belief box: a locus for something like sentences in the head.

This picture might seem to do away with the mysteries of Cartesian dualism, but Putnam thinks it nearly as bad, and he dubs it "Cartesianism plus materialism." He detects it in the picture presupposed by many philosophers hoping to understand the mind by means of research in artificial intelligence. In some quarters, indeed, the rejection of this picture is tantamount to rejecting our best scientific hope of ever understanding the mind. And yet it is Putnam's principal target in the present work.

IN HIS EARLIER writings, Putnam both subscribed to the overall picture and explored its shortcomings. In particular, he deployed sophisticated formal arguments from mathematical logic, not as objections to the general picture of the mind but as objections to an account of the world that he felt was a part of the package. That account of the world is known as "metaphysical realism." It stipulates that there are fixed objects and properties of the world that correlate neatly with the elements of our mental representations. Putnam argued, to the contrary, that there are simply too many correlations, and that none of them is privileged.

Even given the various constraints on how the words of sentences in the head are associated with the experiences or the things that cause them, Putnam's old objection was that we could still be meaning almost anything or nothing by them. His new criticism is more radical. Consider the way in which the symbols on a computer screen can be interpreted as referring to dollars and cents, or as referring to other items in a program, or perhaps to the disposition of the enemy troops. It all depends on the mappings that we set up from outside. But from the point of view (as it were) of the computer, which is confined to manipulating symbols, it matters not a jot how the symbols are taken. The computer grinds away just the same. The computer is a syntactic engine, not a semantic one; and on the orthodox account, Putnam now argues, this is true also of us.

When he made this a problem for "metaphysical realism," Putnam mistook the issue. The real problem with Cartesianism plus materialism is that it confines us to what I have just called the computer's point of view. For this is not a point of view that we ever do or can occupy. If it makes sense at all, it is at best a point of view from which our own words are dead. Instead of a veil of perception beyond which we cannot see, the account gives us only words, or even just events in the brain; but it gives us nothing to which they point. Words remain dead noises or scratches. On the Cartesian plus materialism view, they need interpretation, but this can only consist in substituting yet more words, on which the same darkness then falls. Just as Berkeley said that an idea can resemble nothing but another idea, so in the symbol-manipulation account a representation can really only conjure up another representation. We are confined to the world of words, never breaking through to a daylight view of things. (Putnam now describes this argument as a version of what he calls Berkeleian skepticism, though Berkeley intended his philosophy to be an antidote to skepticism.)

IN HIS DEWEY lectures from 1994, Putnam argues that we can best get beyond the Cartesian picture if we think not about meaning and reference, but about perception. It is in perception that we gain a primitive connection to the things around us. Many philosophers have said the same thing, and Putnam draws heavily on a common-sense tradition that defends a straightforward awareness of everyday things, with no mental interface and no inner theatre. The heroes include Thomas Reid, William James, Wittgenstein, and P. F. Strawson. A more recent influence is John McDowell; but Putnam most of all draws on the work of the Oxford philosopher J. L. Austin, whose posthumous *Sense and Sensibilia*, which appeared in 1961, was an extraordinary polemic against the entire Cartesian model. (Gilbert Ryle had pioneered this reaction in *The Concept of Mind* in 1949.)

Austin argued that there is no one problem of "appearance and reality." There is only a multiplicity of different distinctions drawn in different circumstances for different purposes, but taken one at a time each presents a soluble problem. We may not know how to distinguish "appearance" from "reality," but we know how to distinguish a real duck from a decoy duck, a real watch from a toy watch, a real Vermeer from a fake Vermeer, and so on. The obstacles that prevent us from making the distinction in any particular case are in principle surmountable. More importantly, Austin argued that when we fall victim to a delusion, there is no inner presentation that we "see." We may take ourselves to be seeing a pink rat when we are not seeing a pink rat, but that only reminds us that perception is fallible. It affords no inference to the Cartesian conclusion that it is always "indirect" or mediated by an inner show, from which we muster a shaky inference to an external world.

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In Austin's account, it is not so much that the Cartesian picture is false. The Cartesian picture is, rather, unintelligible, the product of misunderstanding things that are under our noses. The task of philosophy is just to assemble the reminders of this: to stop us from saying things that are nonsense, but equally to stop us from denying them, or from talking in these terms at all. From Austin's point of view, saying that perception gives us an unmediated or direct access to things would be as bad as saying that it does not: the terms have simply not been given a sense that sustains either position. Austin, like Reid, presents his position simply as common-sense realism. It has a minimum of theoretical baggage, and a maximum suspicion of philosophers who trot such baggage around.

III.

One of the more disturbing problems with Cartesian dualism is that it seems to raise the possibility of a zombie: that is, something which is physically a perfect duplicate of a human being but does not have the same mind, or indeed any mind at all. It is usual to present this zombie as a kind of *reductio* of Cartesianism. Any philosophy that makes zombies a real possibility has got something badly wrong. But Putnam's attitude is more complex. In his Royce lectures from 1997, he considers William James's presentation of this possibility:

> I thought of what I called an "automatic sweetheart," meaning a soulless body which should be absolutely indistinguishable from a spiritually animated maiden, laughing, talking, blushing, nursing us, and performing all feminine offices as tactfully and sweetly as if a soul were in her. Would anyone regard her as a full equivalent? Certainly not.

Putnam does not comment, perhaps wisely, on what this tells us about relations between the sexes in Boston a century ago. Less forgivably, since James is presented as one of the heroes in this book and in Putnam's other writings on pragmatism, Putnam does not remind us of James's own evaluation of his thought-experiment, for the final sentence does not end where Putnam puts the period. It continues:

> Certainly not, and why? Because, framed as we are our egoism craves above all things inward sympathy and recognition, love and admiration. The outward treatment is valued mainly as an expression, as a manifestation of the accompanying consciousness believed in. Pragmatically,

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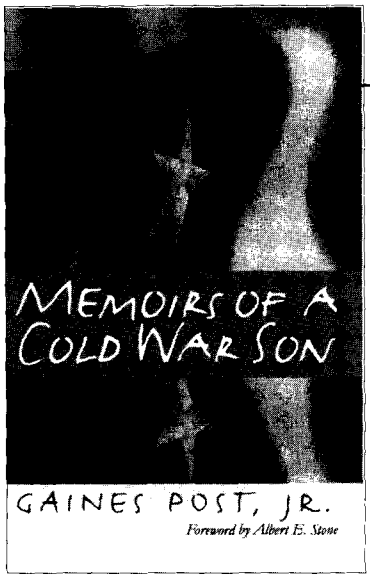

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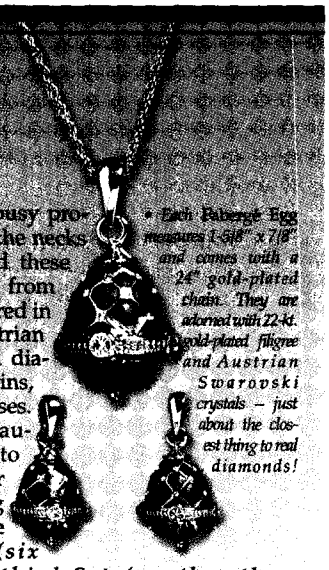

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> then, belief in the automatic sweetheart would not *work*, and in point of fact no one treats it as a serious hypothesis. The godless universe would be exactly similar...

In other words, the passage is in the service of what James famously called "the will to believe," or the view that we have a right to religious belief just because it works emotionally. (James's notorious defence of wishful thinking, Quine dubbed this.) Similarly, it is flattering to men to believe that women—or at any rate maidens—are conscious, and this explains why we go ahead and believe it.

The enormity of this diagnosis is easily brought out. If it is only "our" egoism that makes "us" (read: men) regard maidens as conscious, then of course the day may come—or the day has already come in different places and times—when our economic interests, or our need for space, or our other cravings, make us regard people of the wrong color, or Jews, or Bosnians, or untouchables as conveniently soulless, not conscious, and therefore as disposable. Or the day may come when some feminist maidens regard men such as James as not conscious, poor things. And on James's account there would apparently be no mistake involved, just as there is no mistake if our emotional needs lead us to believe in God, and no mistake if they lead us not to do so. It is only a question of what works—or even of what works for you, for James is not above a touch of relativism now and then.

PUTNAM'S OWN REACTION to the zombie possibility is not at all the same as James's. Nor is it the same as Austin's or Wittgenstein's. He allows that the thought-experiment intrudes a picture or an idea, and one that might serve as a piece of propaganda, say, in the course of enslaving the unfortunate outsiders. (This is how Wittgenstein imagines it taken, in a passage that Putnam quotes.) Yet Putnam insists that in the context of metaphysics he does not know how to take the idea. In that context, the words fail us. We cannot speak or think in these terms and continue to make sense. It is not, as a more robust metaphysician might insist, that we can definitively rule out the zombie hypothesis, and on firmer grounds than just that it fails to flatter us. Putnam's idea is that no hypothesis is really presented for us to rule in or rule out. In philosophy, the words of James's thought-experiment simply make no sense. Putnam regards this as illustrating an important point: that we can give words a sense in one context that they lose in others.

But a great difficulty looms. If neither *the zombie hypothesis nor its denial* makes sense in the metaphysics classroom, then nothing that happens in that classroom stands ready to oppose the dehumanizing propaganda in the political contexts in which the words suddenly gain sense, justifying slaveries and pogroms. Outside the classroom, the bigot is gripped by one picture and James is gripped by another picture; and inside the classroom, neither picture can be discussed. One could scarcely have a more pessimistic view of the scope and the limits of philosophical thought. And yet Putnam is also a fan of Dewey, that strenuous cheerleader for the possibilities of philosophy. He believes, attractively, that "clearing up philosophical confusions is not only beneficial for our moral and political lives but also for neural science, linguistics, and the other so-called cognitive sciences." I confess that I cannot see how the silence in the classroom deserves such praise.

It is not clear to me what motivates the stony doctrine that James's words make no sense, as opposed to the belief that they only suggest a possibility that we can close off. There may well be an element of humanity, not egoism, enabling us to close it off. Wittgenstein, at least, thought this: "my attitude towards him is an attitude towards a soul. I am not of the *opinion* that he has a soul"—that is, the consciousness of other people is a primary datum in any human way of life.

Yet there may be a good metaphysical reason for closing it off as well. In other passages Putnam certainly suggests a more robust reaction. He insists that "talk of minds is talk of *world-involving capabilities that we have and activities we engage in*." (The italics are his.) And this is enough by itself to provide a definitive answer to James's conundrum. James specifies carefully that his candidate sweetheart acts—she is "laughing, talking, blushing, nursing us, and performing all feminine offices"—and she not only acts, she also does all this tactfully and sweetly. And if this is so, then she is displaying world-involving capabilities and activities. So it seems that by his own account Putnam has to say that she is fully minded, and hence is not an automaton, not a zombie. He should not say that the question of whether she is a zombie makes no sense in the classroom, since he himself has supplied enough for a definitive answer to it.

And this illustrates an important lesson from the Austinian tradition. It highlights something that Putnam does not, which is that James's description of his putative automaton is not a description either in terms of a brain or a body. It is a description of an agent—a person. All the writers to whom Putnam claims allegiance would regard it as centrally important to slap down the idea that our real data do not themselves carry this suggestion of agency, but instead remain neutral about it. Our real data, they would say, are nothing other than the sights and the sounds of a person acting in the world. Any attempt to subtract the personhood from what we are witnessing, and imagine that our data are confined to behavior as it might be clocked by a camera or a choreographer, is already a fatal distortion of normal perception.

Of course, this leaves it an open question whether normal perception is already shaped by sympathy, or humanity, or by other predispositions. This, I think, is why the plausible points about perception made by Austin or Strawson have not changed the more scientific culture of American philosophy. They have seemed to many simply to stay at the level of phenomenology, and thus not to engage with the best science of perception, nor with any metaphysical problems about what is perceived. Putnam's advocacy of a humanistic, attitude-bearing view of perception would therefore be all the more important, did the issue come into full focus.

Meanwhile, we can notice that the episode illustrates a characteristic of Putnam's work that complements the enthusiasm that I mentioned earlier. There sometimes seems to be an element of

Pluteus Petasatus

Night. A mute white dwarf
in earthmoving hat
bulbs up from the mould.

It has nudged and shoved
its smart headstrong head
through the discrete wood.

Now its exquisite
fruiting body feeds
on the broke down else,

infiltrates the blank
detritus of lives,
and rises and smells

like a star. This is
degenerate news,
the small moonlit kind.

Sidney Wade

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selective attention that determines what he takes, or does not take, from the tradition, and where his praise and blame fall. Mostly this is a generous trait. It is good that philosophers take what they regard as the best from their predecessors—provided that it does not lead them to ignore the awkward bits, as Putnam here ignores some of James. But sometimes this selectivity has a harsher edge. Thus Putnam notices Strawson's beautiful work on the objects of perception, and rightly salutes it as an honorable predecessor of his own view; but he snaps at Strawson for holding a "causal theory" of perception that is "wholly incompatible" with it. In fact, Strawson made only the mild remark that when we take our enjoyment of an experience to be a perception of a physical object, we are implicitly taking it to be caused by that object. This is true, and it is certainly not incompatible with commonsense realism—and it is, for that matter, endorsed by Putnam himself, who writes that the moment a newly-formed creature begins to experience anything he begins to be in causal interaction of an information-carrying kind with the objects of that experience.

IV.

PHILOSOPHERS WILL BE pleased to know that Putnam's book contains detailed discussions of a fascinating host of problems. As well as the two great problems of mind and world, and mind and body (or brain, since Putnam actually says little about the rest of the body), Putnam treats also the problems of explanation and causation, the nature of sensation or "qualia," psycho-physical correlations, logical necessity, and much else. He is always subtle and suggestive, and there is material here to fuel dozens of conferences. But is there, when all is said and done, a large and satisfying picture that emerges from Putnam's deliberations, a picture that ought to seep into the wider culture?

There is a big picture. It is intended to be a resolute humanism, large enough to provide hospitality to many human descriptions of the world besides the scientific. And so the big picture poses a big question: just how much of the scientific worldview are we supposed to give up? The ideal answer would be, none of it. We are not to renounce science, we are to renounce only false philosophical glosses on its implications.

But the glosses go deep, and some of Putnam's allies present themselves as wanting to turn the clock back, past Galileo to Aristotle. So, for example, one of Putnam's battles is with the Galilean idea that colors hold their residence only in the mind. Putnam's view, which he adopts from Jonathan Westphal, is that a surface may properly be said to be green, independently of us and our visual responses, because we can give a satisfactory definition of a green surface in terms that do not relate it to us. A green surface is simply one that refuses to reflect red light. A green surface can certainly look differently in different contexts and to differently equipped observers; but greenness itself, refusal to reflect red light, is mind-independent. It is only our various takes on the color itself that vary with our condition or our perceptual sensitivities.

To this I would retort with Putnam's own strategy of distinguishing contexts in which such things might be said. There are contexts in which it is quite right to say that a green surface refuses to reflect red light. But in the context of arguing with Galileo, it is a glaring case of begging the question. Galileo will no more take "red" as a mind-independent quality of light itself than he will take "green" as a mind-independent property of pool tables. His quarrel was not with green as opposed to red, but with color as a physically defined property, as a property that is just there anyway, regardless of the existence of creatures with color vision. You cannot argue Galileo into taking tastes as independent of how things taste to us, merely because we can say that bitter things are just things that need rectifying with sugar to become sweet, as if sweetness was just there anyway, quite independently of how we taste things. Sweetness, according to all the classical interpreters of post-seventeenth century science, is on all fours with bitterness, and both are down to us. If Putnam's story about color is in the same boat, then the crucial question of how well his views fit with science itself remains moot. It may be that science itself requires a view of colors that makes them mind-dependent, or relative to us.

Austin's strategy was to kill the problem of appearance and reality with a thousand cuts, demonstrating that instead of one big intractable issue there are many small tractable ones. And this is his characteristic approach to other problems as well. It is unclear, I think, how wholehearted a follower Putnam wants to be. He has a hankering after generality that Austin wants to exclude, and he holds that on many polar issues there is a right and a wrong of it. One such issue is his treatment of normativity, or the relation of values to facts. (This subject has been more prominent in Putnam's other works of the last decade.)

Putnam is much impressed by what I regard as a quite resistible range of argument to the effect that facts and values cannot be disentangled. Bad people, or

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"non-cognitivists," think that facts and values are different things, and that values have more to do with attitudes than with representations of the actual aspects of things. Like many who fear the word "attitude," Putnam vigorously opposes non-cognitivism. Now, the Austinian way would be to remind ourselves of the multitude of everyday cases where it is perfectly easy to disentangle beliefs from attitudes. If I remark contemptuously that your car is a four-cylinder model, I stick my neck out in two quite different ways. Your car may have a different number of cylinders, and my contempt for four-cylinder cars may reveal me as an idiot.

The Wittgensteinian take on facts and values is even more uncompromising: in all his writings, and in conversation into the last years of his life, he maintained a fierce separation between the business of ethics and the business of representing or describing the world. Indeed, a principal ploy of much of Wittgenstein's later philosophy is to dismiss the idea that we can understand the different things that we do with language by putting them all equally under the umbrella heading of "cognitions" or "representing things." Wittgenstein's motto was from Kent in *King Lear*: "I'll teach you differences."

I have heard it said, unkindly or not, that Putnam's project in recent years has been to make the world safe for religion. Religion, he argues, gives us a picture of how things are, and we have the right to surrender ourselves to the seduction of such a picture. Putnam derives this, too, from James, and from the later Wittgenstein. He contrasts it with what is sometimes said, which is that Wittgenstein reduces religious belief to the possession of an attitude, such as hope, or fear, or a sense of being about to be judged, or perhaps just an aesthetic enchantment with traditional music and ritual and ways of living.

Putnam opposes the attitude account with the picture account; but the contrast is not particularly convincing. Being in the grip of a picture may itself be manifested mainly in attitudes and dispositions to attitude. (Being gripped by a picture of a spider as a threat is no more than being afraid of the spider.) And of course there are other attitudes that cling to the religious spirit, such as exclusiveness, sanctimoniousness, sectarianism, hostility to science, admiration for wishful thinking. In any event, if it is not revealed in terms of attitudes and emotions, then religion would seem to consist, as more orthodox accounts would have it, in the having of various beliefs that are true or false; and many of those beliefs must then stand trial historically, scientifically, or metaphysically; and many of them are then found wanting or even risible. The point is that the grip of the picture has to come out somehow, and it cannot simply be left as a self-standing state of mind, contrasted with particular suggestions about how it does come out.

V.

THERE IS AN old story about three different attitudes available to baseball umpires: "I call them as they are" (or realism); "I call them as I see them" (or empiricism, flirting with idealism); "they ain't nothing until I call them" (or conventionalism, flirting with skepticism). Putnam tells us to weld together the first two. We do not have to oppose them to each other, since, if we are careful enough, calling them as we see them properly qualifies as calling them as they are.

But how many ways of seeing them might there be? Realists, from Leibniz to Frege, have often presented the metaphor of a landscape and the mapmaker. There is the one, independent, objective landscape, which is just there. But then there are as many ways of drawing maps as you wish, depending on what you want to highlight or to suppress. In his "internal realist" phase a decade and more ago, Putnam was inclined to stress the role of the mapmaker, perhaps to the point where the landscape threatened to get lost altogether. (He once wrote that whether animals are conscious depends entirely on how we choose to regard them.)

Now, fortunately, the landscape is back. This is not supposed to be a concession to metaphysical realism, because Putnam insists that there are many ways of mapping a landscape. This is a puzzling reason, for it is not clear why a metaphysical realist would deny it. Indeed, the arch-realist Leibniz used the analogy to mapmaking specifically to insist upon it. In any event, above all else Putnam opposes the idea that just one way of drawing the landscape—the scientific way—is privileged or authoritative, or first-class. Other ways, he insists, are equally meritorious, provided that they are pursued responsibly, carefully, and intelligently.

Putnam's wrestlings with realism have been an ongoing battle to preserve a proper sense of those qualities against a threatened retreat to the hegemony of science, or a collapse into the loss of the landscape and the subsequent irresponsibilities of conventionalism or idealism. Perception, of course, is only a part of the answer. It needs to be supplemented with memory, theory, organization, and judgement, as any historian or scientist will know. But it *is* a part of the answer, and we should be grateful for Putnam's reminders of the reasons why. ■

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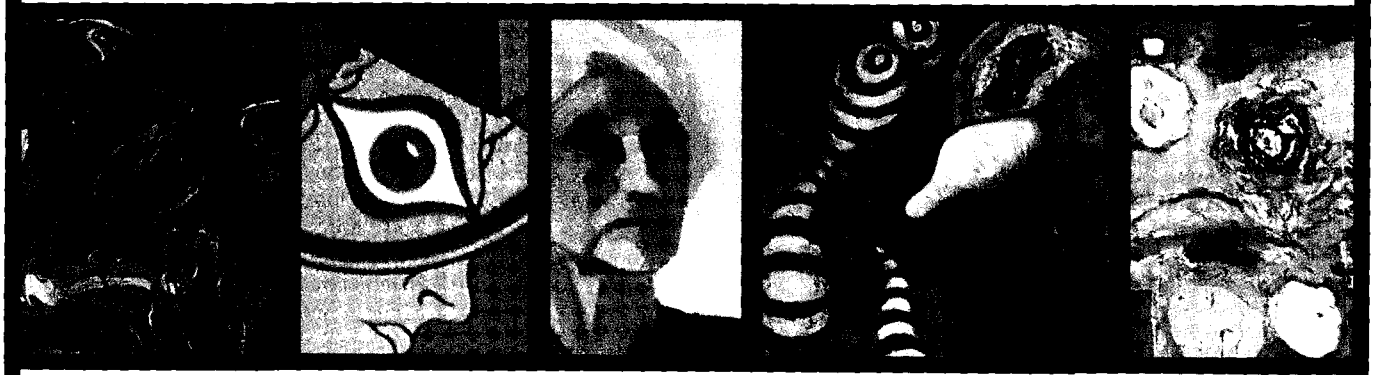

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WANT TO KNOW WHAT makes this country great? Muffin receipts. These days you can't complete the smallest purchase without a receipt, which is often thrust into your hand by a clerk adamant that you accept it. The bakery where I stop on the way to THE NEW REPUBLIC absolutely insists that I take the muffin receipt—what, for my tax records? Receipts prevent clerks from "under-ringing" and then keeping the difference. We live in a country where even muffin receipts are governed by management theory. It's the key to our national greatness.

OR MAYBE DISCLAIMERS ARE. THE other day on the highway I found myself behind a tour bus painted with a Scope mouthwash ad proclaiming, "Now the tingle lasts longer!" But there was an asterisk—and in small type a disclaimer that declared, "Versus original Listerine." Forget the absurdity of the pseudoscientific research that must back up that asterisk. ("So, Judy, how long did the tingle last?") What other nation puts disclaimers on bus ads?

OR MAYBE IT'S FAST DELIVERY. Recently I called FedEx to ask for a pickup and also to request envelopes and airbills. Two hours later, truck number one came to my house with the envelopes. Truck number two pulled up shortly thereafter for the pickup. Later, truck number three arrived with the airbills, followed by truck number four, bearing a delivery. My first reaction was "What a waste": the company had sent four vehicles to my house on the same day. My second reaction was "*And they did it for $15*—what a marvel." There are many nations where getting things done entails the equivalent of four trucks coming to your house when one would suffice. Only in the United States, though, will they arrive cheaply, not to mention on the day that you call. Cheap, convenient inefficiency may be our national secret.

SUCH POINTS OF PRIDE ARE KEENLY felt if, like me, you're first-generation American. It's true my parents emigrated only from Canada, which is not generally recognized in American culture as a country. You don't know how that offends my beautiful Canadio-American roots. A while ago a Canadian political lobby ran a full-page ad in *The New York Times* accompanied by a huge outline map of North America prominently labeled, just for clarification, "UNITED STATES" and "CANADA." Ouch. I'll admit Canada is not history's most electrifying drama. But the country has many features worth commending, among them that it is an advanced, flourishing nation that hasn't attacked anyone in 190 years. The United States and Canada share the world's longest undefended border, an accomplishment that is perpetually overlooked. Yes, Ottawa (that's Canada's capital, just for clarification) misses no chance to twit Washington, but some Canadian provinces are staunchly pro-American—don't be surprised if Alberta and Saskatchewan eventually petition to join the United States. The main thing Canada lacks is a national grievance. Sure, there's the Quebec question and miscellaneous internal disputes. But there's nothing deep enough to be called a true grievance, and you can't get anywhere in the contemporary world unless you've got a grievance. Canada is just too prosperous and peaceful to be taken seriously.

ON THE OTHER HAND, BUFFALO, NEW York, where I was raised, is pretty much all grievance. Its population keeps declining and its tax base keeps shrinking, even while the United States booms. Buffalo is as rusted as you've heard, and it's sick of its name being a punch line. And now the city's big hope to change its fortunes has faded away before its eyes. Earlier this year the Buffalo Bills were effectively compelled by the National Football League's "salary cap" rules to waive the last players from the team's Super Bowl years: all-time greats Andre Reed, Bruce Smith, and Thurman Thomas. Thus, Buffalo's Super Bowl dream finally died, and newspapers practically printed editions with black borders.

WHEN A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF future Hall of Famers (the three above, plus Cornelius Bennett, Jim Kelly, Steve Tasker, and lineman Kent Hull) arrived to play for the Bills in the late '80s, the town acquired a mythic, magic-realist belief that when their heroes won the big game, Buffalo's fortunes would be transformed. Instead, as everyone knows, the Bills became the only team ever to appear in four consecutive Super Bowls—and they lost them all. Extra Super Bowl titles keep being handed to Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Washington—cities that already have everything going for them. Why can't Buffalo be allowed just one of those damn trophies?

BILLS OWNER RALPH WILSON IS THE last of the traditionalists, a Jimmy Stewart type who in the 1990s passed on his chance to move the franchise to the hype and riches of Los Angeles, in hopes that the Bills' superstars could bring Buffalo the title that would lift city spirits. (*Everybody* in Buffalo believes civic fortune will not reverse till the Super Bowl is won, and they might even be right.) The many greed-crazed, public-be-damned sports owners get endless ink. When Wilson stood by his beleaguered city and also did not extort taxpayers for a new stadium, the national media paid no notice. In a Stewart movie, the local good guy who made this sentimental choice would have won a last-second triumph over the big-city slickers. Instead, 0–4.

SO WHY DID THE BILLS FALTER? NOT for lack of talent. Puzzling stat: Though Buffalo went 0–4 against NFC East teams in the Super Bowl during the '90s, it went 14–2 against the same division in the same period in the regular season. Buffalo pounded all comers during the fall and then folded in late January. Which leads to my personal theory of why the Bills never got their title: because they had a Harvard coach.

MARV LEVY, THE BRAINS OF THE BILLS' golden age (attention Hall of Fame voters: Levy is twelfth all-time in coaching victories), holds a master's in history from Harvard and has something of a faculty-club worldview. He was not only the best-educated man ever to coach a pro football team but a gentle soul who truly believes sportsmanship matters more than victory and who never lost sleep over defeats. What a disaster! Having his priorities in order made Levy unqualified to coach in the Super Bowl. It is a sports axiom that the further a team goes in the play-offs, the more important game plans and coaching psychology become, because pressure keeps increasing. Levy was famous for having little more than token game plans (Jim Kelly was the last NFL quarterback to call his own plays), holding light, no-pads practices known as Club Marv, imposing no curfews, and relying on the players to get themselves psyched. The Bills' talent was so great that, during the regular season, the team could dominate even under the Club Marv approach. But, when they reached the Super Bowl, victory went to teams coached by workaholic, winning-is-everything, control-freak coaches who left nothing to chance. Thus Buffalo should blame Harvard for its ongoing civic despair. Now there's a grievance.

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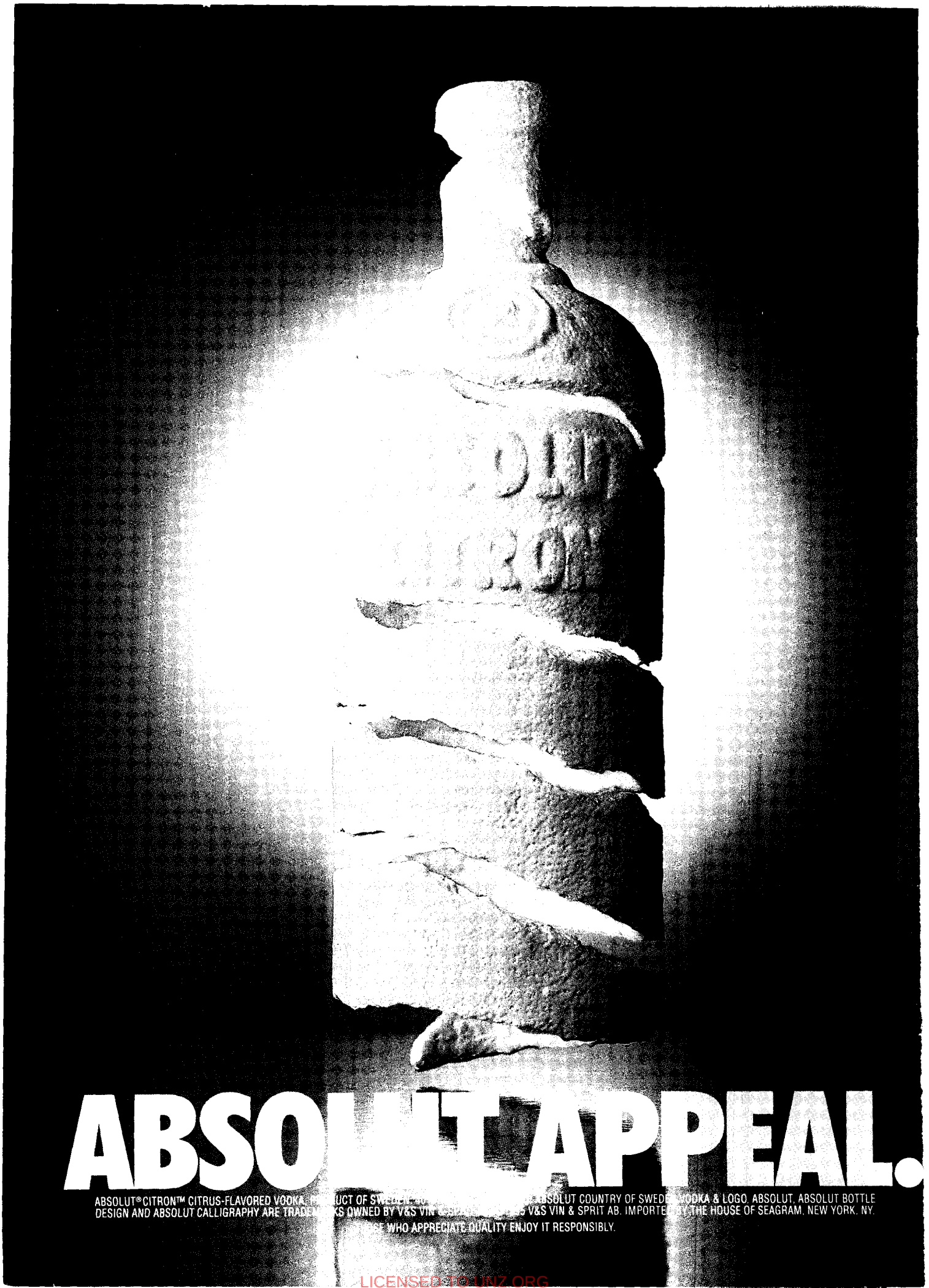
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